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THE FUNCTION OF THE STOCK AND PRODUCE EXCHANGES.

ONE of the most persistent of the hallucinations which prevail among people otherwise apparently lucid and well informed is the conception that operations on stock and produce exchanges are pure gambling. A moment's reflection, it would seem, might convince such persons that a function which occupies so important a place in the mechanism of modern exchange must be a useful and necessary part of that mechanism; but reflection seems to have little part in the intellectual equipment of the assailants of organized markets. Only recently I picked up a book purporting to treat of the subject of ethics, and found this remarkable passage:—

"If, instead of betting on something so small as falling dice, one bets on the rise and fall of stocks or on the price which wheat will reach some months hence, and if by such betting one corners the community in an article essential to its welfare, throwing a continent into confusion, the law will pay not the slightest attention. A gambling house for these larger purposes may be built conspicuously in any city, the sign 'Stock Exchange' be set over its door, influential men appointed its officers, and the law will protect it and them as it does the churches. How infamous to forbid gambling on a small scale and almost to encourage it on a large."

The writer who undertook to discuss the stock exchange in that manner in a book on ethics might very well have devoted himself less earnestly to the

smaller refinements of ethical definition and reverted to the ancient maxim, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." What he says is a hodgepodge of misconceptions. If it be true that betting on the rise and fall of stocks be gambling, as it undoubtedly is, then what follows has no relation to this first suggestion. To one having any knowledge of the subject matter, the two parts of the first sentence are inconsistent with each other and mutually destructive. Pure betting is done in bucket shops, is of no use to the community, is destructive to the morals and pockets of young men, and cannot be too severely censured. But such betting is not carried on in buildings bearing the sign "Stock Exchange." It has nothing to do with the legitimate processes of the exchanges. Moreover, one cannot corner the community on any "article essential to its welfare" by betting in bucket shops. He may perhaps do it within certain limits by actual transactions on the produce exchanges, because they involve the right to demand delivery. If it were true, however, that no such deliveries were contemplated or could be made, as is usually the case in bucket-shop gambling, it would no more be possible to corner the supply of wheat by betting on its future price than it is possible for a politician to carry the election his way by laying heavy odds on his candidate. His bets would not make votes, and merely betting on the prices of a

commodity would not influence the supply.

The fact that such confusion of ideas prevails, and that the stock and produce exchanges continue to be looked upon by many good people as a sort of adjunct of Monte Carlo, justifies an occasional restatement of the essential part which these exchanges play in the mechanism of business. To take the subject up from an elementary standpoint, it is well to say a word regarding the function of stock companies. The discovery was made long before our time that a piece of property or a new enterprise could be given mobility and divisibility by putting the title to its ownership into transferable shares. The creation of share companies enables the small capital of individuals to be gathered into the large funds necessary to build factories and railways. It divides the risk of an undertaking among many persons, and places the enterprise beyond the accidents of a single human existence by giving it a fictitious body dowered by law with perpetual life.

To give mobility to the shares thus created, it is necessary that they should have a market. It would be comparatively useless to divide an enterprise into shares if there were no means of transferring these shares readily from hand to hand. Therefore, a market for the shares and bonds issued by such enterprises is one of the vital necessities of their creation. Such a market is afforded by the stock exchange. The fact that the stock market is sometimes abused by people who go into it in a gambling spirit, who know nothing of its purposes, and who are incapable of understanding the mighty influences which dominate it, is no reason for treating it as a harmful excrescence on the body politic. Railways have not been abolished because a locomotive runs over men occasionally and kills them; banks have not been abolished because one occasionally suspends; and if enlightened judgment had been used, legis-

lation would never have been enacted in Germany and seriously considered in other countries for stamping out or hampering the operations of the stock and produce markets.

It is not proposed in this article to deal with the abuses which have sometimes arisen through the manipulation of organized markets for improper purposes. It is proposed only to set forth the fundamental principles which prove the value of these markets to modern society and, therefore, afford their reason for being. The wrongs which have been perpetrated on the exchanges have come largely from perversion of their essential functions as the public mirror of values. It has been the dream of great manipulators to warp this mirror so that it would mislead the public to their own profit. The success which such manipulations have attained has, however, been greatly exaggerated in the public mind. It is truthfully declared by Courtois, in his *Traité des Opérations de Bourse et de Change*, that a fictitious movement, even on the part of the most powerful operators, cannot overcome the natural tendencies of values, and that the most that can be accomplished is to sometimes hasten or retard slightly the certain effect of a foreseen event.

The fundamental function of the exchanges, as already suggested, is to give mobility to capital. Without them the stock and bonds of the share company could not be placed to advantage. Nobody would know what their value was on any given day, because the transactions in them, if they occurred, would be private and unrecorded. The opportunities for fraud would be multiplied a hundredfold as compared with the publicity which is given under present conditions to the least movements on the stock exchange. The mobility for capital afforded by the limited liability company would be meagre and inadequate if the holder of its bonds and shares did not know that at any moment

he could take them to the exchanges and sell them for a price. He cannot be misled as to this price, because every newspaper in the land, if the security is one of importance, gives him each morning the value which it possessed the day before in the markets of the world. The holder of it thus knows what the average judgment of hundreds of men is upon the value of that security. If it were not thus quoted, he would have to rely upon the judgment of a few people, expressing their opinion privately and perhaps interested in misleading him.

The publicity which prevails in stock exchange quotations gives the holder of a security not only the direct benefit afforded by such publicity for the moment, but gives him, free of charge, the opinion of the most competent financiers in the capitals of Europe and America. If they were dealing with him privately, instead of through organized markets, they might withhold the information which years of study and observation of railway properties and industrial enterprises have put in their possession; but when they go into the market and bid a price for securities, by that very act they give their advice free of charge. That quoted price stands as a guide to the most ignorant holder of these securities as to their value in the present and their probable value in the future.

The second benefit of organized markets is in affording a test of the utility to the community of the enterprises which solicit the support of investors. The judgment of experts is there expressed, through the medium of price, on the utility of the object dealt in. If a railway is built in the wilderness of Manitoba and proves unprofitable, the investor does not need to hunt up people in Manitoba to ask how much freight and how many passengers it is carrying; he has only to look at the quotations for its bonds or stock on the New York Stock Exchange to know at

once what is the judgment of experts on its value as a commercial enterprise. The prudent investor does not buy stocks which are declining, unless he has confidence in their future value. He withholds his capital from that type of investment. If he finds that the bonds or shares of cotton mills are generally declining on the market, he makes up his mind that there is no further demand for cotton mills, and does not snap at the prospectuses which ask him to invest in them. If he finds that certain railway securities are persistently declining, he concludes that they have acquired too high a value in relation to the return which they pay, and that there is no need to increase railway equipment in their localities by offering capital for new railway shares. All this information is put before the investor in a simple table of figures, which any man may read, as a result of the modern organization of the stock market and the publicity of what is done there. It would be practically unattainable by any other system. Thus through the publicity of knowledge and prices, the bringing of a multitude of fallible judgments upon this common ground to an average, there is afforded to capital throughout the world an almost unfailing index of the course in which new production should be directed.

Suppose for a moment that the stock markets of the world were closed, that it was no longer possible to learn what railways were paying dividends, what their stocks were worth, how industrial enterprises were faring, — whether they were loaded up with surplus goods or had orders ahead. Suppose that the information afforded by public quotations on the stock and produce exchanges were wiped from the slate of human knowledge. How would the average man, how even would a man with the intelligence and foresight of a Pierpont Morgan, determine how new capital should be invested? He would have no guide except the most isolated facts

gathered here and there at great trouble and expense. A greater misdirection of capital and energy would result than has been possible since the organization of modern economic machinery. Mr. Morgan or any other capitalist might be expending millions of dollars in building new railways or cotton mills when there was no necessity for them, while a hundred other industries beneficial to the public were stagnant for lack of capital. There would be no safe guide as to whether the world needed more railroads and fewer cotton mills, or more cotton mills and fewer railroads. Great sums would be wasted in bootless enterprises, which would prove unprofitable and carry down their owners to ruin. All the capital represented, all the labor, thought, foresight, and inventive genius involved in them, would be sacrificed to the lack of an effective public organ for pointing out the direction in which capital was needed.

But to-day the organization of the stock market affords a register of values so sensitive that its very sensitiveness and accuracy are causes of thoughtless complaint. Men who plunge into the stock market without knowing its laws, and imagine that because stocks are rising they will always rise, complain because this sensitive reflector of values responds suddenly to some distant and unexpected event by a decline in prices. Perhaps in the Orient there are threatenings of war between two great powers, which would unsettle the relation between production and consumption; or in India there is a crop failure, which will influence the price of silver, and react upon the finances of America. It is true, no doubt, that the stock market sometimes seems unduly sensitive to these widely separated and isolated events, but if one looks to the fundamental conditions which govern economic society, it must be clear that it is better that it should be too sensitive than not sufficiently so. It is better that any rumor of war, with a

threatened cessation of production and consumption, should be reflected on organized markets than that people should go on recklessly investing capital in enterprises which may afterwards prove unproductive. The stock market is the great governor of values, and the determinant of the relationship between production and consumption, — the guide which points the finger as to where capital is needed and where it has ceased to be needed.

The very sensitiveness of the stock market is one of its safeguards. Again and again it is declared in the market reports that certain events have been "discounted;" that the effect of the death of President McKinley, or promised peace between Great Britain and the Boers, has already produced in advance its natural influence in the stock exchange; and when the event actually happens, it results in no such great disturbance to values as was expected. Is it not better that this discounting of future possibilities should occur, — that the effect of a given cause acting upon the market should be felt by graded steps instead of coming like a cataclysm? Is it desirable that capital and production should march blindly to the edge of a precipice and then leap off, instead of descending a gradual decline, — that a certain security, instead of falling by degrees, should fall thirty or forty per cent on the occurrence of some foretold event?

This foreseeing and discriminating calculation of the effects of coming events, known as "discounting" of the market, is one of the most useful functions of the exchanges. It enables the man who holds a given security, and sees that it is falling in value, to convert it into money without losing enough to be ruined. It enables the prudent man, who believes that an event will not cause the disaster which some anticipate, to hold on to his securities, and even to buy those of the frightened and more excited. Consider for a moment

the effect of abolishing the produce exchanges and leaving events in the wheat and cotton market to have their full influence when they occur. What would be the effect upon the farmer? Instead of being able day by day to trace the course of wheat and cotton, to learn what supplies were coming upon the market and what the effect upon prices would probably be of the crops of the world, he would be at the mercy of every traveling factor, of every unscrupulous representative of some big commission house who could get his ear. He would be told by them that crops in Europe were enormous, that wheat and cotton were going down, and he had better take the price which they offered to-day. Thus he might be misled into selling at much less than the fair price of his crop. With no public knowledge of present or probable future events, he would be helplessly at the mercy of every idle rumor. But to-day, if a cotton factor or unscrupulous agent of a commission house tries to mislead the farmer, the farmer has only to turn to his daily paper and say, "There is the judgment of all the world upon the present value of my crop and upon its future value." If he has reason for not accepting that judgment, he is free to disregard it, but in any event he is not the plaything of misconception and false representation regarding the average opinion of other experts interested in the same commodity.

There is nothing, perhaps, more valuable to society than this power of the produce exchanges to discount changes in production and consumption of the great staples of food and clothing. The fact that future wheat is selling high, that there is a general belief that it is scarce, that the world's crop is deficient, acts not only upon the farmer and dealer in this commodity, but also in a certain degree upon the whole community. Prices are likely to rise, the community becomes more economical in the use of the product affected, and the

scanty supply in existence is husbanded during the period intervening before another crop. If it were not so, people would buy at low prices while the crop was diminishing, and the community might suddenly face a famine for which it had made no preparation. The operation of the produce exchanges in thus discounting the future, by gradually raising prices to meet a scarce supply, or gradually letting them fall to meet an excessive supply, is beneficial not merely to producers and consumers, but to the community as a whole.

It matters little whether physical delivery of the products dealt in is made in all these cases or not. The action taken by speculators, so called, in buying and selling wheat and cotton for future delivery is simply the expression of their judgment as to certain future contingencies. They are willing to pay for errors in that judgment out of their own pockets. If, when the time comes at which they have agreed to deliver a certain quantity of wheat or cotton, the price has gone higher than the price at which they sold, they are bound to make the delivery or pay the difference. But what does it matter which course they pursue? The broker is only the intermediary in any event. If he has agreed to deliver 1000 bushels of wheat for \$1000 on a given date, and the price rises to \$1.20 a bushel, he and every producer know that he can obtain the wheat only at \$1.20 a bushel, or 1000 bushels for \$1200. If it is mutually convenient for the broker to pay the buyer the difference in cash which will enable the latter to buy the wheat at the net cost which he contracted for, it comes to exactly the same thing in the end as if the man who had given the order insisted upon a physical delivery of the wheat by the person who promised him future delivery. The buyer has simply been insured. Having contracted to receive a certain quantity of wheat for \$1000, he gets it at that net cost to himself. The broker acts as in-

surer by paying the difference between the actual present price and the contract price made with the buyer. The latter is protected by his purchase for future delivery against the risk of a rise which he foresaw. If, on the other hand, the price has fallen to ninety cents per bushel, it is all the same to him if the seller accepts ten cents per bushel as the price of the insurance he granted and sends the buyer into the open market for his wheat. In either case the buyer obtains the wheat at the price he was willing to pay when he originally bought, and he has been insured against fluctuations of price in either direction.

The produce exchanges thus afford a form of insurance. They enable a man with contracts to execute in the future to ascertain to-day what will be the cost of his raw material in the future, and to know that he will get the raw material at that cost, even though it may rise in the open market above the price which he could afford to pay for it in view of the price at which he has contracted to deliver his finished products. Prudent dealers in great staples go into the market and buy and sell futures in such a way as to protect themselves, just as the prudent man of family goes to the insurance company and pays a premium in order to get a guarantee that his family will be protected against what may occur through the failure of his capacities, his disability, or his death. There is speculation in this and in all the various forms of insurance. In the language of the critics of the exchanges, it might be said that the man taking insurance bets with the insurance company that he will die sooner than their mortality tables indicate and thereby make a profit for his family. The operation is more like betting than transactions on the exchanges, because insurance cannot alter the length of human life. It is simply a speculation on what life will be. But society sanctions insurance, because it distributes risks among those who are willing to assume

them and who have made calculations which lead them to believe that they will not on the average be losers by their transactions. That is to some extent the character of legitimate dealings on the produce exchange. The fact that physical delivery by the particular individual making the sale is not insisted upon has no bearing upon the case.

Physical delivery is not insisted upon in a hundred transactions which do not fall under the criticism of persons like the writer on ethics quoted above. If a retail coal dealer in July agrees to deliver to a patron in December ten tons of coal at a certain price, he probably does it on a purely speculative basis. He has not on hand the coal with which to fulfill his contract when the time comes. Does he commit any crime against the social order if he transfers the order to the shipping company and directs them to make the delivery direct from the cars to the purchaser? Can fault be found with the fact that the retailer does not insist upon the coal passing through his hands, involving extra handling and expense, in order to avoid the charge of indulging in a speculative transaction? That is what is happening constantly on the stock and produce exchanges. Physical delivery is made to the people who want the products. Between intermediaries the transactions are cleared against one another. The manufacturer of flour who has gone into the exchange and bought and sold futures in wheat, in order to protect himself against an undue rise in that product after he has made his contracts to deliver flour, knows that all the wheat he desires will be delivered to him. He simply clears his contracts at one price against those at another, in order to get the exact amount he wants without being obliged to receive the excess physically on the one hand, and deliver it over to somebody else on the other. It is the same principle of clearing which runs through banking transactions and through every

account at a store where transactions on two sides are concerned, and it cannot properly be contended that there is necessarily anything speculative or of the spirit of gambling inherent in the nature of such transactions.

Another important influence of the stock exchanges in particular, and to some extent perhaps of the produce exchanges, is that which they exert upon the money market. The possession by any country of a large mass of salable securities affords a powerful guarantee against the effects of a severe money panic. If in New York there arises a sudden pressure for money, so that confidence becomes impaired, and people having contracts entitling them to future or immediate delivery of money insist that these contracts shall be executed in money instead of other forms of promises, what happens? The banks call in loans and begin to husband their cash. If they hold large quantities of securities salable on the London or Paris or Berlin market, a cable order will effect the sale of these in an hour, and the gold proceeds will be on their way across the Atlantic within a day.

Wonderful has been the effect within the last twenty-five years of this steady influence of the stock market upon the demand for money and upon the smoothness of the operations of the mechanism of the exchanges. What has just been put in a crude form by referring to a crisis occurs daily and hourly on the stock exchanges, and prevents sudden contraction and expansion in the rate for loans. The manufacturer goes placidly on paying his four or five per cent for commercial loans, when if there were no stock exchanges where securities could be sold in one market at a slight profit over another he would find that his bank was first charging seven or eight per cent, then dropping to three or four, and then going back to eight. By means of the facility which the stock market affords for placing credit instantly at the command of one

market or another the pressure for money is mitigated, and has but little effect upon the commercial borrower. Such pressure as now occurs is transferred to the borrower on call, — the broker in stocks, who thus acts as insurer for the commercial borrower. This influence of the stock market has much the effect of a buffer upon the impact of two solid bodies. Crises are prevented when they can be prevented, and when they cannot they are anticipated, and their force is broken into a mild succession of ripples instead of a tidal wave.

Securities form one of the greatest and most important parts of the modern mechanism of exchange. They are, in many cases, as good as money, and in some cases are better than money. If a large shipment of money has to be made from New York to London, it is much more economical to ship securities of the same amount than to ship kegs of gold. Credit is forwarded by cable and the securities follow by mail. All markets are thus brought into touch with one another, and respond to a fluctuation of a fraction of one per cent, but without the confusion and crash which would ensue if every sudden pressure for money was felt upon a market naked of such securities.

Japan passed through a severe crisis in 1901, and part of the year before, because of the barrenness of her stock market. She had been engaged in great enterprises, but the stimulus given her industrial interests did not prove immediately profitable. Her people had begun importing great quantities of foreign goods, including too many luxuries, and the result was that she had large debts to pay abroad. If she had had a good security market these debts would have been settled by the transfer of securities; but having only a few securities, and those of doubtful value, to throw upon the London market, she was compelled to settle at a sacrifice the demands upon her for money. She was

compelled to sell goods for any price that could be obtained. A check was put upon foreign importations, industry was brought suddenly to a halt, and famine stared her in the face. This influence of the market for securities upon prices is one of its most important benefits. If Japan in this case, instead of unloading her goods so suddenly and at such sacrifices, could have made the descent gradually, she would have been able to sell by degrees and at higher prices than those actually realized, and so would have been saved the economic loss which follows from the sacrifice of commodities under the pressure of necessity.

France was saved from one of the greatest crises of history by the large holdings of securities among her people during the Franco-Prussian war. When Germany demanded an indemnity of five thousand millions of francs (\$1,000,000,000), it was in the belief that its payment would throw a paralysis upon French industry and enterprise which would prostrate them for a generation. But what happened? When the French government appealed to the people, saying, "We need five thousand millions of francs to pay off this indebtedness," the whole matter was adjusted through the securities market, and in a few years the Bank of France resumed the payment of gold for its notes. Frenchmen subscribed liberally for the securities of the new loans to pay off Germany, and in order to obtain the necessary funds they directed their brokers to sell in London, Berlin, Vienna, Brussels, and New York the old securities which they held. Five thousand million francs were taken from the capital of France, but she was so rich that she was able to submit to it without disaster. She was rich because she had piled up these securities, with which she was able to part without suffering. The crushing debt imposed by the conqueror was practically canceled by transferring to other markets the titles of the debts which

Frenchmen held against foreign peoples. No such operation would have been possible before the organization of the modern securities market, responsive as it is to the slightest change in supply or demand, the slightest rumor of war or peace.

France, by the possession of a flexible stock exchange and a great mass of the securities negotiable upon such exchanges, was saved from the convulsion which must have prostrated her entire industrial system if it had been necessary for her to find money to discharge the demands of the conqueror. Similar great transactions are constantly carried on by our kings of finance without any such disturbance to the money market as would occur if this resource were not available. If a hundred millions of dollars are needed to consummate a great transfer, or for a public loan, the money comes promptly to hand by the sale of those securities, or else by simply borrowing on them in foreign markets where the securities are put up as guarantee for ultimate payment. Through all the processes of modern industrial life the existence of the securities market acts as a buffer, as a guarantee to the business community that in times of emergency and crisis the shock shall not be too sudden, that nothing determining the value of great industries shall be done in a corner, and that the market shall be kept as nearly level as actual conditions will permit it to be kept.

Some of those who admit the value of the stock market have subjected to severe criticism those who speculate for the fall of stocks. One reads constantly of the "bears" trying to accomplish such and such results by depressing securities. Napoleon had a long talk with Mollien, his Minister of Finance, in seeking to demonstrate that those who sold "short," in the belief that national securities would fall, were traitors to their country. He argued that if these men were selling national securities for future delivery at less than their pre-

sent value, they were guilty of treason to the state. But Mollien replied in substance, "These men are not the ones who determine the price; they are only expressing their judgment upon what it will be. If they are wrong, if the credit of our state is to be maintained in the future at its former high standard, in spite of your military preparations, these men will suffer the penalty by having to make delivery at the price for which they sold, for they must go into the market and buy at the then prevailing price. It is their judgment, not their wish, that they express." The short seller — the "bear" of the money market — is often one of its greatest benefactors. He calls a halt on reckless speculation, and his acts, tending to depress prices, produce their natural result of repressing extravagant inflation of values, if his judgment is sustained by facts and by the judgment of other men. If it is simply a mistaken individual judgment, he pays for his error in cash to some one with a more hopeful and saner judgment.

The organized stock and produce markets constitute, therefore, not only a vital factor in modern exchange, but so far from being a necessary evil, as some ethical writers claim, they constitute one of the most beneficial instruments of modern civilization. Without them modern business could not be conducted, or could be conducted only with a series of shocks, upheavals, and convulsions which would result in robbing the manufacturer and consumer for the benefit of the shrewdest speculators in actual commodities.

There is another important consideration in this influence of the stock market upon modern society, which will perhaps gather up and bring into a clearer light some of the other points which have been made. The stock market, by bringing all values to a level in a common and public market, determines the direction of production in the only way in which it can be safely de-

termined under the modern industrial system of the division of labor and production in anticipation of demand. It does so by offering the highest price for money and for the earnings of money at the point where they are most needed. A market denuded of capital will pay a high price for capital. It is only through the mechanism of the money market and the stock exchange together that any real clue is afforded of the need for capital, either territorially or in different industries. Through the influences which the rates for money and capital exert upon investment in new industries, through the fact that capital is attracted to securities which are selling high because the industries they represent are earning well, there results a closer adjustment of production to consumption, of the world's work to the world's need, than would be possible under any other system.

From this point of view, the mechanism of modern industry affords an almost insuperable objection to state socialism. If it were attempted to establish any system of state socialism, it would have to be determined in just what proportion every article should be produced, — just how many shoes and hats, how much clothing and sugar and vinegar the world needed, and it would be necessary to adjust the supply to that need. To-day through the mechanism of the stock market it is determined, as precisely as human ingenuity has yet found it possible, just how much is needed of every commodity, because the products of those industries which are needed are rising in value, tempting to increased production, and those which are not needed are falling, giving warning that production should be curtailed. If the stock market were abolished and state socialism set up, who would be the judges of the direction of production? Who would determine whether there should be a million more pairs of shoes produced or only ten thousand? Who would determine whether human energy

should be wasted in producing shoes nobody could use, or utilized in building railways where they were badly needed?

The guiding factor of rising and falling prices having been eliminated, there would be no means of determining promptly when the supply of any article had reached the limit of the world's need. An executive board of one hundred of the ablest men in the world could not possibly determine the direction which production should take without the index afforded by prices in the merchandise and stock markets. But through the stock market it is determined almost automatically, with as much nicety as anything can be deter-

mined which depends upon human judgment, where further production is needed and where capital is needed. Upon that market is concentrated, in a sense, the judgment of every human being in the world having any interest in production either as consumer or producer, — not only of those who deal in stocks and securities, but those also who are directly concerned in the industries and interests which those securities represent. That delicate register of values, that sensitive governor of production, that accurate barometer of the people's needs, could not be replaced by any process that any state socialist has devised or suggested.

Charles A. Conant.

THE ROSE-RED GLOW.

GRAY weather!

Henderson, getting back toward Penangton from a visit to a sick man down Weaver Road in the late afternoon of a cloudy day, talked to his mare for company, and glanced out from his buggy hood across the still fields with a peculiar, aching apprehension. He could feel the distance from house to house along the desolate country road, as though distance were a snakelike thing to twist out and sting a man, and he could feel the haunted loneliness of his thought, like the chilly, vaporish touch of spectral wings. All the land beyond the rail fences lay solemnly quiet. The chickens, ruffed up under the bushes, the mules at the five-barred gates, looked solemn; the cows, huddled neck to haunch under the sugar maples, the dogs on the porch mats, the droopy children at the doors, looked solemn. If a woman came to a door and peered out over the children, she did it solemnly. If a man came up across lots from the ploughing, he came in a sad saunter.

Gray! Gray!

Henderson put his head against the side of the buggy hood to observe the length and the breadth of it, but it was quickly too much for him. Slanting his lids far enough down to shut out a great deal of it, he tried to evade the rest of it and his loneliness by seeing how it would have been with him at this hour, on this kind of a homeward journey, if it had ever happened that his dream had come true. It could be gray like this, evening coming on, and he would be a little tired, — as he undoubtedly was now, — and he would be urging the mare forward, — as he did not do now, — until he could stop at a house that he had built once in the dream, and jump from the buggy, and look up, — he would not let the dream come fast now, he held it back a little, fastidiously careful with it, — and there, in the door, a rose-red glow over her from a shaded lamp or something. She would be standing. "Waiting for me," Henderson suggested to himself, his lips trembling over the beauty of the words. "Waiting —

for me," he repeated. And she would hold out her hand to him, hold out both her hands, and he would get to her in a hurry, — in the dream he could always get to her, — and he would take her hand, take both her hands, and they would go inside, and she would be his, while they talked and laughed a little and read a little and sang a little, the gray weather hanging futilely without, and, more likely than not, he would keep her hand in his all the time, — yes, surely, keep her hand, — ah-h-h! the dream-touch of that hand, lingering, confidential, woman-sweet!

He was back within Penangton's gates, so he sat up and shook himself out of the dream: "Oh, you fool!" he told himself sharply, "always dreaming up some smoke woman, some bachelor's comfort, always teasing yourself away from the possible toward the" — He stopped with that, and driving on down the street to Toplitz's drug store, he turned his entire attention to the comfort of his mare, stabling her himself in the barn behind the store, petting her, half clinging to her, loath to go away from the little comfort of her soft kind eyes and her occasional affectionate snozzling at his neck.

When he left her and emerged from the stable, a slow fine rain was sifting down. He made his way through it, around to the front of the store, above which he had his office and living-rooms.

"Hi, Henderson! Ain't seen you since you got back from your trip East; stop a minute." There were three or four men around the counter, each in approved corner-store attitude, one foot hitched back a little, the whole weight of the body slouched upon the other foot and upon the elbows that were flexed back upon the counter. They greeted Henderson cordially as he came through, asking questions, trying to get at his affairs, earnestly interested, after the fashion of corner-store men.

"Did n't get married while you were away?"

"No, oh no, I was doing post-graduate surgical work," Henderson told them.

"Well, glad you did n't bring a Yankee girl home with you, Henderson; you are one of us now, — take a wife from our home girls."

"Sure, Henderson, lots of nice girls in Penangton who can cook and house-keep."

Followed by a fire of suggestions of this kind, Henderson went on upstairs to his room. Arrived there, it first occurred to him that nothing under heaven can dishearten a sentimental man like the shifty talk of commonplace men who advise a sentimental thing, — marrying — for an unsentimental reason, — getting somebody to cook for you. And it next occurred to him that nothing under heaven can make a lonely man feel his loneliness as does the room that he insists upon arranging for himself, with a blank disregard of the consolation in color, in the softness of a hanging, in the readiness of a cushion. All Henderson's stuff was stiff. His chairs were the kind of chairs whose arms seem to double away from you instead of toward you. Over in one corner stood his instrument cabinet, a glass-sided thing that twirled on a pivot and revealed knives, forceps, tenacula, scissors, probes on every side. The cold metallic gleam of the instruments was no colder than anything else in the room. His neat desk, — Henderson was orderly, — an operating chair and a hard, worn leather couch completed the furnishing of the outer room; and in the other room there was a carpet, a bed, a chair, a wardrobe, and a washstand. It could not have been worse. Henderson put his medicine case on the desk and walked to the window. The room had got on his nerves.

Outside the window the rain was coming down with increased volume and directness. Almost all the people who passed on the court-house side held their umbrellas gripped down closely; but one

girl who passed let hers fall back on her shoulder, when she was opposite Henderson's office, and looked up. There was a smile on her face and a light in her eyes as she bowed to him. She was Miss Penang, the daughter of the lady with whom he took his meals, and, despite some disastrous turns of circumstances, entitled to especial consideration, according to her mother's way of looking at it, because her father's father's father had founded and named Penangton. Henderson watched her as far as he could see her, her smile teasing him and cheering him for an interval. Then he went back and sat down on the leather couch.

So much alone! So much alone! The rain beat the consciousness of his aloneness at him in dull cold spats, the walls dripped it, the couch was slippery with it. Why did he insist upon it? Why did not he marry some girl, with a nice smile and a light in her eyes, who could at least cheer him a little? If he were married he would have somebody to work for; there would be some use in digging out his career, in developing his remarkable surgical abilities, if he had anybody to care about his success, to be benefited by it, to be glad about it. Why not marry? Why hold himself to the measure of a dream? That was what he was doing. Because he had an ideal of a woman's face, a woman's form, a woman's touch, her voice, her sympathetic intelligence, her vital effect upon him, he would look at and think of nothing else, nothing less. It was immensely stupid. He really needed a wife. It was high time that he looked at the question practically, as did other men who, having missed real romance through deficiency in sentiment or hostility of circumstances, hobble on to the recognition of the winter-bitten fact that they "ought to marry." He, Henderson, "ought" to have a home, wife, children. Say that he could not get the ideal in touch, voice, intelligence, vital effect upon him, he could

probably get eyes with some light in them, a nice smile, fair intelligence; other men rested with no more, and there was no gainsaying that it looked as though a man should be able to secure some large satisfactions out of the mere fact that he was settled and had somebody to care a little. Why, if he, to-night, here, now, had anybody, anybody on earth, to talk to, to let him lean his head against a minute, he would be happy, or if not happy, certainly cheered and soothed.

He lay back by the couch's one fat silk pillow. Miss Penang had made that pillow for him, and there had been times in his life when, all stuck over with pin-feathers, he had hated it and hated Miss Penang for having made it. This evening, however, flattened beyond himself by his unlovely surroundings, he took the pillow into his arms and clung to it. It was better than nothing. It was a little podgy symbol that somebody had thought about him and his comfort for a minute. Its bright color was pleasing, and a fragrance stole out of it, the mystic fragrance on whose languorous wings women's smiles, softness, whiteness, prettiness go floating by. He put it down rather affectionately after a while, rose from the couch, and made himself ready to go to Mrs. Penang's for supper.

As he put by his umbrella in the hall in Mrs. Penang's house he saw through the open door into the parlor. Lula Penang was in there, sitting under the rose-red light of a shaded piano lamp, idly turning some new music in her lap, and whistling and humming occasional snatches that appealed to her.

"Oh, you?" she said as Henderson stopped in the doorway. She put her music on the piano and got up. "If you are going to supper, I'll come along, too; most everybody's through, but I have n't had mine yet." Henderson had sometimes been made restless by the other boarders' insistence that Miss Penang rather systematically "came

along, too," but to-night he felt glad that she had waited for him. It seemed kind. He stood looking at her for a moment in a questioning surprise, barring the door with his long slender body.

"Do you know, I like you in that rose light," he said, his eyes about half shut as he said it. The thought that perhaps rose lights in general had more to do with it than the women who stood under them in particular had come into his mind with a little æsthetic shock.

"No, I did n't know it," the girl before him answered with a restrained fervor in her voice; "maybe I'd better stay here in it then, and let you go on to supper alone?"

"Oh no, you don't," said Henderson quickly, that word "alone" smiting him; "no, you come along, and we'll have supper together and come back to the rose light."

That was not much to say, yet Henderson had always kept the thought of the rose light so especially for her that that much sounded like something to which he would have to accustom his ears forcefully and determinedly if they were ever to be accustomed to it. He was glad that there was no rose-red glow in the dining-room, and that Miss Penang sat opposite him in the direct light of the small gas chandelier overhead. It had occurred to him on the way to the dining-room that this was a practical question with him now, and that it would be better to consider it in direct lights only. In the direct light he could see that, though the girl was young and pretty, her lips were thin and purposeful, and as her mother, a hard-faced woman, came and went about the table, there was a constant disconcerting illustration of what that kind of lips made of a woman when she was no longer young. In the direct light, Henderson told himself, with a fine prevision of the amount of nuisance the wrong woman might be in a man's life, Miss Penang had not one characteristic

that, coming out subtly on her face or in her voice, appealed to him especially for her, as opposed to any other young and pretty girl, — unless, indeed, it were that light in her eyes. Shining from far back, liquidly, as though it came through the softness and sweetness of occasional tears, it was the best thing about her. Henderson had sometimes wondered if it were really in her eyes when he had first met her upon his installation in Penangton two or three years before; he had not noticed it until just before he went East; but then he had not noticed her at all, except for that unpleasant sensation that she was a little insistent in her attentions to him. Out in town she and her mother labored under an unfortunate reputation of being too anxious for her to marry well, and the other boarders, having made much of it for Henderson's especial benefit, had influenced him into a man's silent resentment about it. That was as far as he had ever got in any conscious consideration of Miss Penang, until there in the rose light and here in the direct light. His conclusion now was that it was a pity that she did not look the same under both illuminations; but just then Miss Penang got up and went into the kitchen for a moment, and when she returned with a plate of hot cakes that she had browned for him herself, the conclusion seemed less final. The cakes were exactly as he liked them.

"It's such an awfully bad night, Doctor," suggested Mrs. Penang, looking through the kitchen door; "why don't you stay down here till bedtime? I should think you'd be lonely over those shut-up stores, a rainy, blue evening like this. Stay down here with Lu and me." They had invited him like that many times before, but beyond idling at the parlor fire for a minute on a few winter nights and sitting, unrelaxed and impatient, on the bench in the front yard for a minute on a few summer evenings, he had never profited

by the invitation until to-night. To-night, quitting the supper-table, he went into the parlor in the wake of Miss Penang, still a little uncertain; but when Mrs. Penang came to the door and said that, as the curtains would have to come down to be laundered next day any way, he could smoke if he wanted to, his misgiving began to leave him, and he felt more cheerful than he had felt in a long time.

"Yes, indeed, smoke away," said Miss Penang. She selected a pillow from the array on the sofa where he had seated himself with his head against the wall, and insisted upon his putting it behind his shoulders. Then she stepped over to the piano stool and sat down in the rose-red glow of the piano lamp. She looked wonderfully better at once. "Do you want me to sing to you?" she asked, her hands trailing on the keys, her young body half turned from him, her face twisted over her shoulder at him. Already great feathery wreaths of smoke lay between Henderson and her. Half shutting his eyes, he saw her through the fluff of smoke as through a veil, the rose-red glow toning her, the high light in her eyes, the smile on her lips. Seen in that way, he got from her a soothing, complementary sense of femininity without any worry about what she was and what she might become. She was just Woman. "Do you want me to sing to you?" she repeated.

"Mh-hm, please. But low, sing low," he ordered. "I don't know but what I'd rather you'd hum and whistle in that funny way of yours."

She laughed docilely, not musician enough to resent the restrictions imposed and well enough satisfied with Henderson to meet the humor of his painstaking self-indulgence. Starting in obediently, she whistled a bar or two, then trilled off softly in a hushed lah-de-dah-de-doo, but presently the words of the song stole out as well, a whole stanza about love generically, about the

fact that birds and flowers and earth and sky thrilled with love harmonies, a long if simple diapason that sounded the making of worlds, until the songwriter, oppressed possibly by the eternity in the theme, ran away from it on the fleet-footed refrain, —

"I love! Love you, dear, none but you!"

Henderson noticed that the red glow on the girl began to radiate her toward him with wide, superficial recommendations. He noticed that her back was straight. He noticed that her own and her mother's valuation of her showed rather adroitly in the tilt of her head. He noticed that her hair had a soft, babyish kink where it lifted, thick and brown, from the back of her neck. As he sat, he could not see her lips with their little hovering expression of purposefulness. He could not see any of the indications that, as soon as her youth was gone, she must necessarily become the sharp woman of small schemes that her mother was. He could see only her prettiness and the dimpling swell of her nature under the melody of her song. As she floated toward him, draped, as it were, by the dreamy rose-light vibrations, Henderson floated to meet her, not because she was Miss Penang, but because she was Woman. Perhaps he would propose to her when she finished the song.

"Love you, dear, none but you — lah, lah-de-doo-lah-de-doo."

"That's it," murmured Henderson; "leave out the words; give me just the lah-de-doo."

"Don't you care for the words?" asked the girl. "I think they're sweet. I sing them as Lynn Penryn used to sing them, twisted right much. Lynn has a way of twisting things to suit herself, don't you think so, — or do you know her well enough to know that?"

Henderson had about finished his cigar, and he now took the smouldering stub of it from between his teeth and sat up straight. The feathery fluff be-

tween him and the girl cleared away. As he made no reply, Miss Penang continued casually, "Lynn was to come down from Kansas City on the evening train, so Mr. Penryn told me up at the bank a little bit ago. I wonder if she came? Did you hear any one say at the drug store? She and her husband were both coming; did you hear whether they came?" And when Henderson said no, he had not heard, Miss Penang added, "Well, I reckon she came," nodding her head over it, and beginning to sing the refrain again, —

"Love you, dear, none but you!"

Henderson got to his feet. "I must be going," he said in a slow, absent way. And when the girl, with a disappointed, troubled look on her face, glanced up at him and asked, "Oh, going *now*?" he answered, yes, he must. She went to the outer door with him, and recovering himself on the step sufficiently to be conscious of some obligation to her, he tried feebly to express to her his appreciation of her goodness in helping him get through a bad evening.

"Oh, pshaw! stay any time that you think the hum and whistle will amuse you," she told him, with a pleasant intonation, which, conquering her purpose and her disappointment, had an unconscious heroism in it. But Henderson, absorbed now in his own heart's concern, missed this illustration of the tragedy of waste in Love's economy.

He said that he was very much obliged, and put up his umbrella and went down the steps. At the gate he saw that she was still standing in the doorway. Through the parlor window the red light shone on under the half-drawn blind rosily, but the girl, out beyond it in the shadow, looked unbelievably drab. He started off up the street in the direction of his office, but as soon as he heard the Penangs' front door shut he turned in his tracks and came past the house again, on his way to another house, which he did not reach

until he had rounded two corners and traversed a long distance on a densely shaded street. He had been growing happier and happier all the way to the house, until, as he rang the bell on its front door, the very hand that he put forth seemed sentient in eagerness.

A servant opened the door, and in the hall beyond the servant a woman stopped as she was passing to the library. The globes of the hall chandelier were red, and as Henderson entered through the door their glow bathed her from head to foot, and made her fully and perfectly the picture, the whole right thing. No need to half shut one's eyes so that the glow might tone *her*. Falling on her face, her throat, her firm, close-draped figure, the glow became at once a part of her, and at once seemed to burn delicately from within outward. She came toward him, with both her hands held out gladly, and he took her hands, and for one lying second everything was perfect, because of her touch, her voice, her sympathetic intelligence, her vital effect upon him.

"Oh, good! Hardin and I were wishing that you would find out to-night that we had come," she was saying, not letting his hands go at once, and looking up at him, that unnamable effect of hers getting into the air around her in broad, wavelike vibrations that were like low music. "Father says we come down to Penangton to see you quite as much as to see him. Hardin admits it. And I can't deny it. What made you stay East so long? We have missed you." Her voice rocked a little, and Henderson got from it an instant impression that she had needed him, too.

"Was it long? It was to me; but still, I thought very seriously of making it longer. I thought of not coming back to Missouri at all."

"I knew it, I knew it!" she cried, with that little grieving shake in her voice, which Henderson could not stand.

"But I came back all right. How 's Hard?"

"Well, so he says. Come in here to him and father."

That was all there was of it. Only one minute in the glow, with her hands in his. Then Henderson followed her into the library where two very different men greeted him. One, Lowry Penryn, was Penangton's richest citizen, a thin, hatchet-faced man, whose small black eyes were noted as being the sharpest eyes in the state of Missouri, but who had a fashion of looking at his daughter when she was not looking at him, and of not looking at her when she was looking at him. The other man was Hardin Shore, a rich, self-made man, of a vigorous and expansive nature, whose ambitions, after leading him into the politics of his native place, Kansas City, were now, so it developed in his conversation, blazing a trail for him straight into the larger politics of the state. He had come down to Penangton on this occasion to consult with his father-in-law about his campaign fund for the governorship of Missouri, and also, ostensibly, to consult with Henderson, as his physician-friend, concerning the possible menace to his health should he enter into the excitement of politics. He was big and powerful to look at, but no stronger than most heavy-bodied, tightly strung men, and a malignant growth that Henderson had removed from his arm a year before had already told a story of constitutional dyscrasia. Shore, who was a precipitate man, set about talking over his purposes there in the library at once with Lowry and Henderson, and Henderson quickly noticed that as Shore talked his eyes avoided his wife's eyes, — as though he recognized that he could hold more adequately to his own notions if he did not look at her, — and that he seemed possessed by a roughshod determination to have his own way which was unnatural in him and disturbing to him.

"And I'm against it. That's what he is really trying to tell you," Mrs. Shore said to Henderson, as soon as Shore had finished his story of what the state leaders up at Jefferson and down at St. Louis expected of him and for him. Shore had talked in a dry-tongued voice that tinkled, half with elation over the flattering outlook, and half with sheer physical tension, and his wife, leaning back in her chair, looking from Shore to Henderson, from Henderson to her father, and back again to Shore, a little crinkling play about the corners of her eyes, seemed to have got supplementary evidence from Shore's recital to strengthen her opposition without ever once manifesting any nervous alertness. "I'm against it," she repeated.

Shore regarded her with his lips jerking humorously: "She thinks politics will corrupt me, Henderson."

"Tsst!" Henderson made one of his little demurring clicks behind his teeth, "if politics is corrupt, that's a reason for going into it, not staying out of it. Mrs. Shore would have a more logical reason than that," he said waitingly, a little heliographic flash of understanding, swift and illuminative, playing from her to him.

"Yes. More logical than that." She nodded, her eyes on Hardin Shore's face.

"Well, now, what?" asked Shore, with that affectionate, badgering tone that men are apt to use when trying to draw their wives into admissions particularly pleasing to a husband.

"Well, it's logical, but selfishly logical," she said evasively, yet Shore was insistent.

"Well, say what," he urged.

She let her long lashes trail on her cheeks a moment with a hesitancy that looked essentially virginal, yet essentially wifely, and Henderson noticed how perfectly she stayed his dream-woman even here in the strong white light of the library, how entirely the woman

he would have liked to have raise those lashes upon him in that virginal, wifely shyness. Only, when she raised the lashes, her eyes swept past him, — with some sort of hidden appeal, he thought, — and sought out the other man. She seemed to see nothing but the other man, with an insistent loyalty and in a foreboding comprehension that took in all his deceptive bigness, his unsafe tension, the bluish whiteness of his temples, the little flabbiness under his eyes, the strain that for months had held his mouth back from the expression of something — pain, or nervousness, or ambition — that distressed him. “Well,” she began again, haltingly still, “it’s that I don’t want to divide with the public. I don’t want a public man for a husband; I want my husband for myself, — Oh, Hard, you know it, you’ve known it all along.” Henderson knew that in saying this she had somehow doubled and turned on an original purpose to speak her entire mind, but her tone, the look on her face seemed to satisfy Shore utterly. The strain left his mouth for a moment, and he laughed a big, glad, complacent laugh. Though he said nothing, it was exactly as though he said, “Just see how she loves me,” to Henderson and to her father. His satisfaction in what she had said seemed to treble by the presence of the other two men; he seemed to hear for himself, ardently, as her husband; for Penryn, indulgently, as her father; and for Henderson, — well, pleasantly, as her friend. The fine, lasting romance of their relationship was heightened almost unendurably for Shore by this threefold apprehension of it. He got up yearningly, went over to her, touched her shoulders once with his hands lightly, then put the hands in his pockets and began to pace up and down in front of her, after a habit of his. His lips shook a little, and his brow tightened and relaxed, tightened, relaxed. Once, a keen pain twitched across his face, and Henderson, flat back

in a chair, with his hands gripped to the chair arms to keep them from shaking, was not too self-concerned to notice it.

“Hard,” began Henderson finally in a well-ordered voice, “I think that as a friend I ought to say to you that you would better keep out of politics, and as a doctor I say that you have got to.” Henderson had long since come to the point where he could say things and do things because they were the things to say and do, but it sometimes seemed to him as though his lax voice and limp body must one day surely betray him; surely he must one day show the cheap automatism with which he went through the saying and the doing of the “right thing.”

“Well, but now, Henderson,” commenced Shore, his unpersuaded thought finding expression in blunt, downward inflections as he phrased, “you’re giving just an off-hand, snap-shot opinion, are n’t you? You don’t know any specific reason why my health won’t permit of my going into politics if I want to go into politics, do you now? Of course you don’t. You’ve hardly looked at me. You’ve no real reason for warning me off, don’t you see? And, on the other hand, there are big reasons for my not being warned off this time,” — Shore paused a moment, gathered up his forces and went on stubbornly, — “It’s a chance for a — oh, for a sort of good wind-up, — I mean a sort of crowning to a man’s career, — and my heart’s so set upon it that I can’t let you and Lynn twist me about the way you usually do, — especially when you have no reason, — you know you have no reason.” He was so vehemently reiterative that he seemed to be trying to push Henderson into a position by the sheer force of his insistence that Henderson was in the position; and he seemed, too, to be keeping a peculiar, watch-dog sort of guard on Henderson, on his wife, on himself, particularly on himself, as he walked and walked and walked.

"Shucks! Just jumped into an assertion without any reason, did n't you, Henderson, did n't you?"

That talkative stubbornness of the man brought to Henderson at last the complete significance of his stiff-necked turning from his wife's counsel, his desperate clinging to his plan for a political career. With Shore politics was standing out as something that could be used to crowd and push him busily to the end, the end to which disease was remorselessly bearing him. That was Shore's whole meaning, pitifully plain to the physician who faced him in the peculiar, conscious stillness that had settled upon the room.

"Hard," said the physician slowly, "if you'll raise your left arm, straight up, like this, I'll tell you my specific reason." It was a brutally kind fashion of heading Shore off, of letting him see that his deception about his condition did not deceive, but Henderson, bent only upon saving Shore for the woman beside him, risked it. He let his hand fall back, after stretching his arm up by way of illustration, and then sat quite still, waiting on Shore, his hands just touched together at the finger tips, his eyes narrowed upon Shore, his whole being conscious that the woman was meeting the blow exactly as he had relied upon her to meet it, as strongly and as quietly. Shore, attempting confusedly to turn the probe of Henderson's insinuation, shot his arm up overhead foolhardily, only to sicken and blanch with pain. Half reeling, he turned upon Henderson, "You — you — you" — he began, speechlessly beyond control in his leaping, unreasoning resentment at the exposure and miscarriage of his plan to keep the recurrence of his disease to himself; but the woman sat on unflinchingly, until Shore dared look at her and move over to her.

"Did you think I did n't know, Hard?" she whispered, her hand finding his. "Do you suppose I have n't known all these weeks?"

For answer he went down on his knees beside her and clung to her and cried like a child. Lowry Penryn stole hastily from the room. Henderson got up and went over to the window. Outside the rain was still falling. Its cold spats alternated with the sobs of the kneeling man and the caressing, answering murmur of the woman: "To keep your sweet life so close to the shadow because mine's got to keep there, — oh, I wanted to save you, — I wanted to keep it from you, — I thought if I got busy enough I could keep it back, — I wanted to fool you!" — his broken, tortured words were just audible to Henderson.

"But, Hard, that may have been strong, but was it fair, — not to count on me, shadow or no shadow?" Henderson could hear her words, too, their fierce loyalty, their strong, young maternalism, the choking hush of her own wild rebellion. He turned upon them purposefully, as they sat together under the bare white light that shone on remorselessly into their very hearts.

"Hard," he said, in a plain voice that eased by its steady pulling back to the every-day level on which people drank coffee, kept house, bought and sold and chaffed, "Hard, I don't understand what this is all for? I can see that there are some dangers ahead, and that to avoid them you've got to follow the right course, but I can't see what you mean with this morbid conviction that you are done for. Where did you get it? I'm willing to bet that it's auto-infection with you, — I'll bet that you have caught it from yourself, that you have n't talked to a soul since I went away! But even if you have, and have been discouraged, I want to tell you that there is n't the practitioner alive who can name the right time to quit hoping. What have you quit hoping for? What are you taking yourself as a dead man for, when life reaches out fair and straight on half a dozen sides?" Henderson's first perception that in his

absence things had not gone well with Shore, that Shore had managed to get into the full swing of taking himself in the wrong way, was by now engulfed in the force of his intention to oppose this new current of discouragement, to stop the annihilating sweep of it, to get both Shore and his wife safely out of it.

"Oh, Henderson," faltered Shore in his dull, beaten tone, "I got so tired of fighting. You were n't here. I saw I was done for. I just decided to order my life to a busy finish and be done with it."

"Be done with it!" retorted Henderson angrily. "You are n't done with it. You don't know the first toot of Gabriel's horn, and you could n't tell your summons from a dinner gong. Just because I left you to yourself a little while, just because I could n't reassure you every time you got a pin scratch, you scare yourself into a lot of fool ideas; you're nothing but a kid, any way; get up here now and let me look at that arm again, — likely as not it's nothing, some little sympathetic reflex. Even if it's recurrence, it's not final. Did n't I warn you that we might run against snags of that kind for some time? Get up here." He could hardly tell himself how much of what he said was true and how much was made to seem true by the vast force of that intention of his to create for them a mental atmosphere that would have a beneficent physiological effect. He always recognized himself in an effort of this kind with any patient, but especially with this patient, as an hypnotic force, a power of healing, not as a man. "Now, Hard," he went on, when he was through with the examination of Shore's arm, "I can fix that in just one little half hour. I admit I'd rather it had not lumped up there, but there's no death knell in the fact that it has lumped. Why in the dickens have you acted like this? Why did n't you wait for me?"

"Henderson," — Shore turned from

his wife to Henderson, — "I was afraid you were n't coming back in the first place, — that got me uneasy, — you know I don't believe that any other doctor has a teaspoonful of sense, — and in the next place, it began just like this before — and — and she's been through the anxiety of one operation with me. I can't, I won't, let her life be spent in the strain of a long fight. When I found this thing coming back I — well, it just came to me that I'd get so busy with politics or something else that I would n't notice the pain, or talk about it, so she would not have the trouble of it." His heroic thought of her now mingled queerly with an increasing relief. The morbidity that had hung over him for weeks had been broken up, and his response to the renewal of hope was ingenuous and childlike. "It was mostly because you went away, Henderson," he said, with a tremulous, shamefaced tearfulness. "Should n't have got into this fool mess of conviction if you had been about. I'll be all right if you'll stay where I can feel you. What made you go away and leave us? Can't you stand us?"

"Yes, I'll have to make up my mind to it," smiled Henderson, the smile and the words being a sort of bond with himself as well as with Shore. "I'll not go away again. And I'll get you, and keep you, in shape. Only you've got to do what I tell you to do. You have got, for one thing, to keep out of excitement. You can't go into politics, for instance."

O Lord! I don't care a hang about politics except as a thought-killer," declared Shore, almost blithe in the reaction from his despair.

"Well, then, if that's understood, if you're going to become good, I'll be off now, and come up and arrange about that arm in the morning."

They followed him out into the hall, both showing their utter dependence upon him as physician and friend. "By George, Henderson!" cried Shore at

the hall door, "I don't see how we could live without you," — one of Shore's hands rested on his wife's shoulder and the other pressed Henderson's hand, — "honest to the Lord, I don't see how we could live without you."

"No, I don't see," she said, in a mystical voice, as she took Henderson's hand, in her turn. The rose-red glow from the hall globes fell full upon her.

"Oh, there are plenty of doctors," laughed Henderson.

"But only one Henderson," said Shore earnestly.

"Only one Henderson," she repeated, her lips trembling a little, but with that gaze of hers which expected so much of him fixed steadfastly upon him.

"Well, if there were a dozen of me, I'd be yours, all yours, always rely on that." He had both their hands and he was looking from one to the other as he spoke, and, as he spoke, he got a certain happiness. "I'd rather have my sense of her, her completeness, than another man's ability to stand another woman's incompleteness," he told himself. On the veranda he looked back to smile at them before he stepped out into the rain, and saw her there, still in the glow, the other man's arm still around her. "It is not the glow," said Henderson softly, as though he had saved something, "it's the one woman. And I'm glad of it."

Then he went on in the rain.

R. E. Young.

THE CHILD IN THE GARDEN.

WHEN to the garden of untroubled thought
I came of late, and saw the open door,
And wished again to enter, and explore
The sweet, wild ways with stainless bloom inwrought,
And bowers of innocence with beauty fraught,
It seemed some purer voice must speak before
I dared to tread that garden loved of yore,
That Eden lost unknown and found unsought.

Then just within the gate I saw a child, —
A stranger-child, yet to my heart most dear, —
He held his hands to me, and softly smiled
With eyes that knew no shade of sin or fear:
"Come in," he said, "and play awhile with me;
I am the little child you used to be."

Henry van Dyke.

MY OWN STORY.

IV. LATER YEARS AND BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG: WITH RECOLLECTIONS
OF EMERSON AND ALCOTT.

THE war was nearing its close, and an era of assured prosperity for the North was setting in, when Mr. James T. Fields (of Ticknor & Fields, then publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*) invited my coöperation in establishing a new "illustrated magazine for boys and girls." I at once became interested in it, and, with other friends of Mr. Fields, began to consider the important question of an appropriate and attractive title. Dr. Holmes, who had christened the *Atlantic*, wittily suggested the *Atlantic Lighter*; a number of other names were proposed and rejected, *Our Young Folks* being the one finally chosen. Well-known contributors were enlisted for the early numbers, — Mrs. Stowe, Miss Alcott, Whittier, Higginson, Aldrich, Rose Terry, Miss Phelps, and a long list besides. Among the later writers were Edward Everett Hale and his sister, Lucretia Hale (author of the quaint *Peterkin Papers*), Bayard Taylor, James Parton, Mrs. Akers Allen, Celia Thaxter, and Charles Dickens, who contributed a four part serial story, *A Holiday Romance*. Lowell and Longfellow also were represented by poems. The magazine was a financial success from the start.

The first number was that for January, 1865, with the names of J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton, and Lucy Larcom on the cover, as editors. These were retained until Gail Hamilton's violent rupture with the publishers (who were also publishers of her books) over a question of copyright, which led to her attack upon them — especially upon the head of the firm, lately her personal friend — in her wonderfully witty but woefully unwise *Battle of the Books*. When it was no longer possi-

ble to keep her name, all the names were quietly dropped from the cover, and the two others appeared only on the title-pages of the yearly volumes. Mr. Howard M. Ticknor was office editor from the first, while I was contributing and (nominally) consulting editor until, after Mr. Ticknor's withdrawal from the firm and Miss Larcom's retirement from the chair in which she temporarily succeeded him, I became manager in 1870.

The firm at that time, under its new name of Fields, Osgood & Co., occupied a spacious store and chambers at 124 Tremont Street, where I had a well-furnished and attractive room up two flights, with windows overlooking the Common. Below mine was the private room of Mr. Fields, then head of the firm, and editor of the *Atlantic*. Mr. Howells was his assistant, and soon to be chief, if not practically so already. Adjoining Mr. Fields's room was a large reading-room, in a corner of which Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, conductor of *Every Saturday*, had his desk. In the position of cashier and bookkeeper was a capable young man, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, who left it in the early seventies to complete in Germany his studies for some sectarian ministry, his chosen profession, which he seems to have outgrown before he entered it, for when he returned from abroad it was to begin a larger lifework in literature and reform. The house had a lunchroom, with a generously served table, at which publishers and editors met, and such contributors and book-authors as happened to be about were often welcomed. My habit was to give only my morning hours to office work, and to go home to Arlington at noon; but when I was detained in

town, this lunch table and its goodly company made ample amends for the inconvenience.

I contributed to *Our Young Folks* a great variety of articles in prose and verse; among others, *Darius Green* and his *Flying Machine*, which immediately, like *The Vagabonds*, that had previously appeared in the *Atlantic*, became a favorite with platform readers and reciters all over the country. I wrote for it a series of papers on practical subjects, that were afterwards collected in a volume entitled *Lawrence's Adventures among the Ice-Cutters, Glass-Makers, Coal-Miners, Iron-Men, and Ship-Builders*, giving in the guise of a story carefully studied and accurate accounts of the industries described; in gathering material for which I had gone as far as the iron-mills and coal-mines of Pennsylvania. To avoid making my own name too conspicuous I put the pseudonym *Harvey Wilder* to a series of articles on natural history, and that of *Augustus Holmes* to papers on *Volcanoes and Geysers, Mountains and Glaciers, What is the Sun? Glimpses of the Moon, and kindred topics*. I had the satisfaction of knowing that I made these subjects interesting, and was amused when some astute critic, in commending this "new writer" (*Augustus Holmes*), concluded his notice with the remark: "It would be well if more men of science would write in this entertaining style."

I printed also over my own name articles on *Richmond Prisons, A Visit to Mount Vernon, and A Tennessee Farmhouse*, — advance chapters from *The South and its Battlefields*, a book descriptive of an extensive tour I made through the Southern states just after the war.

For serials we had *Mayne Reid's Afloat in the Forest, Kellogg's Good Old Times, Carleton's Winning his Way, Dr. Isaac I. Hayes's Cast Away in the Cold, Mrs. Whitney's We Girls, Mrs. Diaz's William Henry Letters*

(which, although not in the form of a story, were in their naturalness and humor more diverting than most stories), and, to crown all, *T. B. Aldrich's Story of a Bad Boy*.

I had written short stories for the magazine, but none continued through more than three numbers, when, in the fall of 1870, after I had become managing editor, I consulted the publishers as to whom I should invite to furnish the serial for the ensuing year. It was getting late in the season, and none had as yet been volunteered. One of the firm gave me a droll look and remarked, in the words of *Priscilla*, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

I said, "I have n't thought of that, but if you mean it" —

"I mean it!" he answered decisively.

So I wrote *Jack Hazard* and his *Fortunes*, turning aside each month from my other work to furnish the installments, which ran through the twelve numbers of 1871. For a subject I went back to the *Erie Canal*, the old *Ogden homestead*, and *Spencer's Basin*; and took for my chief character a vicious little driver, with intent to bring out what good was latent in him, by redeeming him from evil influences and placing him in favorable surroundings. Connected with him in interest was his noble *Newfoundland dog, Lion*. The old homestead I peopled with the *Chatford family*, and gave to the neighborhood other fictitious characters, all true to the life I had known there, but none of them portraits. I had great fun in writing the story, a chapter of which I would dash off at a sitting, in an afternoon, and perhaps send it the next day to the printers, with hardly an erasure. In each mail came letters showing the lively interest of readers everywhere in *Jack* and his dog.

The story had been the leading feature eight or nine months, when the same member of the firm who had suggested my undertaking the serial (this was *Mr. John S. Clark*, now of the *Prang Edu-*

cational Company) said to me, "It won't do to finish Jack's Fortunes in the December number! In completing it for the volume, leave it open for a sequel, which we will announce for next year. That boy and dog are running so well they can't stop for another twelvemonth, sure!"

Accordingly I followed the initial story with *A Chance for Himself*, and that in turn, for similar reasons, with *Doing his Best*, the third of the *Jack Hazard* series. I had already begun a fourth, *Fast Friends*, the first chapters of which were in type, with a large part of the magazine number for January, 1874, when the proverbial "thunderbolt out of a clear sky" struck the publishing house.

The sky was not so clear as it had seemed to many of us who were enjoying the fancied security of that hospitable roof. Mr. Fields retired from the firm in 1871, and Mr. J. R. Osgood (who, like Mr. Fields, had risen from the ranks in the business) became head of the house. He was able, honorable, large-hearted, but aggressive and self-confident, and under his leadership the concern assumed enterprises involving hazards which the other's more conservative judgment could hardly have sanctioned. Of these, I remember most about *Every Saturday*, which began, and ran some time, as a modest reprint of selections from foreign periodicals; but which J. R. Osgood & Co. (the new firm) changed to a large illustrated sheet, designed to rival *Harper's Weekly* in popular favor. It did not, however, prove a success; and before long financial difficulties necessitated the disposal of the *Atlantic Monthly* to its present publishers, and the sale of *Our Young Folks* to Scribner & Co., who merged it in *St. Nicholas*.

Thus again I experienced the severance of agreeable and advantageous business relations that I had come to consider permanent. With the house established by the elder Ticknor, as with that of

Phillips, Sampson & Co., I had esteemed it an honor to be connected; and once more I felt deprived of a home. The "Old Corner Bookstore" (on the corner of Washington and School streets) was old and famous as early as when I first came to Boston. Phillips, Sampson & Co. had Emerson and Prescott leading their list of authors; while Ticknor & Fields were the publishers of Longfellow and Tennyson, Lowell and Hawthorne, and all that goodly company to whose names Emerson's was also to be added after the downfall of the Winter Street house. The acquisition at the same time (1859) of the *Atlantic Monthly* had been all that was needed to give the Old Corner unrivaled preëminence as representative of the best literature of New England, and of Old England in America. I followed the *Atlantic* with my contributions, which led to the publication by the firm, not only of my books for the young growing out of *Our Young Folks*, but also of three other books, of some importance at least to their author, — *Coupon Bonds and Other Stories*, consisting chiefly of contributions I had made to the *Atlantic* and *Harper's*, and two volumes of verse, *The Vagabonds and Other Poems*, and *The Emigrant's Story and Other Poems*, also collected from periodicals. The scattering of these volumes was not the least of the casualties I had to deplore, upon the passing of the firm of J. R. Osgood & Co. All, however, went into good hands; and the misfortune that cost me the editorship — to which I had become attached by so many interests that I felt the loss as a personal bereavement — brought with it, as misfortunes so often do, its compensation, in the freedom it gave to form other desirable engagements.

Along with *Our Young Folks* the new serial I had commenced writing for it went over to *St. Nicholas*, the chapters I had put into type for our January number going into the January number

of that magazine. In the same number I published a card, in which, as editor, I took leave of Our Young Folks readers, and bespoke their favor for the new monthly.

I confidently expected to finish Jack's career in Fast Friends, but that story had been running hardly half a year when I was invited to New York for a conference with Mr. Roswell Smith and Mrs. Dodge, regarding a serial for the ensuing year (1875). Mr. Smith was Dr. J. G. Holland's partner in the publication of St. Nicholas and Scribner's Monthly (now The Century). Mrs. Dodge was then, as always after, chief editor of St. Nicholas; and Frank R. Stockton, at that time unknown to fame, was, as I well remember, her office assistant. For a couple of days Mr. Smith, whose guest I was, gave a large part of his leisure to making my visit pleasant; and I came home with a commission to write a fifth Jack Hazard story, The Young Surveyor.

This was the last of the series, Jack having reached manhood, and won the hand of the heroine; but it was not the last of my continued stories for St. Nicholas. Others of a similar character succeeded, the chief of which were His Own Master, The Tinkham Brothers' Tide-Mill, Toby Trafford (written at Geneva, during my second sojourn abroad), and, passing over several others, Two Biddicut Boys (1897), the latest up to this time; all republished duly in book form.

While I was still connected with Our Young Folks, Mr. Ford (for whom I had previously written a good deal when he was editor of the Watchman and Reflector) asked me for contributions to the Youth's Companion, which he had recently acquired. The Companion had been started early in the century by Nathaniel Willis, father of N. P. Willis, and had held the even tenor of its way as a rather namby-pamby child's paper, until by a curious combination of circumstances Mr. Ford woke up one

morning, in some surprise, to find himself its sole proprietor. It had then about five thousand subscribers. Being a man of broad business views, he had at first hardly dreamed of doing much with it; but while looking about for an enterprise nearer the level of his ambition, he put some money and a good deal of thought and energy into the little paper. He was "ashamed," he once frankly confessed to me, to connect his reputation with "so small an affair;" and so issued it over the fictitious firm name of "Perry Mason & Co.," by whom it purports to be published to this day. It was for a long time a mystery, even to those who had transactions with the concern, who "Perry Mason & Co." could be. There was then no other "Perry Mason" or "Co." than the quiet little man with the pale forehead and round smooth face, whose plain signature was to become so familiar to me, signed to letters and checks, Daniel S. Ford.

My engagement with Our Young Folks prohibited me from writing for any other periodical, except the Atlantic, to which I remained a pretty constant contributor; but as soon as I was released from that, Mr. Ford again called on me, and I went over to the Companion, writing for it stories long and short, and after a while one serial a year, for many years. From a mere child's paper he was converting it rapidly into a miscellany of the very first class for young people and families. Its circulation increased at a rate that astonished Mr. Ford himself, rising by waves and tides from thousands to hundreds of thousands. *Quorum pars parva fui*; of all this I felt myself a part, if only a small part; it was a part, however, which he was always magnanimous in recognizing.

He was as liberal with his pay as he was with his praise. Both may have been designed to encourage my contributions; but I think he was as sincere in the one as he was generous in the

other. The pay he increased voluntarily, without any solicitation on my part, often drawing his checks for larger sums than our agreement called for, and making them from time to time larger and larger, until the rate of compensation became, considering the circumstances, munificent. Our personal relations were of the pleasantest. When I handed him a manuscript, he frequently drew his check for it immediately, without reading it; always urging me to write more.

Unfortunately, while the paper was building up, his health was breaking down; he became simultaneously an invalid and a millionaire. I was one of the last contributors whom he continued to see and transact business with personally. At last it became so difficult for him to meet any attachés of the paper except his "heads of departments," as he called them, that I discontinued my visits to him, some time in 1887. The business of the concern had then grown to prodigious proportions. He had as many heads of departments as the President of the United States, and the paper circulated over half a million copies. I once heard Dr. Holmes wittily describe the increase in the number of instructors in the Medical College since his time. "Then," said he, "there were five or six of us. Now there are over seventy. The roast beef of yesterday is the hashed meat of to-day." The change in Mr. Ford's working force, from the time when I began with him to the last year of our intercourse, was even more surprising. He was at first alone in the editorship and business management. Afterwards Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth became editorial assistant. Then one by one others were taken on, until there were anywhere from twelve to twenty on the editorial staff alone. The paper in the meanwhile adopted the policy of securing for its advertised lists of contributors banner names, which were paid for and paraded at a cost that would have ruined in a single season a periodical of less

affluent resources. Even members of the English royal family were induced to become contributors to the paper which Mr. Ford, a few years before, had been ashamed to put his name to as publisher. As he gradually withdrew from its management my own contributions to it became fewer, and ceased almost altogether during my second sojourn in Europe from 1888 to 1891. Friendly as its new managers were, I could never feel at home in the paper's palatial new quarters, and it could never again be to me what it had been in the era of its earlier marvelous growth, and in the happiest days of the remarkable man who may be said to have created it.

My contributions to the Companion comprised, besides a large number of short stories and other sketches and poems, some of my most successful serials, among these *The Silver Medal*, *The Pocket Rifle*, and *The Little Master*. All the long stories and many of the short ones, like my contributions to *Our Young Folks* and *St. Nicholas*, have been reissued in book form.

I also wrote a serial for one sensational paper, a New York weekly. Although I was offered an exceptionally good price for this I hesitated about accepting it until I had consulted two or three judicious friends, one of them Mr. Longfellow.

"Accept it, by all means!" he said. "Of course you will not write down to the level of such a paper, but try to bring it up to your level. You will have an audience that you would probably reach in no other way." And he added something more as to the good work I would do by showing that literature could be entertaining without being melodramatic.

I remembered well his words because they coincided so entirely with my own views in writing for such a publication. I furnished the story, which, while not at all sensational, won the approval of the publishers, and which was afterwards included in my sets of books for

the young, under the title *Bound in Honor*.

All this time I continued subject to the "blissful thralldom of the Muse." In 1877 I published *The Book of Gold*, comprising, with the title poem, four others of lesser length, all of which had first appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, illustrated with a view to the volume; *A Home Idyl* in 1881, and *The Lost Earl* in 1888, both likewise made up principally of my metrical contributions to periodicals.

In addition to the five books of verse already designated, I will mention *Guy Vernon*, in a *Masque of Poets* (1878), of the authorship of which anonymous novelette in verse I now for the first time make public acknowledgment.

My stories, written ostensibly for the young, were intended for older readers as well; and this was doubtless one secret of their success. I was sometimes amused by hearing of a parent carrying home the periodical containing an installment of one of my serials, and hiding it from the younger members of the household until he had enjoyed the first reading of the chapters. This was one of the satisfactions that reconciled me to a kind of work not at all in the direction of my earlier ambition, but which a sort of fatality — perhaps the divinity that shapes our ends — led me to do.

Once when I was trouting in a mountain stream, I came to one of those potholes that pebbles, in whirling eddies, occasionally scoop in the solid ledge. It was cask-shaped, with polished, bulging sides, and it was filled with crystal-clear water, in the depths of which were discernible fishes of extraordinary size. They would not rise to a fly, but I let down a bait, saw one of the lusty fellows make for it, and drew out a dace about four or five inches long. Wondering how the large fish had missed the hook and allowed a little brother to take it, I dropped my bait again, once more saw a big one seize it, and once more pulled out a small wriggler. I had

to repeat this process several times before my senses were convinced that the large fishes were an illusion, occasioned by a combined refraction and reflection of light in the oval-shaped rocky receptacle. The giants peopling the pothole were mere pygmies, one and all.

This has been largely my experience in life. The fish in the pool of anticipation has (with few exceptions) appeared vastly larger than when I caught and took it from the hook. The fame and good fortune I cast my line for, which hope and imagination magnified to such alluring proportions, proved but modest prizes, when landed in the light of common day. Likewise the great men I have approached have (with the exceptions aforesaid) proved to be common mortals, with the usual limitations, when I have come to regard them at short range. Instead of great epics and works of fiction that all the world would be waiting to acclaim, I have written some minor poems cared for by a few, half a dozen novels, and a large number of small books, that have been successful enough in their way.

These last, as I have endeavored to show, were written, not so much from choice, as in answer to an actual immediate demand for what, as it proved, I was well fitted to do, namely, a style of story that should not be bad as literature, and which should interest at the same time young and old. This I have been the more willing to do because the love story, deemed indispensable in most novels, has been so overdone as to become flat and unprofitable except when retouched with exceptional freshness; and because I was glad of an opportunity to produce a sort of minor novel true to life, with other elements of interest replacing that traditional material. Unquestionably, too, I obeyed a law of my nature in moving on lines of least resistance. In novel-writing I had countless competitors, many vastly abler than myself. In my own peculiar field I was alone.

When I was returning from the World's Fair in 1893, a young woman journalist came down from Buffalo to Lockport to "interview" me, in my brother's house, for the *Illustrated Express*. In her three column article in that paper I was made to say many things differently from the manner in which I did say them, and others that I did not say at all, as is common with "interviewers;" but I find in her report one paragraph which so exactly expressed my mind upon the subject of my boys' stories that I reproduce it here. "Undoubtedly," I said, "they have in a great measure obscured my popularity as a writer of verse. I have naturally felt somewhat aggrieved at this. My best, fullest, and most thoughtful work has been woven into my poems; yet I find myself far more widely known as a story-writer than as a poet. But the fact has its compensations. Wherever I go I am greeted as an old friend by boys, or by men who have read my books as boys, or, better still, I receive the thanks of some mother whose boy she fancies the reading of my books has consoled in times of sickness, or perhaps helped to find, and inspired to keep, the right road. I don't know but that, after all, the most satisfactory monument I could choose would be to live in the hearts and memories of mothers and boys."

I had in my early years several literary passions, more or less ardent and enduring. The first were Scott and Byron, the idols of my boyhood. Then it was Poe, the melody and glamour of whose verse had for me an indescribable fascination. Afterwards came Tennyson, who, with an equal sensitiveness to beauty and the magic of words, opened fountains of thought and of human interest that seemed never to have been unsealed in Poe. Dickens was an early favorite; a little later Thackeray; and I had unbounded admiration for Carlyle. Shelley I never cared for, except in a

few lyrics (I could never get through *The Witch of Atlas* or *The Revolt of Islam*); — he had fine *Æolian* chords, but a thin sounding-board; — and Keats was too luxurious a draught to be more than rarely indulged in. At one time I addicted myself to Browning; and Shakespeare I had always with me. Macaulay, Montaigne, Plato, Whitman, — to each of these I gave in turn seasons of almost exclusive devotion. But of all writers ancient or modern, poets, philosophers, prophets, the one to whom my spiritual indebtedness was first and last the greatest, was Emerson.

I heard much of Emerson during my first years in Boston, but through such false echoes that mere prejudice rendered me indifferent to the man and his message. More than to any other source, I owed this misconception to Boston's favorite evening paper, whose versatile and gifted editor — himself a poet, the author of at least one popular song, and of two or three dramas more or less successful — now and again printed extracts from Emerson's writings, with such comments upon them as perverted their meaning and exposed them to ridicule. It was not till long after this that my own experience taught me to distrust such extracts; as when some critic accused me of making the new moon rise in the east, citing from one of my stories a sentence that really seemed to convict me of the blunder he at the same time charged against Coleridge, in the famous lines: —

"From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip."

Just what the *Ancient Mariner* had in his vivid but somewhat ill-regulated imagination I will not stop to discuss; but what I described — as the context would have shown — was the "hornèd moon" indeed, rising over the city roofs; not the new moon, however, but the old moon, — not crescent but decrecent, — which the youthful hero of the

story, in studying the stars from his scuttle window too long past midnight, saw (as I myself had seen it in just such circumstances) soaring pale and ghost-like in the morning sky. This early moon (which Coleridge undoubtedly had in mind, with the morning star not too literally "within the nether tip") my critic had very likely never observed; just as the talented editor of evening news had never witnessed those splendors of the spiritual dawn which the poet-seer discerned, and which his detractors saw fit to discredit and deride.

With this editor (the same who had previously declined to print my sonnet to Theodore Parker) I became acquainted later, and found him to be not only a person of taste and culture, as his own writings showed, but a fair-minded man, who would not, I am sure, have done any one an intentional wrong. But how great a wrong he had done, not only to Emerson, but still more to me, I became aware, when a happy chance revealed to me the constellations of thought against which he had so long helped to keep my scuttle closed.

It was a passage from Emerson in Griswold's *Prose-Writers of America* which by its incisiveness of style and singular suggestiveness startled me as by a new discovery, and sent me hastening to the nearest bookstore for the first volume of the *Essays*. This must have been in the latter part of 1852; for in my copy of the *Second Series* I find my name and the date written, "January, 1853;" and I had read, and proclaimed from the housetop of my enthusiasm, and given away, the *First Essays*, before I procured another copy, along with the *Second Series*. The *First Series* I have now in a later edition, 1859. Between this and the earlier one I must have possessed and parted with several successive copies, which in those days I had a mania for presenting to friends who had not read Emerson; to whom I imagined he would bring as welcome a revelation as he had brought

to me. I always chose the *First Series*, comprising *Self-Reliance*, *Spiritual Laws*, and *Heroism*, for that propaganda. It was a fond illusion. I found that those gift copies were seldom read; or, if read at all, that their beauties were but hazily perceived, and their skyey heraldings unheeded.

To the *Essays* I quickly added the *Poems*, *Representative Men*, *Nature* and the *Addresses*, contributions to the *Dial*; whatever of Emerson I could lay my eager hands on. No words of mine are adequate to describe the effect upon me of those extraordinary writings. It was more like the old-time religious conversion or change of heart than anything I had ever before experienced; some such effect as the best Biblical writings might have had, if I could have brought to them as fresh and receptive a mind, undulled by the dreary associations of my Sunday-school going and pew-imprisoned boyhood. They inspired me with self-trust; they reinforced my perceptions, and opened new vistas of ideas, as if some optic glass of highly magnifying and separating power had been added to my hitherto unaided vision. They caused me to make vows to truth, to purity, to poverty, — if poverty should be the penalty of absolute obedience to truth; vows, alas, which had often to be renewed, but never to be disowned or renounced.

When I considered by what misrepresentations I had been kept out of that which I felt to be an inestimable birth-right, I could not quite forgive their author; and I had afterwards an opportunity of knowing that the injury had touched one more deeply concerned than I. That opportunity came after I had begun to publish my first small books through Phillips, Sampson & Co., who were also the publishers of Emerson's volumes. They were at the same time issuing a series of English classics, under the supervision of the Boston editor in question.

Entering the bookstore one forenoon,

I met the said editor going out; and presently saw Emerson at a shelf examining some books. In the private office I found Mr. Phillips, who received me with a curious smile, and, when I had entered, closed the door. Then he related with quiet glee a circumstance that had just occurred. The editor, seeing Emerson at the bookshelves, had asked Mr. Phillips for an introduction to him. Mr. Phillips said, "I will consult Mr. Emerson;" and going out into the bookroom he proposed the presentation. Emerson bent his brows and responded in his slow, emphatic way, —

"Sargent? Mr. Epes Sargent, of the *Evening Transcript*?" Then, after a pause: "I have nothing for Mr. Sargent, and Mr. Sargent has nothing for me." Perfectly dispassionate and dignified; but there was nothing more to be said, and Mr. Phillips had to go back to his visitor, and tell him that the desired introduction was declined. I was pleased through and through to learn how my own grievance in the matter had been atoned for, and still more interested to find that even the serene Concord sage was, after all, human, and capable of a righteous resentment, — if that can indeed be called by so misleading a name, which was more likely the feeling he avowed in his letter to Henry Ware, regarding their differences of opinion: "I shall read what you and other good men write, as I have always done, — glad when you speak my thought, and skipping the page that has nothing for me." He simply "skipped" Mr. Sargent.

It may be in place here to state that the conservative editor grew in time to be as radical as Parker, if not as transcendental as Emerson; during the war of emancipation he published an anti-slavery novel, and afterwards wrote books on spiritualism, of which he became an earnest exponent.

That the average editor and man of culture should have found in Emerson

many enigmas seems natural enough, and hardly to need an apology, since even the young Cambridge poet, Henry W. Longfellow, could write in a letter to his father, upon the appearance of the first book of *Essays*, in 1841, that it was "full of sublime prose poetry, magnificent absurdities, and simple truths. It is a striking book, but as it is impossible to see any connection between the ideas, I do not think it would please you." The lack of connection was indisputable; and, if a fault, characteristic. There was nothing of the willow or the elm, no graceful sweep of foliage or drooping spray, in the mind of the man or in his style of writing. His ideas were like the needles of the pine, each separate, pointed, bristling, in number infinite, crowning the stately stem that was a symbol of himself, as it was his favorite among all the forest trees.

Once on an ocean voyage an accomplished Belgian who was coming to this country asked me about our best writers. I gave him a volume of Emerson, and he undertook the *Essay on Manners*. In a little while he came to me in amazement and disgust, declaring that there was no logical sequence in the thoughts. I said, "That does not trouble me. I see the mountain peaks, and take for granted the invisible range out of which they rise." But for him, without clear logical sequence there was no such thing as style.

At the time of the Sargent episode I had myself never spoken with Emerson, and should have deemed it high presumption on my part to ask to be presented to him. All the more gratifying therefore was the way in which our first interview came about. Entering the publisher's private room one day, I found Mr. Emerson there; and, having said "Good-morning" to Mr. Phillips, I retired to the bookroom. Presently Mr. Phillips came to me and said Mr. Emerson would like to meet me. Thrilled with happy surprise, yet doubtful, I said,

"I am afraid you suggested it!" "Not at all," he replied. "When you spoke to me in the office, he kept his eyes on you; and after you had gone out, he asked, 'Is that somebody I ought to know?' I told him who you were, and he said, 'I wish to see him!'"

Just when this occurred I cannot now recall, except that it was in the spring of the year; for when, after one of his questions, I told him that I lived in Boston, he inquired, "How can you spare the country, this gay spring weather?" I said, "That is something we cannot spare altogether; we must have our Woodnotes, and be free to follow our Forerunners." The moment I had spoken I feared he might regard the allusion to his poems as idle compliment; but it evidently did not displease him. With his "wise, sweet smile," he remarked, "I confess a tender interest in any mention of my poems; I am so seldom reminded that they are ever read by anybody. It is only my prose that gives them a sort of vicarious vitality;" a just statement of the comparative esteem in which his prose and verse were held in those early years of the second half of the century. After some deprecatory words from me, he went on, in his peculiar, hesitating manner, pausing often as if seeking the right word, then uttering it with an emphasis that relieved it of any suspicion of uncertainty:—

"I feel it a hardship that—with something of a lover's passion for what is to me the most precious thing in life, poetry—I have no gift of fluency in it, only a rude and stammering utterance."

After this I felt there was no longer any danger of appearing a base flatterer; I forgot his fine injunction of forbearance, — in the presence of high behavior to refrain from speech,

"Nobility more nobly to repay;"

and averred the penetrating thought, often the incomparable note of beauty

and sweetness, I found in his verse, citing some lines that at least attested an appreciative familiarity with it. "Here and there a touch; here and there a grain among the husks," he smilingly admitted. To all which I listened with intense interest, having hitherto been barely able to conceive of any limitations, conscious or other, in the master I so much revered; fancying the rudenesses he deplored to be an essential part of his scheme, a relieving background to his beauties; fondly imagining some magic of genius even in his rare grammatical lapses, like the strange error of construction in these lines, perpetuated I think in later editions,—an error which a simple transposition of the words to their natural order will instantly reveal, —

"There need no vows to bind
Whom not each other seek, but find."

The talk turning upon other topics, I remember particularly what was said of Alcott, one of whose "Conversations" I had lately attended, and found, as I confessed, disappointing. I said, "It was no doubt partly my fault that he was not inspired; for, as he told us complacently afterwards, 'a wise man among blockheads is the greatest blockhead of all.'"

With an amused smile Emerson replied, "That is Alcott! He is wise, but he cannot always command his wisdom. More than most men, he needs provocation — and the happy moment." When I asked why so great a man had never written anything remarkable, he said, "He makes sad work indeed when he attempts to put his thoughts on paper; as if the jealous Muse forsook him the moment he betakes himself to his pen." I recall also this observation: "He has precious goods on his shelves; but he has no show-window." This was the first time I ever heard the "show-window" metaphor used in this way, and I am inclined to think it originated with Emerson, perhaps on this

occasion. I myself may have aided to popularize it by quoting him.

I had after that opportunities of seeing the more familiar side of the sage, and remember how scandalized I once was, at a Saturday Club dinner (when I was present as a guest, not as a member), to hear him rallied by the convivial and too irreverent Horatio Woodman for his "neglect of duty" and "want of conscience" in some business of the club. Emerson took the badinage in good part, answering, in a sort of dazed surprise, that he had not understood just what part of the neglected business had been entrusted to his care. "You should have known," said Woodman. "Every member of this club is expected to do his duty." I could n't help recalling the incident, a few years later, when Woodman suddenly dropped out, not only from the Saturday Club, but from all business and social circles that knew him so well as a man of affairs and a consorter with literary celebrities; vanishing in a night, never more to be heard from by anxious clients whose funds he had mysteriously conveyed away.

At that same table I, for the first and only time, saw Emerson, sitting opposite me, light a cigar, and pull away at it as unconcernedly as the least saintly man at the board. That he should partake sparingly of wine, I regarded as fitting enough. But to me there appeared something incongruous about the cigar, I hardly know why; for it always seemed right and proper that Holmes, Lowell, and even Longfellow should smoke. I believe, however, that Emerson did not have the tobacco habit. His indulgence (if it was an indulgence) was limited to rare occasions.

Emerson's appearance was striking, and his manner not without a certain austere awkwardness, especially noticeable on the lecture platform, where for years I seldom missed an opportunity of hearing him. He was tall and spare, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, a head carried slightly forward, and fine

eyes of a peculiar peering, penetrating expression. The strong aquiline nose was the most characteristic feature, but he had ears to match; they were the side wheels to that prow; viewed behind, they stood out from his head like wings borrowed from the feet of Mercury. The head itself was one to baffle phrenology. There seemed to be nothing remarkable about it except its unusual height in the spiritual and moral regions, veneration, firmness, self-esteem. It was otherwise almost commonplace, full in the observing faculties, but falling away to flatness in what is known as causality; likewise full, however, in ideality and sublimity. His power did not lie in the so-called reasoning faculties; he neither possessed nor overmuch esteemed the gifts of the controversialist and the dialectician. He never argued, he announced; what was reasoning in others was in him a questioning of the perceptions. To all this add temperament, genius, the torrential source of being we name the soul, elusive to the anatomist, and to the fumbling fingers of the phrenologist forever past finding out.

In lecturing he had but one gesture, a downward thrust of his clenched right hand, which was nearly always held contorted and tense at his side, and which he used with unconscious earnestness in driving his imaginary stakes. He was at times amusingly careless with his manuscript, losing his place and searching for it with stoical indifference to his patiently waiting audience, — "up to my old tricks," as I once heard him say, when he was an unusually long time shuffling the misplaced leaves. He had the same habit that marked his conversation, of seeming often to pause and hesitate before coming down with force upon the important word. His voice was a pure baritone, and a perfect vehicle for his thought, which in great and happy moments imparted to it a quality I never heard in any other human speech. Schools of oratory, teach-

ers of elocution, might have learned a new lesson from those resonant intonations; and I knew at least one professor of the art who studied them with the closest admiring attentiveness.

Professor Lewis Monroe, who had himself a voice of extraordinary breadth and mellowness and of highest culture, once said to me, as we walked away together from one of the lectures, "Those tones cannot be taught; they are possible only to him who can fill them with the same energy of spirit; it is the soul that creates that voice." Wendell Phillips had an organ of greater range, on the whole the most effective oratorical instrument I ever heard; it had all the notes of persuasion, sarcasm, invective, impassioned appeal; in its combination of qualities surpassing that of the graceful and finished Everett, the witty and familiar Beecher, the too ponderous Sumner, the almost inspired Kossuth, — even the voice of the great Webster, as I heard it, probably in its decadence, when the worn and weary statesman was lifted to his feet, to make his last speech in Faneuil Hall. Emerson was no orator, like either of these; he had no gift of extemporaneous utterance, no outburst of improvisation. But in the expression of ethical thought, or in downright moral vehemence, I believed and still believe him unequalled. Well I remember how he once thrilled an immense audience in Tremont Temple, in the Kansas Free State war days, in speaking of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, which Rufus Choate had recently brushed rather contemptuously aside as "glittering generalities." Emerson quoted the phrase; then, after a moment's pause, hurled at the remotest benches these words, like ringing javelins: "They *do* glitter! they have a *right* to glitter!" with a concentrated power no orator could have surpassed.

The Alcott Conversation to which I

have alluded was held at the house of Mr. Alonzo E. Newton, in Cambridge; and there were present, besides myself, Mr. and Mrs. Newton and Mr. Lewis Monroe, all eager for new thought and full of the joyous anticipation of listening to so sublime a teacher. I recollect his main stock of ideas, — upon diet (he was a vegetarian, as I had myself once been for a good twelvemonth); upon temperament, insisting upon the superiority of the light, or angelic, to the dark, or demonic, and instancing himself and Emerson as types of the "highest;" and, among other things, the proper attitude of a wise man uttering his wisdom, — not standing, but seated (he himself always sat). As Monroe had aspirations toward oratory, and usually felt an impulse to rise to his feet when he had anything impressive to say even to a small audience, he ventured a question on that point; to which Alcott answered serenely that such an attitude might be natural to a person of the inferior temperament (Monroe was dark), but not to one of the purer type. I said I should hardly suppose that temperament had so much to do with it, in Monroe's case, as his habit in teaching; he was accustomed to talking on his feet; I was not, and would never talk on my feet, if I could help it. Alcott said oracularly, "I teach; I sit."

He thereupon took from his pocket a limp-covered book in which were copied or pasted selections that he at times relied upon to help out his Conversations. He first read Emerson's *Bacchus* (which I knew by heart), and read it badly, in a sort of schoolboy manner, amazing in one who called himself a teacher, and who had in fact been a school-teacher many years of his life. This he followed with *The Goblet*, the first lines of which were indelibly impressed upon my memory by the twang and unction of his intonations: —

"I drank the dregs of every cup,
All institutions I drank up;

But still one cup remains for me,
The sacred cup of Family."

"That is not Emerson's?" I commented, although the poem had lines in Emerson's manner, — I should say now in Emerson's worst manner.

"It is — not — Emerson's," Alcott slowly replied; and as no further comment was forthcoming, he closed the book, in a dead silence. I knew then that the poem was his own, as well as I did when I saw it long afterwards in his Tablets, with emendations, and — what was still more to its advantage — without the singsong. As Monroe was then beginning his great work as a teacher of elocution, which finally developed into the School of Oratory (of Boston University), and as the first principle of his system was absolute naturalness of tone and emphasis, I felt — and indeed a glance at his countenance during the reading assured me — that he had pleasantly recovered from the shock of having his impulse as to attitude condemned by our philosopher as belonging to the lower temperament.

After that, more abstruse subjects were introduced, and Alcott threw out some of his transcendental ideas, not with any coherence or coördination, but rather in hints and tangents. These regarded preëxistence, which he entertained not poetically, like Wordsworth in his Intimations, but more literally even than Plato, from whom his particular views on the subject appeared to have been derived; with especial reference to the "lapse." By this he meant the lapse from the original state of perfection in which the souls of men were created, and from which they fell before they were born into the world, or there was a world for them to be born into. The creation of the world itself seemed to have been disastrously affected by this lapse. As, according to Edmund Spenser, whose familiar line he quoted,

"Soule is forme, and doth the bodie make,"

so, according to Alcott, by a supposed

law of correspondences suspiciously like Swedenborg's, the soul of man made the world, and, because of the said lapse, flawed it with imperfections. Reptiles and other malignant and grotesque creatures were merely man's low thoughts and evil dispositions projected into those concrete forms. It was a new juggling of the old riddle, — if man was created perfect, how could he fall? and, since a sinless deity could not have created sin, how came sin into the world? It was hard to tell whether this curious readaptation of the Calvinistic dogmas of the fall of man and the origin of evil, with its strong flavor of Neo-Platonism, was to be received as fact or fable; but what I learned subsequently of Alcott's philosophy convinced me that it was seriously meant. Even in those early days, before the publication of *The Origin of Species* had revolutionized nineteenth-century thought, the best minds were coming gradually to a perception of the truth, — more or less dimly foreshadowed by here and there a writer ancient or modern, — that the methods of nature are evolutionary; that, as Emerson expressed it, in the fine pre-Darwinian lines: —

"Striving to be man, the worm

Mounts through all the spires of form."

But Alcott's theory was quite the reverse of this, — that man, instead of ascending through nature, had descended into it from some previous state of existence, and had muddled it. Much of this appeared to me hazy fantasticality. We found him, nevertheless, an interesting man, and well worth our money (his fee for a Conversation was anywhere from five dollars upwards, or whatever his friends chose to give him); although this particular Conversation proved, as I confessed to Emerson, disappointing.

Some time after this I had the pleasure of attending another of these Conversations, which was held at the house of Dr. William F. Channing, — a son of the great Channing, and a man of

scientific attainments, well known at that time as the inventor of Boston's system of electric fire alarm. Alcott should on that occasion have talked well, if ever; for there were present, besides Channing and other celebrities, Whipple the essayist, and Emerson himself. Even in that atmosphere his genius spread but feeble and ineffectual wings. The Conversation was much more constrained than it had been in the smaller company at Mr. Newton's; and I remember how depressingly it flagged, until Emerson, as if to prompt his friend, perhaps also to give him a hint as to his inert condition and a chance to explain himself out of it, spoke of the intermittence of the divine influx, saying with his customary alternating pause and compensating emphasis, — "What do you think of the — solstice? of the — eclipse? We are not always — in the sun."

Yet with that opening Alcott had only cloudy and commonplace suggestions to make, regarding reaction after effort, periods of rest, and the like; never once soaring into the blue. I could not help recalling, and wishing to quote, the fine sentences Emerson himself had struck out on this theme, in one of his essays, writing of the difference between one hour and another in life; of our faith coming in moments, our power descending into us we know not whence; and of our being pensioners of this ethereal river whose flowing we neither control nor comprehend. I was able subsequently to recall many things said by others that evening, although nobody talked particularly well; but hardly anything of Alcott's. His part in the Conversation seemed strangely lacking in spontaneity and point. If to me so much less memorable than I had previously found it, at my friend's house in Cambridge, it could not, I am sure, have been altogether owing to my greater susceptibility to the first impression.

Alcott was tall and well proportioned,

with thin white hair worn in long, flowing locks, a pure, pale complexion, placid features, and a rather loose mouth. Placidity appeared to be his normal condition, from which you would have said no conceivable circumstances could rouse him to any display of energy. If an acquaintance met him in the woods, he could be counted upon to do two things, — begin to discourse, and to look about for a log to sit down on. He began life as a Yankee peddler; but that occupation, commonly thought inseparable from shrewdness and an eye for the dollar, did not seem to have developed in him a sense of the practical value of money, or of pecuniary obligation. He had perfect faith in a Providence that justified the ways and looked out for the welfare of the saints. A friend of mine once saw him on a Nantasket boat, without a ticket, or money to pay for one. When called sharply to account by the fare-taker, he remarked innocently that the trip had attracted him, and that he believed "there would be some provision" — a belief that was immediately vindicated by a passenger recognizing him, and stepping up to make the said "provision." There were times, before his daughter Louisa began to earn money by her facile and popular pen, when the family would have starved but for the generous gifts of Emerson and others, and the energies of Mrs. Alcott, a woman of great worth and good sense, who kept the wolf from the door while her husband dreamed dreams.

I met him occasionally in those years, and tried hard to accept his own estimate of himself, and to see in him what Emerson saw. His own estimate and what Emerson saw are curiously shown in a passage from Emerson's diary, quoted in Sanborn's *Life of Alcott*: "I said to him, 'A great man formulates his thought. Who can tell what you exist to say? You at least ought to say what is your thought, what you stand for.' He looked about a little and an-

swered that 'he had not a lecture or a book, — but if Zoroaster, Pythagoras, Socrates, Behmen, Swedenborg were to meet in this town, he should not be ashamed, but should be free of that company.' It was well said, and I know not whom in this country they would ask for so readily."

I wrote once, in an epigram intended for the eye of a friend: —

Do you care to meet Alcott? His mind is a
mirror,
Reflecting the unspoken thought of his hearer:
To the great he is great; to the fool he's a
fool:
In the world's dreary desert a crystalline
pool,
Where a lion looks in and a lion appears;
But an ass will see only his own ass's ears.

When I found that he was not always great even to the greatest, that his most illustrious friend failed at times to evoke a luminous image from the pool that to my apprehension appeared oftener stagnant than crystalline, still I was bound to believe those whose opportunities of sounding him were so much better than mine, and who discovered in him a profundity I could never perceive. Yet I wondered not a little at Emerson's taking so seriously pretensions that must to him at times have seemed grotesque, as when Alcott once said to him (as cited again from the diary, in Sanborn's *Life of Alcott*), "You write of Plato, Pythagoras, Jesus; why do not you write of me?"

J. T. Trowbridge.

(To be continued.)

EMERSON'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH HERMAN GRIMM.

AMONG German prose writers and critics, during the nineteenth century, the name of Herman Grimm must always be found in the foremost rank. Known outside of Germany best by very faulty translations of his lives of Michelangelo and Raphael, both of which are, however, masterpieces of biography as well as of art criticism, his fame in his own Fatherland rests even more securely upon the six volumes of his essays, his exquisite paraphrase of the *Iliad*, and his lectures on the life of Goethe, delivered at the University of Berlin. As a most competent judge, Professor Kuno Francke, has well said,¹ "He is philosopher, art critic, and literary historian in one, — an interpreter of the spiritual ideals of mankind, whatever form they may have assumed or to whatever age they may belong." Again,² "He has

the magic gift of making all things seem animate. By a word, by a mere interjection, he transports his reader to the remotest times and lands; the strangest sights he makes familiar; he gives us a sense of being at home with the mighty shades of history."

The elegance, vigor, and sprightliness of his style, as well as the thoroughness of his knowledge, and his almost unerring insight and critical judgment, have combined, even now, within two years of his death, to give him an unquestioned place among the classics of the German language.

The facts about his life are few and simple. He was born January 6, 1828, as the son of Wilhelm Grimm, the younger of the distinguished brothers Grimm, whose fairy tales are household words the world over. After studying law, he devoted himself to literature, married Gisela von Arnim, daughter of Goethe's Bettina, and for years led the

¹ *Glimpses of Modern German Culture*, page 99.

² Page 111.

life of an independent scholar, until he was appointed, in 1872, Professor of the History of Art at the University of Berlin. He resigned this position in 1893, and thereafter lived quietly in the fourth story apartment on the Matthäikirchstrasse in Berlin, which for many years was a famous meeting place of the choicest spirits who resided in or visited the German capital.

It was in this modest but extremely tasteful home that the writer was privileged to make the acquaintance of Herman Grimm, and to listen frequently to his charming conversation, full of reminiscence and *Lebensweisheit*, during the last years of his life, and it was on Thursday, June 13, 1901, — just three days before his entirely unexpected death, — that the conversation turned once again upon that feature of Grimm's career which makes him so peculiarly interesting to Americans, namely, his part in the introduction and interpretation of Ralph Waldo Emerson to the German people.

In his essay on Emerson written in 1861, and included in his first series of fifteen essays,¹ Grimm relates how he first became acquainted with Emerson's works as follows: —

"At the house of an American friend, some years ago I found Part One of the Essays of Emerson, accidentally lying on the table. I looked into the book and read a page, and was really astonished not to have understood anything, although I felt considerable confidence in my knowledge of English. I asked about the author. I was told that he was the first writer of America, — very clever (*geistreich*), but sometimes somewhat crazy, and that quite frequently he could not even explain his own sentences. Moreover, that no one was so highly regarded as a character and as a prose writer. In brief, the opinion was so strong that I looked into the volume again. Some sentences impressed me as being so suggestive and enlight-

¹ Fünfzehn Essays, Erste Folge, page 428.

ening that I felt an impulse to take the book along, and to examine it more carefully at home. I find that it is a great thing if a book tempts us to such a degree that we resolve, without compulsion, to look into it, — especially to-day, when it is necessary, by reason of a certain instinct of self-preservation, to remain upon the defensive to the uttermost against both men and books, if we are to preserve our time, our mood (*Stimmung*), and our own thoughts. I took Webster's Dictionary and began to read. The build of the sentences seemed to me very unusual; soon I discovered the secret. There were real thoughts; there was a real language, — a true man whom I had before me, not a — I need not enlarge upon the opposite I — bought the book. Since then I have never ceased to read in Emerson's Works, and every time that I take them down anew, it seems to me that I am reading them for the first time. . . . I read the essay entitled Nature, and as I continued, sentence after sentence, I seemed to feel that I had met the simplest and truest man, and that I was listening to him as he was speaking to me.

"I did not ask whether he was clever (*geistreich*), whether he had an object; whether he wanted to prove this or that thought by his sentences. I read one page after another. It is possible that it was all confusion, but it did not seem so to me. I followed his thoughts, word for word, — everything seemed to me to be old and well known, as if I had thought or foreboded it a thousand times, and everything was new as if I was learning it for the first time. Whenever I had had the book in my hands for a time, my sense of personal independence revolted spontaneously. It did not seem possible to me that I had given myself captive in such a manner. It seemed to me that I was deceived and betrayed. I said to myself this man must be a man like all others, must have their faults and doubtful vir-

tues, is probably vain, open to flattery, and moody, — but when I read his sentences again, the magic breeze seemed to touch my heart anew; the old worked-out machinery (*Getriebe*) of the world seemed to be freshened up, as though I had never felt such pure air. I recently heard from an American who had attended Emerson's lectures, that there was nothing more impressive than to hear this man talk. I believe it. Nothing surpasses the voice of a man who expresses from the depths of his soul that which he considers to be true. . . . It is necessary to live in the great world in order to appreciate and understand great characters. Emerson is connected with the greatest men of his country, — a country which has grand politics, whereas we had none up to this day. Thus, Goethe was connected in his time with the choicest spirits of the nation, — the men who had harmoniously lifted themselves to such a height that the entire people recognized their supremacy. We need not only a light to illuminate a great circle as a lighthouse, but also a tower from the top of which the light itself becomes properly visible."

Of the only occasion when he met Emerson, Grimm writes as follows:¹ —

"In the spring of 1873, I saw him in Florence. A tall spare figure, with that innocent smile on his lips which belongs to children and to men of the highest rank. His daughter Ellen, who looked out for him, accompanied him. Highest culture elevates man above the mere national, and renders him perfectly simple. Emerson had unassuming dignity of manner, — I seemed to have known him from my youth."

These facts and views were re-told and elaborated by Grimm in the most interesting manner. In order to illustrate his story he showed the writer nearly all of Emerson's works in their first editions, as sent to him by the author, every one with a cordial inscription.

¹ Fünfzehn Essays, iii. p. xxii. See also Cabot's Life of Emerson, ii. p. 662.

He then went on to say, almost carelessly: "I had a few extremely interesting letters of Emerson's, and some years ago, when I was looking through my old papers, I collected them and presented them to the Goethe-Schiller Archives in Weimar where they now are. I think however that they ought to be published, and I wish you would do me the favor of taking copies of them, and of publishing them in America." It is needless to say that this unexpected invitation was gladly accepted on the spot, but it was suggested that Grimm's own letters ought to be included in such a publication, not only for the purpose of throwing light on what Emerson might have written, but also for their own intrinsic worth. To this Mr. Grimm assented, and immediately sat down to write out the necessary credentials for both Weimar and Concord, and we parted with the promise on the part of the guest to see him the next week after returning from Weimar. The following Monday morning the writer called upon Dr. Geheimrath Suphan in the beautiful Goethe-Schiller Building at Weimar, and handed him the letter of Herman Grimm, of whom he was an intimate friend. As he saw the handwriting his face changed color, and he silently pointed to a newspaper with a dispatch announcing briefly that Herman Grimm had been found dead in his bed on the morning of the day before, — Sunday, June 16, 1901.

The letters of Emerson were soon found, and permission to have them copied was readily given. Among them were found two letters to Gisela von Arnim, afterwards the wife of Herman Grimm, which are also included in this collection. Likewise Dr. Edward Waldo Emerson has very courteously searched the papers of his father, with the result of finding the four letters from Herman Grimm which are here translated.

Grimm's interest in America was great, even apart from his admiration

for Emerson. He was a particular friend of the most distinguished ministers and ambassadors of the United States at Berlin, notably George Bancroft and Andrew D. White. He took great interest in the educational and intellectual development of this country, and he was especially impressed, as well as pleased, by the American appreciation of Goethe, — a feeling which he felt to be greater by far in this country than among any other English-speaking people. He was a vice president of the Germanic Museum Association of Harvard University, and took great pride and interest in its work.

On the occasion referred to above he presented to the writer a copy of his lectures on Goethe, with an inscription which is doubtless the last word he ever wrote about America as follows: —

Die Dichtungen und Gedanken Goethes haben von Deutschland nach America eine feste Brücke über den Ocean geschlagen.

The poetry and thoughts of Goethe have constructed a firm bridge across the ocean from Germany to America.

HERMAN GRIMM.

Surely all friends and admirers of Ralph Waldo Emerson may congratulate themselves that he found such a fitting interpreter to a friendly and intellectually kindred people.

Frederick W. Holls.

I. GRIMM TO EMERSON.

BERLIN, April 5, 1856.

HONORED SIR, — The departure of Mr. Alexander Thayer gives me the opportunity of addressing a few words to you. A year ago I first became acquainted with your writings, which since that time have been read by me repeatedly, with ever recurring admiration. Everywhere I seem to find my own secret thoughts, — even the words in which I would prefer to have expressed

them. Of all the writers of our day you seem to me to understand the genius of the time most profoundly, to anticipate our future most clearly. It makes me happy to be permitted to say this to you.

I have permitted myself to enclose with this letter some of my essays and poems. I do it, not in order to receive thanks from you, — indeed, I do not even think of your reading them, but it is, nevertheless, a great satisfaction to me to send them to you. The thought makes me proud that they will come into your house and into your hands.

With true veneration and esteem,

Yours, HERMAN GRIMM.

II. EMERSON TO GRIMM.

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, 29 June, 1858.

DEAR SIR, — When Mr. Thayer long since brought me your letter, with Armin and Demetrius and the pieces contributed by you to the *Morgenblatt*, I should have at once expressed to you the surprise and pleasure I felt, — but that Mr. Thayer assured me that he should soon return to Germany, and would carry my letters of acknowledgment. And ever since, from time to time, I have heard again that he was on the point of going. This fact is the only palliating circumstance I can offer on this tardiest reply to your goodness. The delay has also made the few critical words I once thought of writing down impertinent, and I can only now recall how happy I was in the proffered sympathy of a scholar bearing your honored name, and well proved by what I read worthy to bear it.

It was an easy work of love to read the dramas, the poems, and the essays in the *Morgenblatt*. I found special interest, perhaps somewhat accidental, in the Demetrius. For the translated Essay on Shakespeare, — I am proud to be introduced to Berlin under conditions of so good omen, and not a little proud to read myself in German at all. It is cheering to know that our fellow

students, lovers of the same muses, work in one will, though so widely sundered, — and the more, because facilitated intercourse suggests to each the hope of seeing the other. I am grown to the stationary age; but who knows but the westward tendency, which seems to be impressed on the whole Teutonic family, will one day bring you to us! As Mr. Thayer generously offers me room in his trunk, I gladly use the opportunity to send you a copy of all my books in the corrected edition. By and by, I hope to send you a chapter or two of more permanent interest.

With all kind and grateful regards,
R. W. EMERSON.

HERMAN GRIMM, Esq.
Kindness of A. W. Thayer, Esq.

III. EMERSON TO THE FRAÜLEIN GISELA VON ARNIM, AFTERWARDS THE WIFE OF HERMAN GRIMM.

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, 29 June, 1858.

I have received — it is already some months since — the welcome gift of your Dramatic Works in two volumes. I cannot tell you how pleasant was to me this token from one of your name, and, since I have become acquainted with your thoughts, this token from yourself. I had been now for fifteen years an admirer of your mother's genius. All her books, I believe, are on my shelves, and I had eagerly learned what now and then a rare traveller could tell me of her happy personal and family relations. But no traveller could tell me so much good as this little pair of books you send me has told, — of noblest culture still found in her house, and that best kind of genius which springs from inspirations of the heart. I am charmed with the *Trost in Thränen* above all; for the choice of subject indicates high sympathies, and it is almost a test by which the finest people I have ever known might be selected, — their interest in Michelangelo and his friends, Vittoria Colonna in chief, so that I dare to believe myself already

acquainted with you, and very heartily your friend. You shall not let your muse sleep, but continue to draw pictures provoking a legitimate interest, by showing a heart of more resources than any other.

Lest I should make quite no return for your goodness, I have confided to Mr. Thayer for you a few numbers of our Boston Magazine, in which I sometimes write a chapter.

May I ask of you the favor to offer my respects to your mother, the Frau von Arnim, and to thank her in my name for many happy hours she has formerly given to friends of mine and to me, through her writings. With renewed thanks for your goodness, I am, with the best hope, and with great respect,
Your friend,

R. W. EMERSON.

To the Fraülein GISELA VON ARNIM,
Berlin.

Kindness of A. W. Thayer, Esq.

IV. EMERSON TO GRIMM.

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, 9 July, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have been too much and too long your debtor. But I will not tire you with excuses which fate made, and which words could not help or adorn. It is much that I have felt that I was dealing with one who could well afford me as much time as I wanted. Now I have been reading over your letter, and your *Morgenblatt*, and your Essays, and am warmed into such thankful kindness, that the time more or less seems not important. I have read the first Canto of the *Cimbri* and *Teutons* which gives high assurances of power. The only question I ask, and, in this case, with impatience, is, "How many years does my poet count?" For, if you are still young, you will carry it very far, — with such aplomb, such reserves, and such mastery of your means. But, in our distracting times, the writers falling abroad with too much information amassed upon them, it needs the irresistible drive-wheel of early man-

hood to overcome the forces of dispersion. But I will allow you more years than you have, as I choose to ascribe to you the rare felicity of carrying into maturity the heat of youth, and so I augur "a new morn risen on mid noon" to your people. I have just been reading, with great content, the paper on Michelangelo in the *Essays*. The views taken are all wise and generous; and to me also the contribution from Raczyński is new and most welcome.

But I give you fair warning that, as I alone in America, at this day possess this book of yours, I intend to use my advantage. I advise you to watch me narrowly. I think I shall reproduce you in lectures, poems, essays, — whatever I may in these months be called to write. I have already been quoting you a good many times, within a few days, and it was plain, nobody knew where I became so suddenly learned and discerning.

I like well what you say, that, when you are at liberty, you will come and see us. After the fine compliments you pay me, I might well think twice of allowing you to undeceive yourself. I shall pay you the higher compliment of entire trust. I shall not run away. You and I shall not fear to meet, or to be silent, or to prize each other's love of letters less, because we can be modest nobodies at home. Come and see our quiet river, and its skiffs, our woods and meadows, in this little town, whose chief contribution to the public good is, that every farmer sends milk and wood to Boston.

A few friends I have here, who are well worth knowing, if you will stay long enough to let the affinities play. I have found that this personality is the daintiest ware with which we deal, and almost no ability is any guarantee of sympathy, unless fortune also aid in the lack of counterparts. I have a hope as of earliest youth, since your friend Gisela von Arnim has written me such welcome sketches of her friends,

and taught me to thank and prize them as mine also. Another person sent me the *Morgenblatt* containing your friendliest critique on Emerson. I must say, in all frankness, that your words about me seem strangely overcharged. That such freedom of thought as I use should impress or shock an Englishman, or a churchman in America, is to be expected. But this same freedom I ascribe habitually to you Germans. It belongs to Goethe, Schiller, and Novalis, throughout, and I impute it to your writers whom I do not know: and I know not what whim of rhetoric I may have to thank, that leads you to overprize my pages. Well, I suppose I must wish your illusions will last, until I can justify them by some real performing.

I was sad to read, in the *Journal* you sent me, the death of one of those who should never die, — and untimely for me, who was just coming into relations with her nearest friends, which, could they have been earlier, would have strangely mixed dreams and realities.

I pray you to persevere, in spite of my silences and shortcomings, in sending me, now and then, a leaf written or printed. I hope I shall not be always ungrateful. My little book, long delayed, which I call *Conduct of Life*, I mean to send you in the autumn, and an enlarged, and, I hope, enriched edition of *Poems*. Yet it is not books, but sense and sympathy, which I wish to offer you.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. EMERSON.

HERMAN GRIMM.

V. EMERSON TO GISELA VON ARNIM.

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, 10 *July*, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — You must have long ago believed that your letter had failed to reach me — no; there is more Providence in the world than that so much and so precious good will can miss of its mark. Thanks for the frankness and bravery, as well as the wisdom, of

these pages. They call me out, and are such a surprise, that I shrink a little before so much sincerity. In reading your letter, I felt, as when I read rarely a good novel, rebuked that I do not use in my life these delicious relations; or that I accept anything inferior and ugly. I owe you, therefore, a high debt, as exiles ever do to those who speak their native language, and think, for a time, we will never speak the speech of the streets again. But you must repeat and continue your good deed, to keep me in my good resolutions.

There is much to think of, much to speak of, in your letter, and, though you have been frank, you wake more curiosity than you satisfy.

I am piqued by your account of your habits of thought, and, when I try to translate yours into mine, I am not sure they correspond. To what you say of your habits of creation, I listen warily; but perhaps I do not know the like. You would rather know something of your friend's life than what thought occupies him. I hope it is no language of despair, grown out of the failures of our fellows. One hears so much called "thought" which is not thought, but only the memories of a torpid mind, that we say, Tell us rather of your corn-barn or your shoestring. But I confide, that, if my friend could give me his thought, it is the only gift, and carries all others with it. No age, no experience makes the hunger less. I have the same craving, and the same worship for a new thought as when my first intellectual friendships gave wings to my head and feet, and new heavens and earth. Yet I could well believe, as I read Queen Ingeborg, that you do not like ghosts, but real men and women. And that you think with such forms, and not with counters. That you make so much of your friends is also the habit of a noble soul; and, since life admits of friendship, why should we ever suffer it to be cheap and apathized?

Thanks again that you have confided to me tidings of your companions. Berlin shall be to me henceforth a noble and cordial city. And the invitation you send me to visit it gives me new rights in Europe.

I am a bad traveller, and, every year, am a little faster tied to my own nook and cell, by tasks unperformed, and by solitary habits, and, especially as regards Germany, by a despair of talking in a language which I can only read, and not pronounce, and much less speak.

But your challenge makes a kind of daily possibility to my dream. I too could heartily wish to send you friends of mine who deserve to see you and to be seen of you. I gave a letter long since to Elizabeth Hoar, a dear friend of mine, and who should have been, had he lived, the wife of my brother Charles, but he died many years ago. She is now in Italy, or in Switzerland, and the war may prevent her reaching Berlin. Should she come, you will find her a woman in whom much culture from books has not weakened the strength or the delicacy of her native sentiment. She shares my love for your mother's genius. There was lately also in Germany a friend of mine, whom I could dearly have wished you to see, Mrs. Caroline Tappan. These two would give you two styles of New England women, that might suggest to you, better than almost any others, the range of our scale. But I fear she is in Paris, and already perhaps meditating a return home, though I had written to her not to leave Germany without seeking to see you. She did not go to Berlin.

I read your plays, and find them interesting, — which is to say much, for I lack, I believe, a true taste for that form, and wish always that it were a tale instead, which seems to me the form that is always in season; whilst the drama, though it was once the right form, and then was again right, yet seems to die out from time to time;

and, in these days, to labor with much that is old convention, and is so much deduction of power. Certainly it requires great health and wealth of power to ventriloquize (shall I say?) through so many bodies; whilst, in the novel, only that need be said which we are inspired to say, and the reliefs and oppositions take care of themselves. But, in Germany, I can well see, the drama seems to cling about the intellectual heart, as if it were one of the "prime liete creature" that Dante speaks of, and could not be ignored.

You must thank my young translator, of whom you speak, for her labor of love, though the "glued book" you seem to have sent me never arrived. Neither did the Hungarian poems, Petöfi's, which you praise. Herman Grimm's Obituary Notice of your mother reached me from him, and was every way important. I mourned that I could not earlier have established my alliance with your circle, that I might have told her how much I and my friends owed her. Who had such motherwit? such sallies? such portraits? such suppression of commonplace? Continue to befriend me, nor let my slowness to write, which I will not make worse by explanation, chill your flowing generosity, which I love like sunshine. If you will write me such another letter as you have written, perhaps all my ice will go, and I shall suddenly grow genial and affable. Ah! how many secrets sleep in each, which only need invitation from the other to come forth to mutual benefit.

With the highest respect and regard,
Yours, R. WALDO EMERSON.

VI. GRIMM TO EMERSON.

BERLIN, October 25, 1860.

HONORED SIR, — Had I written you as often as I intended to do so, you would have many letters from me. Primarily, when more than a year ago I received yours, I wanted to thank you for it, for I was proud that you had

thought of me and had written to me; but I omitted to do so because too many things seemed to crowd in, of which I would have had to speak, and of which, nevertheless, had I wanted to do so, it would have been impossible for me to speak. The illness of my departed mother-in-law showed even then its dangerous character, which brought about the end; then her death followed; then came my own physical collapse. After that, the illness and death of my father, coming soon after I had married Gisela von Arnim, of whom you did not know that she was to become my wife, and since then one prevention followed the other.

All this made me so incapable of sending you the letter which I wanted to write, that I even sent you my book about Michelangelo, without an accompanying greeting. Even now there is really no change for the better. It seems that I am not to attain the rest for which I am longing so greatly, for my Uncle Jacob is in indifferent health since the death of his brother, and into all that I think and do there enters care for the future which is facing me inexorably. At the moment he is better; he has convalesced somewhat from the chills and fever from which he suffered during the summer, but there is no reliance to be placed upon this convalescence, for he is old. He is in his seventy-seventh year, and even if he were healthy and vigorous it would be necessary to be resigned to his loss.

Thus the last years have been an exceptional period for me. I only wish to tell you how often during this time I have opened your books and how much comforting ease of mind I have drawn from them. You write so that every one reading your words must think that you had thought of him alone. The love which you have for all mankind is felt so strongly that one thinks it impossible that you should not have thought of single preferred persons, among whom the reader counts himself.

What a happiness for a country to possess such a man! When I think of America I think of you, and America appears to me as the first country of the world. You well know I would not say this if it were not really my innermost conviction. When I read your words, the course of years and events appears to me like the rhythm of a beautiful poem, and even the most commonplace is dissolved into necessary beauty through your observation.

I have endeavored to write my book about Michelangelo in this sense — every page, so that it would stand the test if I could read it aloud to you. I know how imperfect it is, but please take the good will for the deed, and if you ever have time let me know what you find to censure. I should like to utilize your remarks for a second volume upon which I am now engaged. Cornelius, to whom I dedicated it, lost his daughter in Rome recently. He is now entirely alone at great age. It is a sad thought, embittered also by the neglect which he experiences here, and by his sorrow over the condition of affairs in Rome, which concern him as a Catholic very deeply. I personally can only rejoice however that the great Roman lie, from which Germany has had to suffer so long, is more and more collapsing in itself.

Farewell. My wife greets you a thousand times. If you wish to make us happy, please send us a very good portrait of you. I have succeeded in getting some which no longer, however, seem to me to be good likenesses.

With esteem and gratitude,

Your HERMAN GRIMM.

(Yesterday we had been married just one year.)

VII. EMERSON TO GRIMM.

CONCORD, June 27, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — You will think there never was such prodigal sloth as mine. To have such friends within easy

reach by the steamer's mails, and to postpone letters (to write which is its own reward), and, by postponing, to brave the chances of time and harm on either side, — looks foolhardy, in a world where decay is so industrious. You have behaved so nobly too, on your part, as to leave my sloth and irresolution without excuse: for you have sent me such gentle reminders, in the shape of new benefits, that my debt grows from month to month. The *Life of Michelangelo* did not reach me until long after it was announced by your letter. I feared it was lost, and ordered a copy from Berlin. Your own book arrived at last, and, soon afterwards, the ordered copy, and there is now a third copy, in our Boston Athenæum; so that America can begin to read. The book is a treasure, — in the hero, the treatment, the frank criticism, the judicial opinions, and, — what I value most, — the interior convictions of the writer bravely imparted, though more seldom than I could wish, as in the first pages, or in the interpretation of M. A.'s sentence or Raffaele's diligence. The book has research, method, and daylight. I hate circular sentences, or echoing sentences, where the last half cunningly repeats the first half, — but you step from stone to stone, and advance ever. I first knew from your Essay the passages from Francesco D' Ollanda, and now you tell me the Florentine Government will print the Buonarroti Papers. Mr. Cobden, the English Member of Parliament, was in Boston two years ago, and told me he had been shown by the Buonarroti family, in Florence, a considerable collection of MSS. of Michelangelo. I hope, now that liberty has come, or is coming to Italy, there will be all the more zeal to print them. Michael is an old friend of mine. A noble, suffering soul; poor, that others may be rich; indemnified only in his perception of beauty. And his solitude and his opulent genius strongly attract. I miss cheerfulness.

He is tragic, like Dante; though the Erythraean Sibyl is beautiful. I remember long ago what a charm I found in the figure of Justice, on Paul III's monument, in the Vatican, and wished the legend true that ascribed the design to Michael A. Yet he has put majesty, like sunshine, into St. Peter's. We must let him be as sad as he pleases. He is one of the indispensable men on whose credit the race goes. I believe I sympathize with all your admirations. Goethe and Michael A. deserve your fine speeches, and are not perilous, for a long time. One may absorb great amounts of these, with impunity; but we must watch the face of our proper Guardian, and if his eye dims a little, drop our trusted companions as profane. I have a fancy that talent, which is so imperative in the passing hour, is deleterious to duration; what a pity we cannot have genius without talent. Even in Goethe, the culture and varied, busy talent mar the simple grandeur of the impression, and he called himself a layman beside Beethoven.

Yet I do not the less esteem your present taste, which I respect as generous and wholesome. Nay, I am very proud of my friend, and of his performance. Pleases me well that you see so truly the penetrative virtue of well-born souls. Above themselves is the right by which they enter *ad eundem* into all spirits and societies of their own order. Like princes, they have sleeping titles, which perhaps they never assert, finding in the heyday of action relations enough close at hand, yet are these claims available at any hour, — claims, against which, conventions, disparities, nationality, fight in vain, for they transcend all bounds, as gravity grasps instantaneously all ponderable masses.

Thanks evermore for these costly fruits you send me over the sea! I have the brochure on Goethe in Italy and that on the portraits and statues of Goethe. I persuade myself that you

speak English. I read German with some ease, and always better, yet I never shall speak it. But I please myself, that, thanks to your better scholarship, you and I shall, one of these days, have a long conversation in English. We are cleaning up America in these days to give you a better reception. You will have interested yourself to some extent, I am sure, in our perverse politics. What shall I say to you of them? 'T is a mortification that because a nation had no enemy, it should become its own; and, because it has an immense future, it should commit suicide! Sometimes I think it a war of manners. The Southern climate and slavery generate a marked style of manners. The people are haughty, self-possessed, suave, and affect to despise Northern manners as of the shop and counting-room; whilst we find the planters picturesque, but frivolous and brutal. Northern labor encroaches on the planters daily, diminishing their political power, whilst their haughty temper makes it impossible for them to play a second part. The day came when they saw that the Government, which their party had hitherto controlled, must now, through the irresistible census, pass out of their hands. They decided to secede. The outgoing administration let them have their own way, and when the new Government came in, the rebellion was too strong for any repression short of vast war; and our Federal Government has now 300,000 men in the field. To us, before yet a battle has been fought, it looks as if the disparity was immense, and that we possess all advantages, — whatever may be the issue of the first collisions. If we may be trusted, the war will be short, — and yet the parties must long remain in false position, or can only come right by means of the universal repudiation of its leaders by the South.

But I am running wide, and leaving that which belongs to you. Let me say that I rejoice in the union which allows

me to address this letter to you, whilst I have my friend Gisela in my thoughts. To her, also, be this sheet inscribed; and let me entreat, meantime, that she, on the other hand, will not quite believe that she writes to me by the hand of her husband, but will, out of her singular goodness, use to me that frankness with which she already indulged me with autograph letters. My only confidante in this relation is my daughter Ellen, who reads Gisela's letters and yours to me, with entire devotion, and whose letter to your wife (sent through Rev. Mr. Longfellow) I hope you have long since received. Ellen has facility — and inclination to front and surmount the barriers of language and script. My little book, *Conduct of Life*, I tried in vain to send you by post. So I sent it by Mr. Burlingame, our Minister to Austria, who kindly promised me to forward it to you. But the Austrian Government has declined to receive him, and I know not how far he went, or what became of the poor little book. You asked for my photograph head, and I tried yesterday in Boston to procure you something; but they were all too repulsive. Ellen had enclosed in her letter some scrap of an effigy. But I am told that I shall yet have a better to send. And so, with thanks and earnest good wishes to you and yours, I wait new tidings of you.

R. W. EMERSON.

HERMAN GRIMM.

VIII. EMERSON TO GRIMM.

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS, 14 April, 1867.

MY DEAR MR. GRIMM, — Will you allow me the pleasure of introducing to you a young friend of mine, Mr. William James, a student of medicine at Cambridge. He has lately returned from South America, whither he accompanied Professor Agassiz in his scientific tour in Brazil. He goes now to Berlin, with a view to the further prosecution of his studies. His father Henry James, Esq., an old friend of mine, is

a man of rare insight and of brilliant conversation, and I doubt not you will find the son the valued companion that we hold him. He asks me rather suddenly for this letter, or I should make it the companion of one or two more that have long been due to yourself, and to my friend Gisela Arnim, to whom I pray you to present my affectionate salutations, with the promise to make to her soon a special acknowledgment of her letter, which, though addressed to my daughter, directly concerned me, and of her book, on which I have much to say.

I remain your affectionate debtor,

R. WALDO EMERSON.

HERMAN GRIMM, Esq.

IX. GRIMM TO EMERSON.

BERLIN, October 19, 1867.

HONORED SIR AND FRIEND, — Instead of all the letters which I have for years written to you in my thoughts, without ever putting them to paper, I now send you brief news through Mr. Foote. Why I wanted to write so often I hardly need tell you. In all the heavy hours through which I have passed in the last years — when my wife's mother died, when my Uncle Jacob followed her, and my father, and last summer, hardly two months ago, my mother — it was almost my only comfort to formulate the thoughts which filled me into letters to you, in which I expressed that which was cutting my heart in twain. Then again however I omitted to write out what I had thought, but I had the feeling that you knew it nevertheless.

What else is there that I could write, — that I read your books again and again, that your letters made me happy, and that I like nothing better than to hear talk about you? I can mention no one whom I wish to know except yourself. If I did not dread the sea voyage on account of my wife, I should have come over long ago; but she would not be able to bear the voyage over to you.

I send you through Mr. Foote an art periodical which I write almost alone, for the last two years, and which I am giving up on account of want of time. Furthermore, I send you, in the hope of giving you a little pleasure, one of the first impressions of an engraving on copper which has just been finished, after the anonymous head which I had discussed in this periodical, which is in the possession of one of my friends in Switzerland, and which was engraved by a copper-plate engraver, Friedrich Weber, at my suggestion. The second sheet is a portrait of Clemens Brentano drawn and etched in his last years by a brother of my father, who was an artist in Cassel; and in the third place my wife, with many cordial regards, sends a sheet of her daughter — a shepherd, after the first and last painting of a young artist by the name of Kachel, who died of consumption soon after its completion, and with whose father, a most excellent old man, we became acquainted a few years ago in Switzerland.

If your daughter wishes to give me great pleasure she will send us her portrait, and if you will add your own, you will complete our collection of your portraits, of which we have quite a number, and which we often look at as though we had known you for a long time.

Mr. James has arrived here, and we are greatly pleased with him. To-morrow evening he will become acquainted at our house with Joachim, the celebrated violinist, — at the same time my best friend, and also the man who was among the first in Germany to become acquainted with your thoughts in the fullness of their importance. Joachim and I read your works at the time in Germany when besides us perhaps no one knew them. Now indeed many know them, and more and more are becoming acquainted with you.

A few months ago I sent you the three volumes of a romance in which America is mentioned. What will you

have said about it? I think of it occasionally, for the effect of such a work must always remain very problematical.

I conclude my letter as though I had written yesterday and expected to write again to-morrow. With most cordial regards,

Yours,
HERMAN GRIMM.

X. EMERSON TO GRIMM.

CONCORD, April 17, 1868.

MY DEAR MR. GRIMM, — Professor W. W. Goodwin, who fills the chair of Greek Language and Literature, in Harvard University, sails in a few days for Europe, with the intention to visit Berlin on his tour. He is an esteemed and accurate scholar, and though a native of this town, had his best teaching in Germany. I believe he has once met you, — many years ago. His present journey, I think, was first suggested by the delicate health of his wife, but I doubt not they are both in condition to use and enjoy the rest and the attractions of the tour. He knows enough of German, as well as of Greek, to have some right to visit Berlin: and I hope that both of my friends may be so fortunate as to see you, and to bring me new tidings of the health of my friend Gisela.

With affectionate regard,
R. W. EMERSON.

XL EMERSON TO GRIMM.

CONCORD, 5 January, 1871.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Your enduring kindness encourages me to ask your interest in a young countryman of mine, Mr. William E. Silsbee, an alumnus of our Cambridge, and now going to Berlin, to hear Law lectures. His parents are excellent persons here, — my friends, and they and I desire that he shall not be in Berlin without seeing Herman Grimm and — if happy stars conspire — my friend, Gisela von Arnim G. also. Meantime I send to you and to her perpetual thanks and benedictions. I duly received from you the

brochure on Schleiermacher, and read with interest, though his was never one of my high names. For Goethe I think I have an always ascending regard. That book of Müller which you sent me, the *Unterhaltungen*, is a treasure which I have kept close by me, and only now have sent to a friend with advice to translate it.

I give you joy, the new year, on these great days of Prussia. You will have seen that our people have taken your part from the first, and have a right to admire the immense exhibition of Prussian power. Of course, we are impatient for peace, were it only to secure Prussia at this height of well-being.

Yours faithfully,

R. W. EMERSON.

XII. EMERSON TO GRIMM.

CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS,

December 18, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR, — You have been my constant benefactor for many years, and relying on this native bounty of yours, I have charged my son Edward, who

goes to Berlin to pursue his studies in Medicine, to pay his early respects to you, and to my friend, Gisela von Arnim Grimm, if, as I trust, she still remembers me, — and entreat your friendship and good advice in his new home. The boy has gone earlier to Berlin than I had expected, by a month, or this note should have reached you sooner.

But let me use the opportunity to say, that, though I have such a wicked habit of not writing letters, the best books and pamphlets have come to me from your hands, and have been carefully read by me with great advantage. The brochure on Schleiermacher was specially interesting, as I had read some volumes of Varnhagen v. Ense's *Tagebücher*, and wondered at the contrast of the freedom within doors and the sad politics without. Now that my son is near you, I shall hope to communicate with you some more knowledge and with security of transmission on my part.

With affectionate regards,

R. W. EMERSON.

APRIL RAIN IN THE WOOD.

WHEN it comes, a passing guest,
Young leaves, like young birds in the nest,
Open wide their mouths to gain
As much as they can of April rain;
And weanling squirrels that learn to creep
In branches where they soon will leap,
Pause to taste the drop that cleaves
To the delicate faces of opening leaves;
Pale buds that shrink in hot sunshine
Unfold to drink this April wine.

As softly as it came, it goes, —
So softly that a leaf scarce knows
Who has blessed it, whom to thank
For the cool, fresh cup it drank.

Francis Sterne Palmer.

THE FOE OF COMPROMISE.

THE case for compromise was never put better, perhaps, than it was by moderate American statesmen after the great political compromise of 1850. That adjustment, they said, had saved the Union; and they pointed out to the defeated radicals that the noblest politics are but a compromise. The Union itself, they declared, is a compromise; so is the Constitution, and all social life, and the harmony of the entire universe. With sincere conviction and a genuine fervor they dilated on the blessings we had won by being reasonable. Had we not won peace itself? "With what instantaneous and mighty charm," cried Rufus Choate, their orator, the measures of compromise "calmed the madness and anxiety of the hour!" And not peace alone, but love. "How, in a moment, the interrupted and parted currents of fraternal feeling reunited!"

Surely, they were right. The analogy of nature, common sense, the experience of mankind, crystallized in proverbs, and all the dignified and honored usage of our human societies ranged themselves on their side. And yet, we did not rest in the peace which they had made. Their contemporary, Garrison, the abolitionist, must have known that all these things were against him; he must have felt how harshly the strife he brought into our Republic of welfare and of opportunity broke in upon the soft music which ears like Choate's were harking for. Nevertheless, he went on: and soon there was war and death and mourning in the land. Some said that the outcome proved compromise a failure; more said, it was the fault of Garrison and of the other extremists on both sides. There was peace again, at last: a sure peace for the Republic; surer and deeper for some hundreds of thousands of young men in blue and gray uniforms, mourned a while by young wives and

sweethearts, — mourned without ceasing by dim-eyed mothers. The end of compromise and the end of warfare were the same.

And yet, not quite the same; for there is peace, and peace. Which, one wonders, is that peace for which mankind, in all lands, all languages, to all their gods, forever pray? Which is that peace which we of Christian breeding have been taught to pray for? "The Lord bless us and keep us, the Lord make his face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us, the Lord lift up his countenance upon us and give us peace, now and for evermore." Is it the peace men win by bargaining with circumstance, by huckstering with life? Or is it that peace for which they also strive who will not stop to parley, but shout, like the young Octavius, "To the field!" Is it the peace of compromise? Or is it some other peace which shall come at last out of war and conflict, out of "confused noises and garments rolled in blood?"

There is no other question so universal or so perpetual as this — for communities or for men. Civilizations, as well as individual lives, diverge with this divergence of the paths of peace. Continents are less divided by the seas than by this disparity of aspiration in the peoples that inhabit them. Asia were Europe, Europe, America, if in Occident and Orient men were like-hearted in their prayers for peace. Like they are — all men are like — in those few simple, primal hungerings and thirstings which deny them peace. We shall not go far wrong if we say that bread, and work, and play, and love symbolize all our wants, for the here and the hereafter. To have these, and have them rightly and of right, is peace; else, there is no peace. Few of us, men or communities, but can have them, and

have them all, — in a measure, and by compromise.

Much has been said concerning the bounds of compromise; but they who have spoken and written to the best purpose on this theme have been students of communities, of society. They have reasoned by less or more concerning the greater and the lesser utilities, and they have used the method of science. That, no doubt, was a right point of view, and a right method, for that aspect of the subject. Communities of men are studied most profitably as one studies nature. Their characteristics may be observed and recorded like natural phenomena. The law of their growth and their decay is a natural law, — these laws they make, and the higher law, are only for individuals. The student of society may therefore reason about the bounds of compromise in a way not open to the venturesome searcher of the hearts of men.

But much of our most individual experience comes of our membership in communities; and by that bridge I wish to pass from the great matter which Garrison and Choate debated to a still greater matter: from the theme of Mr. John Morley's well-known essay to a theme which is oftener approached in poetry than in such plain prose as this I use; from compromise in the conflict between the greater and the lesser utilities in society to compromise in the long striving of our human souls for peace. More particularly, I wish, if it be possible, to work my way to a clearer understanding — clearer than any I find in books, or in the talk of other men — of what that is which forever rises up in men, as men like Garrison and Morley and the radicals of other times have risen up in all societies, to fight with compromise, whatever form it takes. For my notion is, that there is nothing in us, nothing in the human spirit, more curious and noteworthy than the strange impulse to fight at once with reason and desire.

VOL. XCI. — NO. 546.

But passing thus from compromise in the affairs of whole communities, whole societies, to compromise in individual lives, even though we begin with individuals as members of societies, with compromise in patriotism, we make, in truth, a great transition. Our purpose is no longer what Mr. Morley's was in that finely scrupulous inquiry of his into the laws of the warfare with error; nor can we use his method. We cannot simply take an inventory of the gains and losses, reckoned by more or less, which will ensue to the individual from acquiescence and adjustment, on the one hand, or from resolute adherence to an ideal, on the other hand, or from some middle course. For we have no standard of values in the life of the individual. We can hope for little more than an imperfect view of the conflict in a man's own breast, a dim observation of the forces which contend there for the mastery of his nature.

To begin, then, with compromise in patriotism, there is, first of all, the man's own peculiar, personal vision and outlook when he thinks of his country. That, doubtless, is primarily geographical; it began with the maps at school. But an infinite number of facts, learned he knows not when, of observations made he knows not where, and of impressions taken he knows not how, — in travel, reading, conversation, — have gradually been added, changing and enlarging his conception, until the whole has taken in his thought a mixed, composite character, far beyond the power of language to convey. Parts of the whole will seem to him wrong, unfit, out of joint with the rest. Certain things he disapproves: not merely disapproves, but hates. Other things, and certain aspects of the whole, he approves: not merely approves, but loves. There are, therefore, attractions and repulsions in the state, and these, far more than any reasoning of his about the state, will determine his ideal. A man's ideal in patriotism — his ideal

31

of that which he himself sees when he says, "My country" — is very far indeed from being an affair of the intellect alone. It is compact of aspiration and desire.

But no other man's conception of the state, of society, no other man's vision and outlook, is ever quite the same; nor is there, in any other man, quite the same set of desires and aspirations that have to do with the state. The falling short of one's ideal is, therefore, inevitable; but loyalty to one's ideal is possible, and a persistent willing and striving toward it. What is that which in one man keeps alive his whole desire, his undiminished aspiration, while in another man, after a brief struggle, a faint beating of its wings, it yields to necessity, to circumstance?

Edmund Burke, I fancy, will serve us best for an instance of what I mean in patriotism. The warfare between his selfish interests and his attachments, many of them high and tender, on the one hand, and what, for want of a better word, we may call his ideal, on the other, is revealed in his writings and speeches as similar inner conflicts seldom are; for of all great writers and speakers of the English tongue who have also been statesmen, no other, I think, has ever made so plain to us both his inner vision and reflection of society and his purposes, desires, and aspirations for society. Now Burke's ideal of the state was, unquestionably, more like Choate's than Garrison's. His disposition was hopeful, even sanguine. His favorite conceptions, though sublime, were not ethereal. The order of things physical and the harmony of the actual universe were pleasing to him. Adjustments did not seem to him shameful. On the contrary, compromise, arrangement, correlation, entered largely into his scheme. He could contemplate with enthusiasm an empire of checks and balances, of liberty and law, of force and restraint. That all should be practical was thus of the essence of his ideal.

But if his ideal was an ideal of compromise, no man ever had a loftier scorn of any compromise with his ideal. Do but consider his course in the two great crises of his times, — when America broke with the Empire, and when France broke with the past. It is plain that Burke saw, throughout the whole controversy with America, authority enlarging itself at the expense of liberty, — pressing in, as it were, upon the sphere and function of liberty in his ideal scheme of the Empire. And how he pleaded the cause of liberty thus outraged! With what an intimate sense of it as principle and as impulse he pursued it through the history of the Colonies! No man could speak as he spoke from a mere conviction. A thing he loved had been endangered. It was as if time and change had set upon some landscape familiar to his eyes from boyhood, and threatened to alter it beyond his recognition. When the ministry, with a weak obstinacy, would have struck down the free spirit of a new continent, it struck at something that was vital and sensitive in Burke's own nature. It was at bottom a sort of self-assertion, an instinct of self-preservation, that made him turn upon authority as he did. It was a lifting of his own head, a deep and passionate breathing in of the boon air about him, — this splendid loyalty to liberty endangered, when in truth liberty was not, to him, the one central and vital principle of society.

On the contrary, it was in essence the same self-assertion which he made when the revolutionists of France, through a riotous over-growth and over-reaching of liberty, endangered what was equally dear to him in his ideal of the social order. His opulent imagination had decked authority with the richest trappings, graced it with noble attitudes and poses, and softened its harsh outlines with a tender reverence. Royalty was to him no mere utilitarian device, adapted to a particular function

in the state; it was the outgrowth, and the right symbolical expression, of a deep and noble human instinct. If one said, "The King," Burke saw, with a vision denied to most of us, the long procession of the monarchs of mankind: rich, barbaric Eastern pageants of enthronement; gestures of command, and high, serious faces of authority; arms of power outstretched with dooms or mercies; sweet and moving episodes of princely gentleness, and of all our common sorrows worn, in proud silence, like a hair shirt underneath the purple. He saw the peoples of the earth, through all the centuries, turning again and again, from whatever hard adventures of facing life unruled, to lean upon authority and to fortify themselves with thrones and coronations. All this, and more, was passionate in his deep contempt and his hurt anger at the ignorant, impious assault of France on his ideal. A regicide peace with France was to him what an unjust war with America had been. It was a marring and distortion of that image of society which he wore upon his heart.

So much is clear, I think, from what Burke wrote and spoke. The like is only less clear in the utterances and in the lives of other men who have had a truly passionate feeling for the state, for society. Such men are better known to us, perhaps, than any other class. It may be well, therefore, if we keep this particular class of men in mind, and those ideals which grow in us from our membership in communities, while we attempt some further insight into the nature of that in the human spirit which fights with compromise.

We must, I think, take account of something deeper and more hidden than the ideal itself. The question is not of what that may happen to be, but of adherence to it,—of the kind and degree of loyalty. In every case of change in the social order, for example, we are moderate or extreme according to the readiness with which we yield to neces-

sity, or to some less imperative consideration, any part of our ideal. All such changes are, in fact, of the nature of a victory either of liberty over authority or of authority over liberty; and the conflict inside of us may be set forth in the same terms, though the analogy will not be easy to hold. It is, one might say, the voice of authority, at once menacing and protecting, which commends to us accommodation, moderation, acquiescence. It is the voice of the dreadful spirit of Liberty that whips our spirits into defiance. There is a question of monarchy or democracy in our inner state. These citizen desires and aspirations of ours, — wild-eyed, fierce denizens of our spiritual Rue Saint Antoinnes, pale, visionary enthusiasts of the Latin Quarters of our souls, — shall we repress and feed them, or shall we give them rein to triumph — and to starve? These dear, child-like impulses, — shall we loose them for their play, or shall we house and guard them with a wise and paternal discretion? For a man's desires are indeed as the very children of his soul, and he loves them with a parent's love. Compromise, I think, is a sort of bourgeois paternalism of one's aspirations, careful of health and food, frankly concerned with the welfare of the offspring; while the other sort of fatherhood is more concerned with the high nature and the noble function of its princeling brood. Thus one man will, as it were, coarsen or cheapen his soul's appetites to that they feed on, — mercifully restrain them, and hold them back from the joust with circumstance; while another man will let them hunger, even to a death in the desert, if heaven send not down the manna which they crave. He will not leash them or hold them back, but, with a kinglier love, bids them forth to the wars.

But these analogies, for all I know, may make rather for confusion than for clearness. My own conception is not of a quality and habit of certain natures

and of an unlike quality and habit of other natures. It is, rather, of a force, a power, — a veritable thing, — in all of us, which dwells in the deeps beneath our consciousness, whence in some of us it rises up often, and exercises a well-nigh constant dominance, while in others it comes up seldom, or is so founded with the bread of compromise, so couched and cushioned with the ease of acquiescence, that it lies in a sleep or torpor, and only now and then stirs and mutters in its sleep. Until it appears, it is undiscernible. While it is silent, the man is altogether amenable to reason, pliant to circumstance. But when it rises up, out of the nothingness within, the man will know it for his very inmost self. Ideal is not its name, for ideals are many, and they change; the thing I mean is one and constant. It is, rather, the champion and tutelary god of all ideals. Nor is it aspiration, but rather the monitor that bids us always aspire, and largely. Nor is it desire, but rather a royal parent to desires. There is, in fact, no name for the thing I mean. Let us call it merely the foe — the hidden foe — of compromise.

Definition and description are inadequate, impossible. To attain any distinct sense of the thing I mean, each of us must endeavor to recall for himself its appearances in his inner life. But the common affair, and a man's share in the life of a community, though it serve for clearness in illustration, is no doubt too small a part of all but a very few individual lives to afford, for most of us, any very vivid and memorable instances of the rising up within ourselves of this concealed and dreadful power. We must turn, rather, to those experiences in which we singly face the universe without; and each of us must determine for himself what its part has been in his own struggle for the things which should satisfy his primal wants and give him peace.

Now the strife for bread, so one might think, is but a poor occasion for

any stirring of the foe of compromise. Nevertheless, it is not always unmindful even of that aspiration. It will teach a man, only too clearly, before he is far progressed along the road to comfort and to luxury, that there are infinite degrees of material welfare, and grades and hierarchies of our merely physical appetites. That characteristic American boast of having or of buying always "the best" was made first of things material; of food and drink, of shelter, and of raiment. Keen and even sordid money-getters though we are, extravagance is, none the less, a national characteristic. Quite probably, there are more of us who decline to regulate and moderate our appetency for the good things of the physical life from economy, or from temperance, or from any other of the considerations that make for moderate living, than there are in any other country; and doubtless compromise is oftener scorned among us in this than in any other connection. The kingly aspiration of the democrat is least often restrained when the question is of the food that is fit for a king, of purple and fine linen, of chariots and horses. To live thus magnificently with the body, or, obeying the next whole impulse, to disregard the body altogether, as a thing shamed by its ignoble food and housing, — these are the two extremes.

In such concerns, the foe of compromise contradicts the proverbs. "No bread is better than half a loaf" is its exhortation concerning the immediate wants of the body. "Either riches or poverty" is its word to our hunger for possession. Nor is its lordship of our natures in respect of these material desires an entirely low sort of dominance, or the mere household drudgery of its kingship. There is a nobleness of the flesh, a fineness of the clay, which is little short of essential to any constant habit of nobleness or fineness in men's natures. A whole and integral character is, I think, impossible, without a

fit incarnation. Fullness and freedom even in spiritual experiences are unattainable without a free access to the life of nature and a full relish of all bodily delights. Here, especially, — though elsewhere it is not less true, — the real nature of the foe of compromise may be intimated best by calling to mind the attitude, in certain moods, of that rare type we call a gentleman: “fine gentleman” were perhaps the better term in this connection. I mean the sort of human being who never questions his right to the earth and its fullness, and whose right, for that reason, may even go unchallenged by other men. Such a man will choke on common food. He is athirst if he drink not of the best vintage; cabined anywhere but in a palace; naked, if his raiment be not of the costliest stuffs. For all his senses he will demand always “the best;” that denied, he will rather bear an utter abstinence than stoop to any landlord’s, tailor’s, tapster’s makeshift for his comfort. Your true “fine gentleman,” if he be shut out from the palace and the king’s table, will oftener be found, like Lear, on the storm-swept moor than in the ale-house.

The immanence and the power of the foe of compromise will thus be plain to many of us if we go no deeper into our inner experience than to take account of our struggle for material things, — our graspings and renunciations. But the part it plays is more important, its power is greater, when the question is of a man’s work.

Now I think that as a matter of fact a man’s ideal of work grows in his breast as Burke’s ideal of society, of the social order, grew in him. There is in every man a reflection of life, a vision and a sense of life, which he has got from observation and experience. It is not constant, but grows and changes; and it is never quite the same in any two human beings. There is also in every man an inner vision and sense of himself in the midst of life; of him-

self projected into life; of his single energy transforming somewhat, or conserving somewhat, of that he sees. The ideal of life is due to the attractions and repulsions of life as he sees it. The ideal of work is a part of the ideal of life. Neither is the result of conscious reasoning or willing. They are thrust up from deeps the reason never sounded. They summon from a height the will has never mounted.

Of necessity, the ideal of work is unattainable. Save in very rare and fortunate cases, it will not be straitened by any restraining sense of the limitations of one’s strength, or correspond at all to one’s actual talents and endowments. It will seldom, in any case, fall short of dignity and grace and power. Quite probably, it has taken its shape from the accidental direction of the man’s first curiosity concerning life, or from the figures of men, enlarged to the eyes of inexperience, which chance may have erected on his earliest horizons. The hue and color of it may be traceable to the atmosphere of his childhood; very likely, it will have a general character of achievement or of sacrifice according to the preponderance of lights or of shadows on the landscape of his youth. In all cases, however, and at all times, it will relate itself to all of life he sees. That he should ever realize it, in any of its stages of growth and change, is, of course, inconceivable.

One might almost say that the degree of success which a man has in his work, considered thus as a striving toward a right place and a full share in life, is the measure of his facility in compromise. What is said of modern as contrasted with ancient art — that it can only suggest, and never can realize or achieve — is true of all uncompromising work. When work can be measured at all with reasonable tests and standards, there has been concession and surrender. The demon within has slept. Nor is it any more true in this than in any

other connection that the tender of compromise is ever made once for all. That notion of a crisis which once for all determines a man's career, and puts an end to hesitating and debating, is a creation of the dramatic instinct. Story-tellers and playwrights have so constantly resorted to the fancy that it is become a habit of our thought, but experience is forever belying it. Crises, no doubt, there are; as when, in his youth, a man may sometimes choose, with a reasonable forecast of the future, what particular training or apprenticeship he will undergo, and thereby effectively resolve to keep a certain sort of career possible and forego entirely all other sorts. But the struggle toward his ideal is visible rather in the varying quality of his work than in any choice of tasks. And the struggle, if he do not yield, will be constant, and it will grow ever more desperate.

For the sense of his littleness and weakness will grow upon him day by day; and day by day life will enlarge in his vision of it. The impossibility of his ideal will be more and more manifest. The ideal itself, if he do not, by some positive effort, keep it clear, will grow fainter and fainter. He will also understand better what he foregoes pursuing it, as experience and the widening reach of his observation make him more and more aware, as by the lifting of a mist, of what there is to be won from life by acquiescence and arrangement. The lessening years before him will admonish him to an economy of his energy, and sharpen his desires with fear. Striving toward an ideal, however it may, in point of fact, enisle and separate him from the actual life about him, means, for the man himself, an ever keener sense, an ever wider vision, of the entire front of things without. He is inevitably set upon the aspiration to completeness. He must — so the relentless power within commands him — he must forever strain himself to see and sense life whole.

What that straining is to see and sense the whole of life none know, I think, but they that have this devil. Such have been the men — the Amiels and Obermanns — who have withdrawn from life to the very end of seeing it entire. There is, indeed, a trick, like the trick of wine, to do this without pain: to make even of a wide vision and keen sense of life a soothing entertainment of the soul. This is that leaning and loafing which Walt Whitman loved. It is, perhaps, merely the saying to one's self that seeing is having, as when a child, by the easy largess of its nurse, is made possessor of the moon. But this sort of fireside travel, and society in solitude, and rubbing of one's hands over a Barmecide feast, is of the essence of compromise. There is, for mortal eyes, no true seeing without hungering and thirsting. For no such placid observation does the demon within a man drive him up to the high place. There are few worse agonies than this of straining to see life whole.

A very common experience may serve to make my meaning clearer, and to show also how constant is the tender of compromise. You have been, let us say, in some distinguished company, where notable men and high-bred women were joined together in some high exercise of intelligence and sympathy; where the speech was large, and of large things; where noble music, perhaps, and lights, and graceful courtesies, and rich dress and equipage, invested, for a time, the mere ordinary movements and uses of our human bodies with a great and impressive dignity. And thence you pass into some lesser, humbler company, of no extraordinary interest and quite devoid of charm. Now to keep in mind the fine company, the great occasion, the higher and stately way of living, is longing and regret. It is far more comfortable, and with effort it is possible, to occupy yourself with the lesser company, the lesser interest; to be conscious of that you

have in a way to exclude the troublesome thought of that you have not.

That will be the effort, it is the instinct, in every such case, of natures reconciled and wonted to compromise. None of us, in fact, but learns, after a while, how the mind can be its own place. That sort of "philosophy" is so common that a man can say that he is philosophical, or that he has philosophy, meaning merely that he knows how to decline upon small things and be content with a little share of life, and run no risk of being thought to boast. But there is that in many of us — I think it is in all of us in our youth — which cries us shame for such a venal practice of oblivion. Philosophy, in that use of it, wears, to certain of our moods, a mean and commercial aspect; it has a veterinarian quality. The foe of compromise will have none of it, but will forever, while we are in the midst of little things, force our minds back to the great things we have known, and press upon us, in the very hour when we sink down in failure, the agonizing sense of "that obstreperous joy success would bring." The measure of its power over any man is not in the strength of his sword-arm while he fights. It is, rather, in the silent answer he makes with his eyes to such as remind him, after the battle, that this or that of honor or of ease is left to him, though the battle, indeed, is lost.

And it is of his lost battles that one must think if he would clearly understand why that longing and straining after life, which is an inevitable experience if a man is set against compromise, is so great a pain. It is, I think, in times of defeat, of deprivation, that a man's sense of life is keenest and his vision widest. It is longing, and not having, desire, and not fulfillment, hunger, and not repletion, that quickens most his apprehensions. Possession, ease, security, assurance, — these are not the moods in which he is intensely aware of things outside himself.

But if he be thrust forth from the house of his toil, barred from the visionary mansion of his hope, and so let loose to wander to and fro on some highway or city street of life, where beggars cry their sores, all that interior comfort he has lost, and all that unhoused misery he encounters, find their right place and perspective in his tingling thought. All the comfortable postulates of our means-and-end existence, all the merciful conventions which screen us from the unpleasant cognizance of naked truths, and the whole habit of assumption, fall away from the vanquished. As no man learns the depth of his own love until some absence or estrangement comes, so, only he who feels himself somehow shut out from any right, fit part in the world's work and play can ever learn how great and dreadful is his own hunger for this life. Only he, and he only if the foe of compromise be strong within him, will ever know the uttermost craving of the flesh, or the mind's agony of farthest outreach, or the fierce surging of the heart's desire.

Stripped of his pride, quickened with his hurt, such a man will bare his quivering soul to life. Suns rise and mount and set in single moments of his hurrying thought; each day he is scornful for wasted hours, that might be charged with high activities or rapturous with keen delights. Nature, with all her vast contrivances of charm, — her grand procession of the seasons; her many musics of loud diapasons and low babblings and clear, sweet trills and bird-notes; her seas and lands; her cloudy splendors; her glancing lights and shades and darkling closes; her cold and snowy exaltations, and the warm mother's breast she keeps for her tired children, — Nature, and this green earth, will mock his famishing senses with the invitations to a myriad feasts. To look upon his kind, absorbed in infinite activities of work and play, in loves and friendships, will be a still more exquisite torture. This man's pursuit of his

desire is the fine, eager coursing of a greyhound; that other's is the lithe bound of a tiger on his prey. All ways he looks are shapes of power and energy addressed to hope. Men and women, in all their meetings and partings, with their sure tones, their lit looks of understanding, their trembling lips of tenderness, tantalize him with some secret, some trick of living, which he has not mastered. Tired mothers, bending to their constant household mercies, and the hands of little children, — ever, with their tiny fingers and ringed, threadlike joints, life's tenderest appeal to a man's fainting heart, — these, most of all, will shame him with the sense that life, human life, escapes him. This is the pain of him who fails, and slinks, like a wounded beast, away from his fellows. It is in store for every man who will not compromise.

For no man, however hurt and shamed and beaten, however curst, will bear this agony of the vision and the sense of life if his spirit be not ruled by the foe of compromise. Escape is easy. He could learn "philosophy" if he would; and there are for all but a very, very few men opportunities of duty and sacrifice. Even Clough, who, perhaps, has already come into the reader's thought, — Clough, who by reason of his frank confession of his longing and weak tenderness for this earthly, human life, has a fine distinction among those who have scorned most the insulting terms on which they are permitted to live, — even Clough had clearly seen, had justly weighed, not merely the reason and necessity, but also the moral commendations, of acquiescence and arrangement.

"We must, we must.

Howe'er we turn, and pause, and tremble,
Howe'er we shrink, deceive, dissemble, —
Whate'er our doubting, grief, disgust, —
The hand is on us, and we must.

We must, we must."

Yes, and there's duty in it, too: —

"Duty, that's to say, complying
With whate'er's expected here."

And for what higher mandate does he disobey the iron law? With what finer voice does he confute the voice of a conscience instructed by all human experience? His argument is nothing but a "maybe: " —

"If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars."

It is, in truth, from no self-deceit that natures such as Clough's revolt at common sense and scorn all practical moralities. Sooner or later, the path which such men tread brings them to a point whence they can clearly see the goal of all their wandering. And it is no Round Tower of mysterious compensations. It is, rather, the very Castle of Despair.

That way this hard path leads. The scorn of low contents, the putting by of the ease of oblivion, the resolute facing out of all the black and slinking horrors of the night-time, — these wrestlings are but preliminary exercises to the true encounter. They are all, in the last analysis, mere subordinations of the lesser to the greater hope, the meaner to the nobler aspiration. But to put by all hope, all aspiration, all desire, to "reason with the worst that may befall," to consider simply and sincerely that a cold negative is the right, true answer to the long, fond questioning of life, — even so far a man will come. What but a demon in his breast could bring him to that pass? What in any sense natural impulse or instinct could bring him to do this, — this, which one man will do, in the dark night, starting and sweating with his fear, while another man, far more courageous, perhaps, in all ordinary ways, shakes off the hideous thought and wills himself to sleep!

But this experience is harder to convey than any other I have touched upon. All our conceptions of failure, of giving up, are in fact so softened with the idea of compensation, hope is a habit into which we so unconsciously fall from the mere fact of living, that there is to most of us no vaguer word than despair. To realize it, a man must, I think, be

brought somehow into the state in which beaten men sense the things they have desired. He must be as Lear was on the moor; as the blind *Œdipus* was when he took leave of his children; as *Othello* was, his power in Cyprus gone, the willow-song of his slain *Desdemona* in his ears; as *Hamlet* was when his lips, which trembled with tender love, were twisted with the maniac grin and the foul words that drove *Ophelia* from his side. But even then — even in such case as these were in — circumstance and fate are not enough to work despair. It is no mere response of reason to events. It is not an intellectual experience. It is, in the actual sense of it, a sort of turning of the parent soul upon its offspring; a strangling and a trampling down of all desires; the ghastly infanticide of a thousand hopes and longings.

For these will live, in spite of circumstance, if only they escape the Herod in a man's own breast. They will live on in the foulest dungeon; in the sordidest poverty; in the deepest shame. Though they be caverned from the light of day, they will still live, and suck their sustenance from whatever noxious growths, whatever dark, forbidden roots of things, they find protruding from their cavern walls, — roots, maybe, of the flowers and the great, green trees above. Circumstance alone will never make a tragedy. Catastrophe is tragical only when it strikes a Lear, an *Œdipus*. The true tragedy is in the men themselves, — in the stern thrusting off of mercy, and tearing loose the bandage, and turning of the face to the wall. It is that in them, not fate or circumstance, which awes us in the presence of these souls.

But it is not, I think, in the respect of a man's work, in his straining after life, or even in his fronting of despair, which are, nevertheless, unavoidable experiences if the foe of compromise dominates his nature, that its utmost power is exhibited. These are hard

and cruel tyrannies, but the demon is more ruthless still. For compromise, though it be intrenched in a complete circle and circumvallation, and able to strike at will from without, and though it be enabled also, through countless disaffections of desire and reason, to intrigue within, will never find its supreme opportunity until all desires shall be fused in overmastering passion, and all the myriad calls and challenges of life shall mingle in a single poignant and delirious appeal. The opportunity of compromise the besieger will be supreme only when, upon the ears that strain at the tumult and the silence, the mating note shall fall; when, before the eyes that weary with their long gaze into the mysteries, the woman's form shall pass. Strifes of the day and terrors of the night, — through these a man may go, and keep his faith in unfaith. For with these a man may fight; things or shadows, they are foes to fight with. But how shall a man fight with the woman? And never came a woman yet but as the emissary, the ardent or unwitting advocate, of compromise. Never but by compromise were two lives joined together, or a child born into the world. The same fell thing within a man which turns his bread into ashes, and makes his work and play like the gasping and the sinking knees of a nightmare dream, will likewise turn his love into a whipping with scorpions, and a bath in fiery whirlwinds.

For the ideal, which was before of life, and of a right, full share in life, is now of a thing quite as clearly unattainable. It is the vision and the dream of sharing all life with another nature. The ideal is of sympathy: of the perfect knowledge and sure sentence of another human soul.

And now, no doubt, I come to that in a man's life which it is hardest to invade with reasonable prose speech. Here, that speech is most convincing which has the most of passion in it. Even that other agony of straining

after the whole of life is oftenest set forth, and best set forth, with the suggestive imagery, the passionate music of verse. There is no prose Prometheus. But even in the poetry of protest that is the most nearly intellectual — in certain of the speeches of the heroes of great tragedies, in Omar, in Byron, in Clough — there is seldom to be found anything beyond a setting forth, an expression, of the tragical in life and in the human spirit. Moved with great pity and great horror, we are more likely merely to fall wondering and weeping than to reflect, with any coherency, concerning the cause, or the real nature, of all that woe we read of. If we would bring ourselves to any clear-eyed comprehension of the utmost human wretchedness, if we would try to understand how supreme pain comes into the lives of men, our speech and our thought must be in prose. It comes, I believe, only when circumstance besets a nature dominated by this power which we may call, in a very real sense, unnatural, since it seems so flatly to contradict the natural order and break in upon the "harmony of the universe."

For if, to draw near the greater experience through the less, we speak first of friendship, it is not hard to see why the ideal of sympathy can never be realized. The impossibility does not lie essentially in that imperfection of our knowledge of other natures which comes of the imperfection of our means of communication. It is true, of course, that no human being ever had a perfect knowledge of another nature. Eye and ear and sense, however they have pierced and penetrated, have never once surmounted altogether the wall of flesh. But our separation one from another is not the main fact. The main fact is our strangeness one to another, — our real difference and unlikeness.

The impossibility of the ideal lies essentially in this: that no two natures can ever have the same vision or reflec-

tion and the same sense of life. Pass but an inch beyond courtesy and the conventions, and you encounter, in whatever human being you press into, a contrariety of impulse and of motive which reveals him little short of your antipodes. Life, which engulfs you both, is to him one element, to you another. Another sun, and other stars, are over him from his birth, and shed their strange rays on another world. Like they are, these worlds, and you can, with a certain comprehension, observe and study his. But you can never pass from yours to live in his, nor can he, crossing "the step or two of dubious twilight," ever once set foot on yours. It is not, therefore, the imperfection of speech and the false witness of conduct that set the bounds to friendship. Notwithstanding these, a merely intellectual companionship will sometimes come very near to completeness. On the contrary, it is often true, I think, that the more knowledge a man gets of his friend through speech and conduct, the more clearly he perceives that they are irrevocably sundered. No doubt, if both be reconciled to compromise, they are in better case by reason of the better knowledge each has of the other's nature: a *modus vivendi* is easier to find and to observe. But the aspiration which we mean when we speak of an ideal of friendship has nothing to do with any makeshift *modus vivendi*. And by a *modus vivendi* I do not mean merely the sort of arrangement, of the nature of a commercial convention, which is frequently called friendship. Through that relation, though no tariff of thanks and apologies be kept up, nothing higher than a reciprocity of good offices will ever be attained. But even where a genuine affection exists, and begets faith, each nature, though the two be bound together by the noblest conceivable alliance, is still as a foreign kingdom to the other.

If, therefore, compromise be not accepted on both sides, friendships are

bitter things; bitterest and cruelest when on one side there is the instinct and the leading of compromise, and on the other side a blind loyalty to the ideal. For that same power which, if it be enthroned in any man, will play the Herod with his other longings, will likewise make a horrid murder of this strong and tender longing to be companioned. The proof of a rigid adherence to the ideal in friendship is not good-nature, forbearance, moderation. And yet these are necessary. It is necessary to adhere to one's own orbit, never disarranging the solar system of society by a mad plunging through the estranging voids. But the man possessed of the demon will forever strive to get through the voids. In the actual experience, the space which divides him from the heart of his friend will seem no greater than that between the level of actual speech and conduct and the hidden level of impulse and motive which always underlies them. To reach that hidden source of speech and conduct, to know and share the true inner life behind the mask, below the deed, is the constant, tortured longing of an uncompromising friendship. But to the other sort of friendship such invasions will seem hostile; they will incur a forfeiture of the alliance. When two human beings so address themselves to each other, the hurts they give and take are grievous; they could scarcely do each other worse hurts if they were mortal foes. Judged by all our reasonable standards of obligation, he of the ideal, he of the too great yearning for the heart of his friend, will be guilty of that friendship's death.

But there is a still more dreadful tyranny of the strange power inside of us. Not content with the murder of friendships, it will drive a man on to slay his love. There are men who will not, even for the highest prize of all, consent to compromise; who will not yield even to the most exquisite of all persuasions from self-torture to self-

sacrifice,—not even to that voice which is in truth the voice of every ardent and imperious desire, every longing, every hope and aspiration, in a man's own heart of heart. For it is all that, and more, in every man that is not wholly intellectual or brutish. No tribe or people ever set up a Victory that did not wear a woman's shape. No man ever had an ideal of love that did not relate itself to everything in his whole vision of life, or ever drew near to an adventure of it, through the profoundest of all human relations, without a truly awful sense of recognition, of the ending of a lifelong quest.

If we should try to see how this ideal grows in a man, as we have tried to do with the others, we should have to go back to the very beginnings of his sentience and intelligence. It is not surprising that many, striving to account for it, have been driven to the theory of an earlier existence and a transmigration of souls, so unearthly is the pre-science and presentience which it brings. There was never a truer story of an ideal love than Mr. Kipling's *Brushwood Boy*. No other experience, certainly, has so bewildering an effect of the realization of a dream as this has; and it is clear that the dream begins very near indeed to the hither bound of life. The need of sympathy, that is to say, the craving to share with some other human soul the vision and the sense of life, is in every one of us far older than the "natural" or the reasoned need of mates and helpmeets, and it long outlasts them. The crying out of a child in the dark is, no doubt, the beginning of the quest and wandering.

The natural need, the reasoned need a man can satisfy, can satiate; for these, from their very nature, belong altogether to the realm of compromise. The laws we make for them, like those of our reasonable friendships, are of the nature of commercial regulations. The morality we invoke is the morality of exchange, of obligation, of compensa-

tion. The higher quest is hopeless. But to see how it is hopeless we must have a truer and more vivid conception of sympathy than that we ordinarily have when we use the word; for every instance, every experience we can call to mind falls leagues short of any realization of perfect sympathy. We speak of perfect sympathy and perfect faith as though they could be felt and known together; but if sympathy were perfect there would be no place for faith. It is never perfect, because no two human beings ever have in themselves the same vision and reflection and the same sense of life. Even when, like the gentler flow of friendship, the master passion breaks upon the reefs of the dividing Darien, its great tides will indeed beset them with an onslaught far more powerful and thunderous, but not less vain. Never once will the two oceans mingle; never once will their estranged waters move with the same currents to and fro beneath the stars. Nor is it the intervening solid lands that make the true estrangement. The vexed Atlantic surface of one human soul could not, were there no continent between, obey with its undulations the mild, pale moon of the Pacific. No flame of passion ever fused, no sacrament ever truly joined together, no long wandering, hand in hand, through days and years, through joys and sorrows, ever cemented, into a real union and oneness, two differing natures. A man will as soon accomplish that other demoniac task of compassing and pervading the whole of life as this of breaking through the barriers of the flesh, and then, with one great roar and plunge, or silent mingling of the waters, compassing and pervading the soul of the woman on his bosom.

And the demon, if he hold the man to this, the cruelest of all the tasks he sets him, will make of him a murderer once more. I say, of him: for convention, and the habit of constraint which comes of weakness, and the powerful

and noble instinct of motherhood, itself the very mother of all sacrifice, — these things mercifully forbid that the foe of compromise shall rule in women's natures. All their training is in arrangement and adjustment, and their strength is faith. They are turned back, by all the conditions of their existence, from quests and questionings. We have, indeed, in the self-revelations of the unfortunate Marie Bashkirtseff and a few others, the proof that this usual and merciful atrophy of the tragical impulse has not always been accomplished. But with the rarest exceptions women are not merely without it themselves, they cannot at all understand it when they find it in a man. They can only fall to praying, with poor Ophelia, —

"O help him, you sweet heavens."

Save that they conform to the artistic necessity of crises, the two plays, *Hamlet* and *Othello*, illustrate as faithfully as any true experience could, and far more vividly, the devastation which uncompromising love may make. Ophelia crazed and Desdemona murdered, — these hideous consequences are not the work of circumstance, of fate, alone, but equally of that which ruled alike in the breast of the Moor and of the Dane. For these two well-nigh perfect women, these high-natured men, were surely dowered with all that ever yet has entered into human love to make it glorious. Beauty and faith and tenderness these women had to give; *Hamlet*, the refined, *Othello*, the elemental, were of a fineness and capacity to match such largess as life brought them. Both were by these voices called from dreary wanderings: one, from his soldier's hard and ill-paid service; the other, from his worse combats with the powers within, — from that straining at life and fronting of despair which even Shakespeare, speaking with his voice, could only vaguely shadow forth in words. What, indeed, could be more contrary to all nature and all reason and all right than that such men as these

were, served as they were served, so drawn, so impelled, should bend so readily to doubt and question? Sacrifice, rather than desire, was no doubt, in the last analysis, the true deterrent motive with them both; for both were noble. But a too close analysis would lose for us the whole and simple horror of their deeds. The main thing is, that we ourselves cannot look upon the havoc these men made of love, of their own lives, of the lives of these helpless, trustful women, without a strange response, somewhere in our own deeps, to that which speaks in the bloody passion of Othello, in the coarse jibes of the sensitive Hamlet. If we seek out the kinship between them, the kinship among all tragical natures, we find it, I think, in this: that at every turn, at every fork, they take, and must take, whatever course is least like acquiescence in whatever incompleteness. They cannot learn the trick which through the constant repetition is become the habit of our lives, — the trick which overthrows and puts to sleep the demon of remorseless search and question.

But few indeed, even of the ill-starred brotherhood of them that cannot acquiesce, will ever run in this superb and awful way upon the sudden, sharp point of disaster. Crises are no more characteristic of this than of any other actual experience. Where love has once sprung to life in a day, it has a thousand times grown, with a slow palpitation, to its full, regal power. Where it has once met with quick catastrophe, it has a thousand times lived on through long years of an unspeakable pain. This, of course, I mean only of the higher sort of love; for that, if it ever truly live at all, will long outlive the fury of our youth. It is, indeed, the thing by which men live themselves, if life be not the aridest of promenades; the one true glory and radiance to be found on this earth; the thing which is clearly the most unearthly of all, — save, perchance, this other monstrous

thing I write of; the thing of which one sometimes catches a shining trace, like the trace of stars, in the swift meeting of the eyes of such as through the years and the sorrows have walked together, side by side, when some old memory stirs. That, I think, all but the lowest men will say, is the best of this earthly life; and all experience teaches that it can never be won but by infinite persistence in acceptance and in faith. Yet there are real men, and men, too, of natures as sensitive as the unreal Hamlet's, as noble as Othello's, who will put aside even that cup from their lips, and say to fate, to circumstance: "Look you, I know this vintage, and my soul's athirst. For I have wandered to and fro through all this human life — through work, through play; tasted its pleasures; borne its bitter sorrows. I am a man, with all desires, all longings, of mankind; and this, I know, is best. But I will not buy, with lying and hypocrisy, a venal faith, even this, my heart's desire. No, not even for this will I sell my own soul, though I sell it into bliss."

And yet, —

"'Tis common sense, and human wit

Can find no better name for it.

Submit, submit."

There needs but a shutting of the eyes to somewhat, an opening of the eyes to somewhat else; but a trick of the will, and it is regnant; a turn of the wrist, a twist of the knee, and the wrestle with the demon is won. The next fall will be easier, and the next. At last, he sleeps; and life is ours once more to fight for, to enjoy. Bread is sweet upon the tongue; work is a noble warfare; and the charmed cup of love and sacrifice will never once run dry.

And is there, then, no word to say of any compensation for the havoc which the demon makes? It would, I fear, be wrong, unwise, even to hint at any good the foe of compromise brings to our humanity which it so cruelly out-

rages. Certainly, there is little we can note of its victims, of such as we perceive to be subject to its power, — little, indeed, in them or in their lives, — that moves us to condone its rule. We do, as I have said, pay to such men a deep, involuntary homage of wonder and of awe when they come before us in the crises of great tragedies, and whenever they appear in history. But there is an artistic necessity, like the other necessity of crises, to endow the heroes of tragedy with a natural, simple heroism beside this extraordinary and unnatural heroism — if heroism be a right word for it — which makes them tragical. In history, likewise, it is only by reason of exceptional endowment, or by the accident of birth, that such men ever mount high enough, whether it be on thrones or funeral pyres, to draw our gaze across the centuries. It is not reason, but a prompting of that very hidden thing itself, which at this instant turns our minds upon some thought of the superb, vaguely triumphant leading of forlorn hopes and dying in last ditches. Turn, rather, from the Savonarolas and the Hamlets, to the pinched faces, the bowed forms, the stumbling gait, of such as you yourself will know to be of that strange band; and though there be indeed some little stirring in you of the awe of tragedy, you will shrink back from their companionship. Strong men, bearing visible burdens of duty and of help, scorn them for dastards and for shirks. Women, though they begin with them in pity, end in despair, or in contempt and weariness. Children do not come about their knees. There is no test or standard of excellence known to our ordinary thought by which they are approved; for out of their desolation no light or cheer comes into other lives.

If there be indeed any compensation, it must lie in this: that these ghastly lives, spent in the disregard of all that

the long experience of mankind can teach concerning the way to live best in this world, in seeking peace through warfare, and truth through denial, and faith through unfaith, and love in the scorn of all our fond, weak practices of loving, — that these lives must proceed out of something in us which did not come into us out of any former lives on this earth, or out of this earthly order which we live in now. If, after the fashion of compromise, we would make the best of that in us which wars with it, we might lay hold, for our own midnight hours of wrestling, of a certain vague renewal of hope and faith which sometimes, with an irresistible resurrection, swells in these tortured breasts: a hope, a faith, that we are also parts of another order, — unseen, vast, and free; that we are meant to break through barriers; meant to eat of the right heavenly manna, and to work with sure hands, and to see with an unclouded vision, and to love with a fearless love; that there is indeed some other peace than the peace of compromise, the peace of acquiescence.

But to no such word of compensation will they hearken who are set upon this stony way. Tired, aimless wanderers through whatever wastes, lank, pale anchorites of whatever desert caves, torn combatants in whatever battlings of the spirit, wailing pursuers of whatever other human souls, they welcome no comfort, seek no heartening. Save to some other of their own brotherhood, their speech is scarce intelligible. Accost, with any pitying remonstrance, a member of this band, and he will answer back, with wavering and uncertain voice, with eyes astrain: "This way I live; I can no other. This way I face this life I did not seek, this mystery I cannot solve, these shadowy forms of things I cannot grasp. This way I work. This way I love. This way I fight for peace. This way I grope for God."

William Garrott Brown.

THE HONORABLE POINTS OF IGNORANCE.

I HAPPEN to live in a community where there is a deeply rooted prejudice in favor of intelligence, with many facilities for its advancement. I may, therefore, be looked upon as unmindful of my privileges when I confess that my chief pleasures have been found in the more secluded paths of ignorance.

I am no indiscriminating lover of Ignorance. I do not like the pitch-black kind which is the negation of all thought. What I prefer is a pleasant intellectual twilight, where one sees realities through an entrancing atmosphere of dubiety.

In visiting a fine old Elizabethan mansion in the south of England our host took us to a room where he had discovered the evidences of a secret panel. What is behind it? we asked. "I do not know," he answered; "while I live it shall never be opened, for then I should have no secret chamber."

There was a philosopher after my own heart. He was wise enough to resist the temptation to sell his birthright of mystery for a mess of knowledge. The rural New Englander expresses his interest by saying, "I want to know!" But may one not have a real interest in persons and things which is free from inquisitiveness? For myself, I frequently prefer not to know. Were Bluebeard to do me the honor of intrusting me with his keys, I should spend a pleasant half hour speculating on his family affairs. I might even put the key in the lock, but I do not think I should turn it. Why should I destroy twenty exciting possibilities for the sake of a single discovery?

I like to watch certain impressive figures as they cross the College Yard. They seem like the sages whom Dante saw:—

"People were there with solemn eyes and slow,
Of great authority in their countenance."

Do I therefore inquire their names, and intrusively seek to know what books they have written, before I admire their scholarship? No, to my old-fashioned way of thinking, scholarship is not a thing to be measured; it is a mysterious effluence. Were I to see—

"Democritus who puts the world on chance,
Diogenes, Anaxagoras, and Thales,
Zeno, Empedocles, and Heraclitus,

Tully and Livy and moral Seneca,
Euclid, geometrician, and Ptolemy,
Galen, Hippocrates, and Avicenna,"

I should not care to ask, "Which is which?" still less should I venture to interview Galen on the subject of medicine, or put leading questions to Diogenes. The combined impression of ineffable wisdom would be more to me than any particular information I might get out of them.

But, as I said, I am not an enthusiast for Ignorance. Mine is not the zeal of a new convert, but the sober preference of one to the manner born. I do not look upon it as a panacea, nor, after the habit of reformers, would I insist that it should be taught in the public schools. There are important spheres wherein exact information is much to be preferred.

Because Ignorance has its own humble measure of bliss I would not jump at the conclusion that it is folly to be wise. That is an extravagant statement. If real wisdom were offered me I should accept it gratefully. Wisdom is an honorable estate, and, doubtless, it has pleasures of its own. I only have in mind the alternative that is usually presented to us, conscious ignorance or a kind of knowingness.

It is necessary, at this point, to make a distinction. A writer on the use of words has a chapter on Ignorantism which is a term he uses to indicate Ig-

norance that mistakes itself, or seeks to make others mistake it, for Knowledge. For Ignorantism I make no plea. If Ignorance puts on a false uniform and is caught within the enemy's lines, it must suffer the penalties laid down in the laws of war.

Nor would I defend what Milton calls "the barbarous ignorance of the schools." This scholastic variety consists of the scientific definition and classification of "things that aren't so." It has no value except as a sort of gelatine culture for the propagation of verbal bacteria.

But the affectations of the pedants or the sciolists should not be allowed to cast discredit on the fair name of Ignorance. It is only natural Ignorance which I praise; not that which is acquired. It was a saying of Landor that if a man had a large mind he could afford to let the greater part of it lie fallow. Of course we small proprietors cannot do things on such a generous scale; but it seems to me that if one has only a little mind it is a mistake to keep it all under cultivation.

I hope that this praise of Ignorance may not give offense to any intelligent reader who may feel that he is placed by reason of his acquirements beyond the pale of our sympathies. He need fear no such exclusion. My Lady Ignorance is gracious and often bestows her choicest gifts on those who scorn her. The most erudite person is intelligent only in spots. Browning's Bishop Blougram questioned whether he should be called a skeptic or believer, seeing that he could only exchange

"a life of doubt diversified by faith,
For one of faith diversified by doubt:
We called the chess-board white, — we call it
black."

Whether a person thinks of his own intellectual state as one of knowledge diversified by ignorance or one of ignorance diversified by knowledge is a matter of temperament. We like him better when he frankly calls his intel-

lectual chess-board black. That, at any rate, was the original color, the white is an afterthought.

Let me then without suspicion of treasonable intent be allowed to point out what we may call in Shakespearean phrase "the honorable points of ignorance."

The social law against "talking shop" is an indication of the very widespread opinion that the exhibition of unmitigated knowledge is unseemly, outside of business hours. When we meet for pleasure we prefer that it should be on the humanizing ground of not knowing. Nothing is so fatal to conversation as an authoritative utterance. When a man who is capable of giving it enters

"All talk dies, as in a grove all song
Beneath the shadow of a bird of prey."

Conversation about the weather would lose all its easy charm in the presence of the Chief of the Weather Bureau.

It is possible that the fear of exhibiting unusual information in a mixed company may be a survival of primitive conditions. Just as the domesticated dog will turn around on the rug before lying down, for hereditary reasons which I do not remember, so it is with civilized man. Once ignorance was universal and enforced by penalties. In the progress of the race the environment has been modified, but so strong is the influence of heredity that The Man Who Knows no sooner enters the drawing-room than he is seized by guilty fears. His ancestors for having exhibited a moiety of his intelligence were executed as wizards. But perhaps the ordinary working of natural selection may account for the facts. The law of the survival of the fittest admits of no exceptions, and the fittest to give us pleasure in conversation is the sympathetic person who appears to know very little more than we do.

In the commerce of ideas there must be reciprocity. We will not deal with one who insists that the balance of trade shall always be in his favor. Moreover

there must be a spice of incertitude about the transaction. The real joy of the intellectual traffic comes when we sail away like the old merchant adventurers in search of a market. There must be no prosaic bills of exchange: it must be primitive barter. We have a choice cargo of beads which we are willing to exchange for frankincense and ivory. If on some strange coast we should meet simple-minded people who have only wampum, perhaps even then we might make a trade.

Have you never when engaged in such commerce felt something of the spirit of the grave Tyrian trader who had sailed away from the frequented marts, and held on

"O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
To where the Atlantic raves
Outside the western straits, and unbent sails
There where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets
of foam,
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;
And on the beach undid his corded bales."

It is not every day that one meets with such shy traffickers, for the world is becoming very sophisticated. One does not ask that those with whom we converse should be ignorant of everything; it is enough that they should not know what is in our bales before we undo them.

One very serious drawback to our pleasure in conversation with a too-well-informed person is the nervous strain that is involved. We are always wondering what will happen when he comes to the end of his resources. After listening to one who discourses with surprising accuracy upon any particular topic we feel a delicacy in changing the subject. It seems a mean trick, like suddenly removing the chair on which a guest is about to sit down for the evening. With one who is interested in a great many things he knows little about there is no such difficulty. If he has passed the first flush of youth it no longer embarrasses him to be caught now and then in a mistake; indeed your cor-

rection is welcomed as an agreeable interruption, and serves as a starting point for a new series of observations.

The pleasure of conversation is enhanced if one feels assured not only of wide margins of ignorance, but also of the absence of uncanny quickness of mind.

I should not like to be neighbor to a wit. It would be like being in proximity to a live wire. A certain insulating film of kindly stupidity is needed to give a margin of safety to human intercourse. There are certain minds whose processes convey the impression of alternating currents of high voltage on a wire that is not quite large enough for them. From such I would withdraw myself.

One is freed from all such apprehensions in the companionship of people who make no pretensions to any kind of cleverness. "The laughter of fools is like the crackling of thorns under a pot." What cheerful sounds! The crackling of the dry thorns! and the merry bubbling of the pot!

There is an important part played by what I may call defensive Ignorance. It was said of Robert Elsmere that he had a mind that was defenseless against the truth. It is a fine thing to be thus open to conviction, but the mental hospitality of one who is without prejudices is likely to be abused. All sorts of notions importunately demand attention, and he who thinks to examine all their credentials will find no time left for his own proper affairs.

For myself, I like to have a general reception-room in my mind for all sorts of notions with which I desire to keep up only a calling acquaintance. Here let them all be welcomed, good, bad, and indifferent, in the spacious ante-chamber of my Ignorance. But I am not able to invite them into my private apartments, for I am living in a small way in cramped quarters, where there is only room for my own convictions.

There are many things that are interesting to hear about which I do not care to investigate. If one is willing to give me the result of his speculations on various esoteric doctrines I am ready to receive them in the spirit in which they are offered, but I should not think of examining them closely; it would be too much like looking a gift horse in the mouth.

I should like to talk with a Mahatma about the constitution of the astral body. I do not know enough about the subject to contradict his assertions, and therefore he would have it all his own way. But were he to become insistent and ask me to look into the matter for myself, I should beg to be excused. I would not take a single step alone. In such a case I agree with Sir Thomas Browne that "it is better to sit down in modest ignorance and rest contented with the natural blessings of our own reasons."

There are zealous persons of a proselyting turn of mind who insist upon our accepting their ideas or giving reasons for our rejection of them. When we see the flames of controversy sweeping upon us, the only safety lies in setting a back fire which shall clear the ground of any fuel for argument. If we can only surround ourselves with a bare space of nescience we may rest in peace. I have seen a simple Chinese laundryman, by adopting this plan, resist a storm of argument and invective without losing his temper or yielding his point. Serene, imperturbable, inscrutable, he stood undisturbed by the strife of tongues. He had one supreme advantage, — he did not know the language.

It was thus in the sixteenth century when religious strife waxed mad around him that Montaigne preserved a little spot of tolerant thought. "O what a soft, easy, and wholesome pillow is ignorance and incuriosity whereon to compose a well contrived head!"

This sounds like mere Epicureanism,

but Montaigne had much to say for himself: "Great abuse in the world is begot, or, to speak more boldly, all the abuses of the world are begot by our being taught to be afraid of professing our ignorance, and that we are bound to accept all things we are not able to refute. . . . They make me hate things that are likely when they impose upon me for infallible. I love those words which mollify and moderate the temerity of our propositions, 'Peradventure, in some sort, 't is said, I think,' and the like. . . . There is a sort of ignorance, strong and generous, that yields nothing in honor and courage to knowledge; an ignorance which to conceive requires no less knowledge than knowledge itself."

Not only is protection needed from the dogmatic assaults of our neighbors, but also from our own premature ideas. There are opinions which we are willing to receive on probation, but these probationers must be taught by judicious snubbing to know their place. The plausibilities and probabilities that are pleasantly received must not airily assume the place of certainties. Because you say to a stranger, "I'm glad to see you," it is not certain that you are ready to sign his note at the bank.

When one happens to harbor any ideas of a radical character he is fortunate if he is so constituted that it is not necessary for his self-respect that he should be cocksure. The consciousness of the imperfection of his knowledge serves as a buffer when the train of progress starts with a jerk.

Sir Thomas More was, it is evident, favorably impressed with many of the sentiments of the gentleman from Utopia, but it was a great relief to him to be able to give them currency without committing himself to them. He makes no dogmatic assertion that the constitution of Utopia was better than that of the England of Henry VIII. In fact, he professes to know nothing about Utopia except from mere hearsay. He

gracefully dismisses the subject, allowing the seeds of revolutionary ideas to float away on the thistle-down of polite Ignorance.

"When Raphael had made an end of speaking, though many things occurred to me both concerning the manners and laws of that country that seemed very absurd . . . yet since I perceived that Raphael was weary and I was not sure whether he could bear contradiction . . . I only commended their constitution and the account he had given of it in general, and so, taking him by the hand, carried him to supper, and told him I would find some other time for examining this subject more particularly and discoursing more copiously upon it."

One whose quiet tastes lead him away from the main traveled roads into the byways of Ignorance is likely to retain a feeling in regard to books which belongs to an earlier stage of culture. Time was when a book was a symbol of intellectual mysteries rather than a tool to be used. When Omar Khayyam sang of the delights of a jug of wine and a book, I do not think he was intemperate in the use of either. The same book and the same jug of wine would last him a long time. The chief thing was that it gave him a comfortable feeling to have them within reach.

The primitive feeling in regard to a book as a kind of talisman survives chiefly among bibliophiles, but with them it is overlaid by matters of taste which are quite beyond the comprehension of ordinary people. As for myself, I know nothing of such niceties.

I know nothing of rare bindings or fine editions. My heart is never disturbed by coveting the contents of my neighbor's bookshelves. Indeed, I have always listened to the tenth commandment with a tranquil heart since I learned, in the Shorter Catechism, that "the tenth commandment forbiddeth all discontentment with our own estate, envying or grieving at the good of our neighbor and all inordinate motions and

affections to anything that is his." If that be all, it is not aimed at me, particularly in this matter of books.

I feel no discontentment at the disorderly array of bound volumes that I possess. I know that they are no credit either to my taste or to my scholarship, but if that offends my neighbor, the misery is his, not mine. If he should bring a railing accusation against me, let him remember that there is a ninth commandment which "forbiddeth any thing that is injurious to our own or our neighbor's good name." As for any inordinate motions or affections toward his literary treasures, I have no more than toward his choice collection of stamps.

Yet I have one weakness in common with the bibliophile; I have a liking for certain books which I have neither time nor inclination to read. Just as according to the mediæval theory there was a sanctity about a duly ordained clergyman altogether apart from his personal character, so there is to my mind an impressiveness about some volumes which has little to do with their contents, or at least with my knowledge of them. Why should we be too curious in regard to such matters? There are books which I love to see on the shelf. I feel that virtue goes out of them, but I should think it undue familiarity to read them.

The persons who have written on "Books that have helped me" have usually confined their list to books which they have actually read. One book has clarified their thoughts, another has stimulated their wills, another has given them useful knowledge. But are there no Christian virtues to be cultivated? What about humility, that pearl of great price?

To be constantly reminded that you have not read Kant's Critique of the Pure Reason, and that therefore you have no right to express a final opinion on philosophy, does not that save you from no end of unnecessary dogmatism? The silent monitor with its accusing, uncut pages is a blessed help to the

meekness of wisdom. A book that has helped me is *The History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars of England*, by Edward, Earl of Clarendon. I am by nature and education a Cromwellian, of a rather narrow type. I am more likely than not to think of Charles I. as a man of sin. When, therefore, I brought home Clarendon's *History* I felt a glow of conscious virtue; the volume was an outward and visible sign of inward and spiritual grace, — the grace of tolerance; and so it has ever been to me.

Years have passed, and the days of leisure have not yet come when I could devote myself to the reading of it. Perhaps the fact that I discovered that the noble earl's second sentence contains almost three hundred words may have had a discouraging influence, — but we will let that pass. Because I have not crossed the Rubicon of the second chapter, will you say that the book has not influenced me? "When in my sessions of sweet, silent thought," with the Earl of Clarendon, "I summon up remembrance of time past," is it necessary that I should laboriously turn the pages? It is enough that I feel my prejudices oozing away, and that I am convinced, when I look at the much prized volume, that there are two sides to this matter of the English Commonwealth. Could the most laborious reading do more for me?

Indeed, it is dangerous, sometimes, not to let well-enough alone. Wordsworth's fickle Muse gave him several pretty fancies about the unseen banks of Yarrow. Yarrow Unvisited was so delightful that he was almost tempted to be content with absent treatment.

"We will not see them, will not go
To-day nor yet to-morrow,
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.
Be Yarrow's stream unseen, unknown,
It must, or we shall rue it,
We have a vision of our own,
Ah, why should we undo it?"

Ah, why, indeed? the reader asks, after

reading Yarrow Visited and Yarrow Re-visited. The visits were a mistake.

Perhaps Clarendon Unread is as good for my soul as Clarendon Read or Clarendon Re-read. Who can tell?

There is another sphere in which the honorable points of ignorance are not always sufficiently appreciated, that of Travel. The pleasure of staying at home consists in being surrounded by things which are familiar and which we know all about. The primary pleasure of going abroad consists in the encounter with the unfamiliar and the unknown.

That was the impulse which stirred old Ulysses to set forth once more upon his travels.

"For my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew."

"It may be" — there lay the charm. There was no knowing what might happen on the dark, broad seas. Perhaps they might get lost, and then again they might come upon the Happy Isles. And if as they sailed under their looming shores they should see the great Achilles — why all the better!

What joys the explorers of the New World experienced! The heart leaps up at the very title of Sebastian Cabot's joint stock company. "Merchants Adventurers of England for the discovery of lands, territories, isles and signories, unknown." There was no knowing beforehand which was an island and which the mainland. All they had to do was to keep on, sure only of finding something which they had not expected. When they got to the mainland they were as likely as not to stumble on the great Khan himself. Of course they might not make a discovery of the first magnitude like that of the Spaniards on the Peak in Darien, — but if it was not one thing it was another!

Two or three miles back of Plymouth, Mass., is a modest little pond called Billington's Sea. Billington, an adventurous Pilgrim, had climbed a tree, and looking westwards had caught sight of the shimmering water. He looked at it with a wild surmise, and then the conviction flashed upon him that he had discovered the goal of hardy mariners, — the great South Sea. That was a great moment for Billington!

Of course the Spaniards were more fortunate in their geographical position. It turned out that it was the Pacific that they saw from their Peak in Darien; while Billington's Sea does not grow on acquaintance.

But my heart goes out to Billington. He also was a discoverer, according to his lights. He belonged to a hardy breed, and could stare on new scenes with the best of them. It was not his fault that the Pacific was not there. If it had been, Billington would have discovered it. We know perfectly well that the Pacific Ocean does not lave the shores of Plymouth County, and so we should not go out into the woods on a fine morning to look for it. There is where Billington had the advantage of us.

Is it not curious that while we profess to envy the old adventurers the joys of discovery, yet before we set out on our travels we make it a point of convenience to rob ourselves of these possibilities? Before we set out for Ultima Thule we must know precisely where it is, and how we are going to get there, and what we are to see and what others have said about it. After a laborious course of reading the way is as familiar to our minds as the road to the post office. After that there is nothing more for us to do but to sally forth to verify the guidebooks. We have done all that we could to brush the bloom off our native Ignorance.

Of course even then all the possibilities of discovery are not shut out. The best informed person cannot be completely guarded against surprise. Ac-

cidents will happen, and there is always the chance that one may have been misinformed.

I remember a depressed looking lady whom I encountered as she trudged through the galleries of the Vatican with grim conscientiousness. She had evidently a stern duty to perform for the cause of Art. But in the Sistine Chapel the stillness was broken by her voice which had a note of triumph as she spoke to her daughter. She had discovered an error in Baedeker. It infused new life into her tired soul.

"Some flowerets of Eden we still inherit
Though the trail of the serpent is over them
all."

Speaking of the Vatican, that suggests the weak point in my argument. It suggests that there are occasions when knowledge is very convenient. On the Peak in Darien the first comer with the wild surmise of ignorance has the advantage in the quality of his sensation; but it is different in Jerusalem or Rome. There the pleasure consists in the fact that a great many interesting people have been there before and done many interesting things, which it might be well to know about.

At this point I am quite willing to grant an inch; with the understanding that it shall not be lengthened into an ell. The Camel of Knowledge may push his head into the tent, and we shall have to resist his further encroachments as we may.

What we call the historic sense is not consistent with a state of nescience. The picture which the eye takes in is incomplete without the thousand associations which come from previous thought. Still, it remains true that the finest pleasure does not come when the mental images are the most precise. Before entering Paradise the mediæval pilgrims tasted of the streams of Eunoë and Lethe, — the happy memory and the happy forgetfulness. The most potent charm comes from the judicious mingling of these waters.

There is a feeling of antiquity that only comes now and then, but which it is worth traveling far to experience. It is the thrill that comes when we consciously stand in the presence of the remote past. Some scene brings with it an impression of immemorial time. In almost every case we find that it comes from being reminded of something which we have once known and more than half forgotten. What are the "mists of time" but imperfect memories?

Modern psychologists have given tardy recognition to the "Subliminal Self," — the self that lodges under the threshold of consciousness. He is a shy gnome, and loves the darkness rather than the light; not, as I believe, because his deeds are evil, but for reasons best known to himself. To all appearances he is the most ignorant fellow in the world, and yet he is no fool. As for the odds and ends that he stores up under the threshold, they are of more value than the treasures that the priggish Understanding displays in his show windows upstairs.

In traveling through historic lands the Subliminal Self overcomes his shyness. There are scenes and even words that reach back into hoar antiquity, and bring us into the days of eld.

Each person has his own chronology. If I were to seek to bring to mind the very ancientest time, I should not think of the cave-dwellers: I should repeat, "The Kenites, the Kenizzites, the Kadmonites, the Hittites, the Perizzites, the Amorites, the Canaanites, the Girgashites."

There is antiquity! It is not only a long time since these tribes dwelt in the land; it has been a long time since I first heard of them.

My memory goes back to the time when a disconsolate little boy sat on a bench in a Sunday-school and asked himself, "What is a Girgashite?"

The habit of the Sunday-school of mingling the historical and ethical elements in one inextricable moral had

made it uncertain whether the Girgashite was a person or a sin. In either case it happened a long time ago. There upon the very verge of Time stood the Girgashite, like the ghost in Ossian, "His spear was a column of mist, and the stars looked dim through his form."

Happily my studies have not led in that direction, and there is nothing to disturb the first impression. If some day wandering over Oriental hills I should come upon some broken monuments of the Girgashites, I am sure that I should feel more of a thrill than could possibly come to my more instructed companion. To him it would be only the discovery of another fact, to fit into his scheme of knowledge: to me it would be like stumbling unawares into the primeval world.

What is more delightful than in a railway train in Italy to hear voices in the night calling out names that recall the lost arts of our childhood! There is a sense

"Of something here like something there,
Of something done, I know not where,
Such as no language can declare."

There is a bittersweet to it, for there is a momentary fear that you may be called upon to construe; but when that is past it is pure joy.

"Monte Soracte," said the Italian gentleman on the train between Foligno and Rome, as he pointed out an eminence on the right. My answering smile was intended to convey the impression that one touch of the classics makes the whole world kin. Had I indeed kept up my Horace, a host of clean-cut ideas would have instantly rushed into my mind. "Is that Soracte! It is not what I had reason to expect. As a mountain I prefer Monadnock."

Fortunately I had no such prepossessions. I had expected nothing. There only came impressions of lessons years ago in a dingy school-room presided over by a loved instructor whom we knew as "Prof. Ike." Looking back through the mists of time, I felt that I had been

the better for having learned the lessons, and none the worse for having long since forgotten them. In those days Soracte had been a noun standing in mysterious relations to a verb unknown; but now it was evident that it was a mountain. There it stood under the clear Italian sky just as it had been in the days of Virgil and Horace. Thoughts of Horace and of the old professor mingled pleasantly so long as the mountain was in sight.

It may seem to some timid souls that this praise of Ignorance may have a sinister motive, and may be intended to deter from the pursuit of knowledge. On the contrary it is intended to encourage those who are "faint yet pursuing."

It must have occurred to every serious person that the pursuit of knowledge is not what it once was. Time was when to know seemed the easiest thing in the world. All that a man had to do was to assert dogmatically that a thing was so, and then argue it out with some one who had even less acquaintance with the subject than he had. He was not hampered by a rigid, scientific method, nor did he need to make experiments, which after all might not strengthen his position. The chief thing was a certain tenacity of opinion which would enable him, in Pope's phrase, to "hold the eel of science by the tail." There were no troublesome experts to cast discredit on this slippery sport. If a man had a knack at metaphysics and a fine flow of technical language he could satisfy all reasonable curiosity about the Universe. Or with the minimum of effort he might attain a jovial scholarship adequate for all convivial purposes, like Chaucer's pilgrim

"Whan that he wel dronken had the win,
Than wold he spoken no word but Latin."

It was the golden age of the amateur when certainty could be had for the asking, and one could stake out any part of the wide domain of human interest and

hold it by the right of squatter sovereignty. But in these days the man who aspires to know must do something more than assert his conviction. He must submit to all sorts of mortifying tests, and at best he can obtain a title to only the tiniest bit of the field he covets.

With the severer definitions of knowledge and the delimitation of the territory which any one may call his own there has come a curious result. While the aggregate of intellectual wealth has increased, the individual workers are being reduced to penury. It is a pathetic illustration of Progress and Poverty. The old and highly respected class of gentlemen and scholars is being depleted. Scholarship has become so difficult that those who aspire after it have little time for the amenities. It is not as it was in the "spacious days of great Elizabeth." Enter any company of modern scholars and ask what they know about any large subject, and you will find that each one hastens to take the poor debtor's oath. How can they be expected to know so much?

On this minute division of intellectual labor the exact sciences thrive, but conversation, poetry, art, and all that belongs to the humanities languish.

Your man of highly specialized intelligence has often a morbid fear of half-knowledge, and he does not dare to express an opinion that has not been the result of original research. He shuns the innocent questioners who would draw him out, as if they were so many dunning creditors. He becomes a veritable Dick Swiveller as one conversational thoroughfare after another is closed against him, until he no longer ventures abroad. The worst of it is that he has a haunting apprehension that even the bit of knowledge which he calls his own may be taken away from him by some new discovery, and he may be cast adrift upon the Unknowable.

It is then that he should remember the wisdom of the unjust steward, so

that when he is cast out of the House of Knowledge he may find congenial friends in the habitations of Ignorance.

There are a great many mental activities that stop short of strict knowledge. Where we do not know, we may imagine, and hope, and dare; we may laugh at our neighbor's mistakes, and occasionally at our own. We may enjoy the delicious moments of suspense when we are on the verge of finding out; and if it should happen that the discovery is

postponed, then we have a chance to go over the delightful process again.

To say "I do not know" is not nearly as painful as it seems to those who have not tried it. The active mind, when the conceit of absolute knowledge has been destroyed, quickly recovers itself and cries out, after the manner of Brer Rabbit when Brer Fox threw him into the brier patch, "Bred en bawn in a brier patch, Brer Fox — bred en bawn in a brier patch!"

S. M. Crothers.

MAKERS OF THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

I.

THE dawn of the nineteenth century was illumined by the last flickers of the red torch of the French Revolution, and its earlier years were filled with the reverberating cannonade of the Napoleonic conquests. It was not until after Waterloo that the battlefield of Europe became only a parade-ground; and this is perhaps one reason why there was a dearth of dramatic literature in the first quarter of the century, and why no dramatist of prominence flourished, — excepting only the gentle Grillparzer far away in Vienna. In war-time the theatres are filled often enough, but the entertainment they proffer then is rarely worthy of the hour. Although the drama must deal directly with a contest of human souls, it does not flourish while there is actual fighting absorbing the attention of the multitude; but when great captains and their drums depart, then are the stronger spirits again attracted to the stage.

Despite their survival in the Austrian theatres, Grillparzer's pleasing plays are no one of them epoch-making; although they had more life in them than the closet-dramas upon which British bards like Byron and Shelley were then

misdirecting their efforts. Throughout Europe during the first score years of the century the acted drama was for the most part frankly unliterary and the so-called literary drama was plainly unactable, proving itself pitifully ineffective whenever it chanced to be put on the stage. In Germany the more popular plays were either sentimental or melodramatic; and sometimes they were both. In England the more serious dramas were frequently adapted or imitated from the German, while the comic plays — like those of the younger Colman — were often little better than helter-skelter patchworks of exaggerated incident and contorted caricature. In France tragedy was being strangled in the tightening bonds imposed by the classicist rules; and comedy was panting vainly for a larger freedom of theme and of treatment. But even in France help was at hand; and in certain Parisian theatres, wholly without literary pretensions, two species were growing to maturity, destined each of them to reinvigorate the more literary drama.

One species was the *comédie-vaudeville* of Scribe, with its attempt to enchain the interest of the spectator by an artfully increasing intricacy of plot; and the other was the melodrama of

Pixérécourt and Ducange, derived more or less directly from the emotional drama of Kotzebue, but depending not so much on the depicting of passion as on the linking together of startling situations at once unexpected by the spectator and yet carefully prepared for by the playwright. *Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life* is a typical example of this French melodrama, none the less typical that one of its most striking incidents had been borrowed from a German play. The *comédie-vaudeville* and the melodrama of the boulevard theatres were fortunately fettered by no rules, obeying only the one law, that they had to please the populace. They grew up spontaneously and abundantly; they were heedlessly unliterary; they were curbed by no criticism, — which was never wasted by the men of letters on these species of the drama deemed quite beneath their notice.

The *comédie-vaudeville* of Scribe and the melodrama of Pixérécourt were alike in that they both were seeking success by improving the mere mechanism of play-making, and in that they both were willing to sacrifice everything else to sheer ingenuity of structure. Unpretending as was each of the two species, its popularity was undeniable; it accomplished its purpose satisfactorily; and it needed only to be accepted by the men of letters, and to be endowed with the literature it lacked. Nothing is more striking in the history of the French drama of the first quarter of the century than the contrast between the sturdy vitality of these two unliterary species, *comédie-vaudeville* and melodrama, and the anæmic lethargy of the more literary comedy and tragedy. The fires of the Revolution had flamed up fiercely, and the French, having cast out the Ancient Régime, had re-made the map of Europe regardless of vested rights; but in the theatre they were still in the bonds of the pseudo-classicism which had been rejected everywhere else, even in Germany.

Comedy, as it was then composed by the adherents of the classicist theories, was thin and feeble, painfully trivial and elaborately wearisome; and tragedy, as the classicist poets continued to perpetrate it, was still more artificial and void. In fact, so far as classicism was concerned, comedy was moribund and tragedy was defunct, although they neither of them suspected it.

Now, as we look back across the years, we cannot but wonder why the task of ousting the dying and the dead should have seemed so arduous or have caused so much commotion. We marvel why there was need of a critical manifesto like Victor Hugo's preface to his *Cromwell*, or of a critical controversy over the difference between the Classic and the Romantic. Even then it ought to have been easily evident that there was nothing classic about the comedies and the tragedies, which continued to be composed laboriously in accordance with the alleged rules of the theatre; and the defenders of the traditional faith might have suspected that there was really nothing sacrosanct about mere pseudo-classicism.

But few on either side could see clearly. The classicist deemed himself to be defending the holy cause of Art against a band of irreverent outlaws, striving to capture the temple of taste that they might debase the standards and defile the sanctuary. The romanticist swept forward recklessly to the assault, proclaiming that he had rediscovered Truth, which had been buried, and boasting that he was to revive Art, which had long lain asleep awaiting his arrival. Though the defenders stood to their guns valiantly, and though they asserted their intention of dying in the last ditch, they never had a chance against their superb besiegers, — ardent young fellows, all of them, sons of soldiers, begotten between two battles and cradled to the mellow notes of the bugle. For nearly twoscore years the French people had made a profuse ex-

penditure of energy; and the time was ripe for a new birth of the French drama.

II.

The younger generation abhorred the artificiality and the emptiness of the plays presented at the Théâtre Français; and they were bitter in denouncing the absurdity of the rules. Like all literary reformers, they proclaimed a return to Nature; and they asserted their right to represent life as they saw it, in its ignoble aspects as well as in its nobler manifestations. They claimed freedom to range through time and space at will, to mingle humor and pathos, to ally the grotesque with the terrible, and to take for a hero an outcast of the Middle Ages instead of a monarch of antiquity.

But a critical controversy like this with its spectacular interchange of hurtling epithets need have little effect upon the actual theatre. Even in Paris the bulk of the playgoers cared little or nothing about the artistic precepts which a dramatist might accept or reject; it was only his practice that concerned them. If his plays seized their attention, holding them interested and releasing them satisfied that they had enjoyed the pleasure proper to the theatre, — then his principles might be what he pleased. They neither knew nor cared what party he might belong to or what rules he might hold binding. And here the broad public showed its usual common sense, which prompts it ever to refuse to be amused by what it does not really find amusing. The playgoers as a body wanted in France early in the nineteenth century what they had wanted in Spain and in England early in the seventeenth century, — and what, indeed, the playgoers as a body want now in the twentieth century, what they always have wanted, and what they always will want. What this is Victor Hugo has told us: they want, first of all, action; then they crave the display of passion to excite their sympathy; and

finally, they relish the depicting of human nature, to satisfy man's eternal curiosity about himself.

These wants the old fogies of pseudo-classicism did not understand; and this is why the public received with avidity the earlier plays of the romanticist with their abundant movement, their vivacity, their color, and their sustaining emotion. Alexandre Dumas came first with *Henri III. et sa Cour*; Alfred de Vigny followed speedily with his spirited arrangement of *Othello*; and at last Victor Hugo assured the triumph of the movement, when he brought out *Hernani* with its picturesque scenery, its constant succession of striking episodes, its boldly contrasted characters and its splendidly lyrical verse. Significant it is that Hugo and Dumas were both of them sons of Revolutionary generals, while Vigny was himself a soldier. Dumas increased the impression of his early play by producing the *Tour de Nesle* and *Antony*, marvels of play-making skill both of them, and surcharged with passion. Vigny won attention again with his delicate and plaintive *Chatterton*. Hugo put forth a succession of plays in verse and in prose, all of them challenging admiration by qualities rarely united in a dramatist's work, and yet no one of them establishing itself in popular favor by the side of *Hernani*, excepting only *Ruy Blas*.

The flashing brilliancy of Hugo's versification blinded many spectators for a brief season, and prevented most of them from seeing what was made plain at last only by an analysis of the plays in prose, *Mary Tudor*, for example. When no gorgeously embroidered garment draped the meagre skeleton, it was not difficult to discover that Victor Hugo was not a great dramatic poet, "of the race and lineage of Shakespeare." A great poet he was beyond all question, perhaps the greatest poet of the century; but his gift was lyric and not dramatic. He was a lyrist of

incomparable vigor, variety, and sonority; and as a lyricist he had often an almost epic amplitude of vision. As a dramatist his outlook was narrow and petty; he could not conceive boldly a lofty theme, treating it with the unflinching simplicity of the masters. His subjects were lacking in nobility, in dignity, in stateliness. His plots were violent and extravagant; and his characters were as forced as his situations. The poetry to be found in his plays is external rather than internal; it is almost an afterthought. Under the lyrical drapery, which is so deceptive at first, there is no more than a melodrama.

Melodrama for melodrama, *Hernani* and *Ruy Blas*, fascinating as they are, seem now to be less easily and less spontaneously devised than *Antony* and the *Tour de Nesle*. Dumas was a born playwright with an instinctive felicity in handling situation; and Hugo, although he was able, by dint of hard work and by sheer cleverness, to make plays that could please in the theatre, had far less of the native faculty. In their play-making both Hugo and Dumas were pupils of Pixérécourt and Ducange; and *Hernani* and *Antony* did not differ greatly in kind from *Thirty Years of a Gambler's Life*, however superior they may be in power, in vitality, and, above all, in style. What Dumas and Hugo did was little more than to take the melodrama of the boulevard theatres and to make literature of it, — just as Marlowe had taken the unpretending but popular chronicle-play as the model of his *Edward II*.

The French playwrights who supplied the stage of the boulevard theatres had borrowed from the German playwrights of the storm-and-stress a habit of choosing for a hero an outcast or an outlaw. Here again they were followed by the dramatists of the romanticist movement, who were forever demanding sympathy for the bandit and the bastard, — *Hernani* was the one and *Antony* was the other. A note of revolt rang through

the French theatre in the second quarter of the century; a cry of protest against the social order echoed from play to play. In their reaction against the restrictions which the classicists had insisted upon, the romanticists went beyond liberty almost to license, and they did not always stop short of licentiousness. They posed as defenders of the rights of the individual against the tyranny of custom, and thus they were led to glorify a selfish and lawless egotism. There was truth in the remark of a keen French critic that the communism of 1871 was the logical successor of the romanticism of 1830. To say this is to suggest that the foundation of romanticism was unsound and unstable. As a whole, romanticism was destructive only; it had no strength for construction. When it had swept classicism aside and cleared the ground, then its work was done, and all that was left for it to do was itself to die.

III.

Of all the manifold influences that united to reinvigorate the drama toward the middle of the century, the most powerful was that of prose-fiction. In France more particularly no stimulant was more potent than the series of realistic investigations into the conditions and the results of modern life which Balzac comprehensively entitled the *Human Comedy*. The novel is the department of literature which was as characteristic of the nineteenth century as the drama was of the seventeenth; and only in the nineteenth was the novel able to establish its right to be considered as a worthy rival of the drama. Until after Scott had taken all Europe captive, the attitude of the novelist was as apologetic and deprecatory as the attitude of the playwright had been while Sidney was pouring forth his contempt for the acted drama of his own day. In the eighteenth century, when it ought to have been evident that the drama was

no longer at its best, the tradition of its supremacy survived, and it was still believed to be the sole field for the first ventures of ambitious authors. Men of letters as dissimilar as Johnson and Smollett, both of them hopelessly unfit for the theatre, went up to London, each with a dull tragedy in his pocket. Steele and Fielding in England, like Lesage and Marivaux in France, were writers of plays to be performed on the stage, long before they condescended to be depictees of character for the mere reader by the fireside.

For years the novel was conceived almost in the manner of a play, with its characters talking and acting, projected forward and detached from their surroundings, as though they were appearing upon an isolated platform, scant of scenery and bare of furniture. The personages of prose-fiction were not related to their environment nor were they shown as component parts of the multitude that peopled the rest of the world. Only after Rousseau had sent forth the *New Héloïse* was there any alliance disclosed in fiction between nature and human nature; and only after Bernardin de Saint-Pierre had issued *Paul and Virginia* did the story-teller begin to find his profit in the landscape and the weather, in sunsets and rainstorms and the mystery of the dawn, all phenomena not easily represented in the playhouse.

The novelist was long held to be inferior to the dramatist, and his pay was inferior also. But when by his resplendent improvisations Scott was able to settle with his creditors, the European men of letters were made aware that prose-fiction might be as profitable as play-writing. They knew already that it was far easier, since the technic of the novel seems liberty itself when contrasted with the rigid economy of the drama. The task appeared to be simpler and the immediate reward appeared to be larger, so that the temptation became irresistible for young men to adventure them-

selves in the narrative form rather than in the dramatic. Yet not a few of those who took to fiction were naturally more qualified for success in the theatre, — Dickens, for instance; and many of those who had won triumphs as playwrights sought also to receive the reward of the story-teller, — Hugo for one, and the elder Dumas for another.

During the middle fifty years of the century it was only in French that the drama was able to hold its own as a department of literature; and in every other language it was speedily overshadowed by prose-fiction. Bold and powerful as the French novelists were, they had as competitors playwrights of an almost equal brilliancy, variety, and force. In French the drama and the prose-fiction were vigorous rivals for threescore years. But in German literature, in Italian and Spanish, the novel during this same period was at least the equal of the drama, whatever its own demerits; and in English literature the superiority of prose-fiction was overwhelming. In fact, during the second and third quarters of the century the acted play in English had rarely more than a remote connection with literature, whereas the novel was absorbing an undue proportion of the literary ability of the peoples speaking the language.

This immense expansion of prose-fiction, and its incessant endeavor to avail itself of the devices of all the other forms of literary art, will prove to be, perhaps, the most salient fact in the history of literature in the nineteenth century. But the future historian will be able to see clearly that the obscuring of the drama was temporary only, and that even though, outside of France, dramatic literature might seem to have gone into a decline, it bade fair to be restored to health again in the final quarter of the century. The historian will have to indicate also the points of contact between the novel and the play and to dwell on the constant interaction of the one and the other, — an inter-

action as old as the origin of epic and tragic poetry. It is to be seen in English, for example, in the influence of the contemporary farces and melodramas of the London stage upon the incidents of Dickens's serial tales.

It is to be seen in French also, of course; just as Lesage and Fielding had applied to their narratives the method of character-drawing which they had borrowed from Molière, so Augier and the younger Dumas were directed in their choice of subject by the towering example of Balzac. The Elizabethan playwrights had treated the Italian story-tellers as storehouses of plots and motives, of incidents and intrigues. But the Parisian dramatists of the Second Empire were under a deeper debt to the great novelist who had been their contemporary; it was to him that they owed, in a great measure, their quicker interest in the problems of society. They had not Balzac's piercing vision into the secrets of the heart, but they at least sought to face life from a point of view not unlike his.

IV.

Obvious as is the influence of Balzac upon Augier and the younger Dumas, especially in their later studies into social conditions, it is not more obvious or more powerful than the influence of Scribe. While the romanticists had been driving out the classicists, and exhausting themselves in the vain effort to establish their own sterile formulas, Scribe had gone on his own way, wholly unaffected by their theories or by their temporary vogue. He had been elaborating his technic until he was able to sustain the spacious framework of a five-act comedy by means of devices invented for use in the *pettier comédie-vaudeville*. In almost every department of the drama, including the librettos of grand opera and of *opéra-comique*, Scribe proved himself to be a consummate master of the art and mystery of play-making. He devoted himself to

perfecting the mechanics of dramaturgy, and he has survived as the type of the playwright pure and simple, to be remembered by the side of Heywood and of Kotzebue.

His plays, like so many of theirs, are now outworn and demoded. He is inferior to Kotzebue in affluent emotion and to Heywood in occasional pathos; but he is superior to both in sheer stage-craft. The hundred volumes of his collected writings may be consulted for proof that a play can serve its purpose in the theatre and still have little relation to literature, — and even less to life. His best play, whatever it may be, was a plot and nothing more, a story in action, so artfully articulated that it kept the spectators guessing until the final fall of the curtain, — and never caused them to think after they had left the theatre.

Yet there were very few playwrights of the second half of the nineteenth century who had not been more or less influenced by Scribe, and who did not find it difficult to release themselves from their bondage to him. Even Augier and the younger Dumas, while the content of their social dramas was in some measure suggested to them by Balzac, went to Scribe for their form; and what now seems most old-fashioned in the *Gendre de M. Poirier* and in the *Demi-monde* is a superingenuity in the handling of the intrigue. No small part of the willful formlessness of the French drama in the final quarter of the century was due to the violence of the reaction against the methods of this master-mechanician of the modern theatre. Even thoughtless playgoers began in time to weary of the "well-made play," with its sole dependence on the artificial adroitness of its structure, with its stereotyped psychology, its minimum of passion, its humdrum morality, and its absence of veracity. But at the height of its popularity the "well-made play" was the model for most of the playwrights, not of France only, but of the

rest of Europe; and there was scarcely a modern language in which Scribe's pieces had not been translated and adapted, imitated and plagiarized.

It was in the second quarter of the century that Scribe attained the apex of success at the very hour when the romanticists were exuberantly triumphant, and it may sound like a paradox to suggest that it was the luxuriant abundance of the drama in French that helped to bring about its decline in the other languages; but this is no more than the truth. At the moment when the comparative facility of prose-fiction was alluring men of letters away from the theatre, the dramatists outside of France had their already precarious reward suddenly diminished by the rivalry of cheap adaptations from the French. There was then neither international copyright nor international stage-right; and French plays could be acted in English and in German, in Italian and in Spanish, without the author's consent, and without any payment to him.

As it happened, the French drama was then of a kind easily exportable and adaptable. The plays of the romanticists dealt with passion rather than with character; and emotion has universal currency. The "well-made" plays of Scribe and his numberless followers in France dealt with situations only; and their clockwork would strike just as well in London or New York as in Paris. The *Tour de Nesle* and the *Bataille de Dames* could be carried anywhere with little loss of effect. Few of the emotional plays or of the mechanical comedies had any pronounced flavor of the soil; and they could be relished by Russian spectators as well as by Australian. But no foreigner can really appreciate a comedy wherein the author aims at a profound study of the society he sees all around him in his own country; and this is why the *Femmes Savantes* of Molière and the *Effrontés* of Augier are little known beyond the boundaries of the French language,

while the Stranger of Kotzebue and the Adrienne Lecouvreur of Scribe have had their hour of popularity everywhere the wide world over.

So long as the theatrical managers of the German and Italian principalities, as well as those of Great Britain and the United States, could borrow a successful French play whenever they needed a novelty, without other payment than the cost of translation, they were naturally disinclined to proffer tempting remuneration for untried pieces by writers of their own tongue. This was an added reason why men of letters kept turning from the drama to prose-fiction, the rewards of which were just then becoming larger than ever before, as the boundless possibilities of serial publication were discovered, whereby the storyteller could get paid twice for one work.

V.

When we consider that novel-writing is not only easier than play-writing, but that the novelist had the advantage of a double market, while the dramatist was then forced to vend his wares in competition with stolen goods, we need not be surprised that the drama apparently went into a decline during the middle years of the century everywhere except in France. The theatre might seem to flourish, but the stage was supplied chiefly with plays filched from the French and twisted into conformity with local conditions. As most of these hasty adaptations had no possible relation to the realities of life, there was no call for literary quality; and thus it was that there impended an unfortunate divorce between literature and the drama.

In the middle years of the century there was a living dramatic literature only in France. The romanticist drama had withered away, although its spirit reappeared now and again, — for example we cannot help discovering in the heroine of the *Dame aux Camélias* of the younger Dumas a descendant of the

heroine of the *Antony* of the elder Dumas. But there is little flavor of romanticism in the best of the later dramatist's profounder studies of contemporary manners, — especially in his masterpiece, the *Demi-monde*, which shares the foremost place in modern French comedy with the *Gendre de M. Poirier* of Augier and Sandeau. The *Frou-frou* of Meilhac and Halévy was their sole triumph in the comedy which softens into pathos, while their lighter plays contained a fascinating collection of comic characters, as veracious as they were humorous. The comedy-farces of Labiche had not a little of the large laughter of Molière's less philosophic plays. The comedy-dramas of Sardou were the result of an attempt to combine the contemporary satire of Beaumarchais with the self-sufficient stage-craft of Scribe.

VI.

But even in France the rivalry of the novel made itself felt, and its swelling vogue tempted some writers of fiction to take an arrogant attitude, and to assert that the drama had had its day. Perhaps a portion of their distaste for the acted play was owing to a healthy dislike for the lingering artificialities of plot-making, visible even in so independent and individual a playwright as Augier and obviously inherited from Scribe. Yet there was a still more active cause for their hostility, due to their recognizing that the dramatic art must always be more or less democratic, and that the dramatist cannot hold himself aloof from the plain people. This necessity of pleasing the public and reckoning with its likes and dislikes was painful to writers like Théophile Gautier, who chose to think themselves aristocratic.

One of the Goncourts was rash in risking the opinion that the drama was no longer literature, and that in the existing conditions of the theatre nothing more could be hoped from it. Gautier

had earlier complained that the stage never touched subjects until they had been worn threadbare, not only in the newspapers, but in the novel. Here the poetic art-critic was making a reproach of that which is really an inexorable condition of the drama, so recognized ever since Aristotle, — that the playwright must broaden his appeal, that he cannot write only for the highly cultivated, that he must deal with the universal. The dramatist may be a little in advance of the mass of men, but it is not his duty to be a pioneer, since he can discuss the newest themes only at the risk of not interesting enough playgoers to fill the theatre. If Goncourt had known literary history better, he might have remembered that the limitations of the theatre had not prevented Sophocles and Shakespeare and Molière from dealing with the deeper problems of life. If he had happened to care about what was going on outside of France, he could have learned that even while he was recording his opinion Ibsen was proving anew that there was no reason why a playwright should not do his own thinking.

The drama was not on its death-bed, as these aristocratic dilettants were hastily declaring; indeed, it was about to revive with new-born vigor, although it was not to find the elixir of life in France. Since the Franco-German war there had been visible among the defeated a relaxing energy, a lassitude which French psychologists have regretted as both physical and moral. Whenever the national fibre is enfeebled, the drama is likely to be weakened; and this is what took place in France in the final years of the century. Whenever a people displays sturdy resolution, it is ripe for a growth of the drama; and this is what was to be seen in Germany in the two final decades when the French were losing their grip. Whenever a race, however few in number, stiffens its will to attain its common desires, the conditions are favorable for the ap-

pearance of the dramatist; and this is what had happened in Norway, where Ibsen was coming to a knowledge of his powers. With the appearance of Ibsen the supremacy of France was challenged successfully for the first time in the century. Ibsen's plays might be denounced and derided, but it was difficult to deny his power or his fecundating influence.

Simultaneously with the natural reaction against the excessive vogue of prose-fiction and with the revived interest in the theatre aroused by the occasional performances of Ibsen's stimulating plays, there was a world-wide revision of the local laws which had permitted the stealing of French plays. The playwrights of the rest of the world were relieved from the necessity of vending their wares in a market unsettled by an abundant offering of stolen goods, and they also received proper payment when their own works were translated into other languages to satisfy the increasingly cosmopolitan curiosity of playgoers throughout the world.

The change in the law also brought with it another advantage, since the dramatist, having complete control of his own writings abroad as well as at home, soon insisted that they should be translated literally and not betrayed by a fantastic attempt at adaptation; and this tended to terminate the reign of unreality in the theatre. So long as French plots were wrenched out of all veracity in the absurd effort to localize them in all the four quarters of the globe, even careless playgoers beholding these miserable perversions must have been struck by their "incurable falsity" as Matthew Arnold called it, — a falsity which tended to prevent people from taking the drama seriously, or even from expecting it to deal truthfully with life. No artist is likely to give his best to a public which is in the habit of considering his art as insincere, and as having no relation to the eternal verities, ethic as well as æsthetic.

In the final decade of the century there was abundant evidence that the drama was rising rapidly in the esteem of thoughtful men and women. This higher reputation was due in part, of course, to the respectful attention which was compelled by the weight and might of Ibsen's plays. It was due also to the efforts of younger dramatists in the various languages to grapple resolutely with the problems of life, and to deal honestly with the facts of existence. Verga and Sudermann, Pinero and Echegaray, are names to be neglected by no one who wishes to understand the trend of modern thought. At the end of the century the drama might still be inferior to prose-fiction in English and in Spanish; but it was probably superior in German and in Italian. The theatre was even beginning again to attract the poets; and Hauptmann and Rostand, D'Annunzio and Phillips, having mastered the methods of the modern stage, and having ascertained its limitations and its possibilities, proved that there need be no more talk of a divorce between poetry and the drama.

When the last year of the century drew to an end, the outlook for the drama was strangely unlike that of a quarter-century earlier. Except in France, there was everywhere evidence of reinvigoration; and even in France there were not lacking playwrights of promise, like Hervieu. Perhaps everywhere, except in Norway, it was promise rather than final performance which characterized the drama; and yet the actual performance of not a few of the dramatists of the half-dozen modern languages was already worthy of the most serious criticism. Just as a clever playwright so constructs the sequence of his scenes in the first act that the interest of expectancy is excited, so the nineteenth century — in so far as drama is concerned — dropped its curtain, leaving an interrogation mark hanging in the air behind it.

Brander Matthews.

HIS DAUGHTER FIRST.

XV.

JACK put Mabel, Miss Gaunt, and the maid in the train at Forty-second Street, and Mabel kissed him good-by affectionately without a single pang of conscience. It did not occur to her that her father was seriously fond of Mrs. Kensett, and if he were that was no reason why Mrs. Kensett should invade her realm, or take her papa away from her. She wanted her papa, as she did most things, for herself. To like and to love were not by any means the same, and love at Jack's age was an utterly absurd and untimely emotion. Love belonged to youth. Mrs. Kensett, barely thirty-five, was one of the old people. It was almost incredible that papas and mammas could ever have been actors in that passionate, entrancing drama, so mysteriously real as depicted in books, so verging on the ridiculous as observed in life. At all events marriage at her papa's time of life was neither a drama nor an idyl. It was a scheme, a design, a convention, in whose arrangement the principals were not the only parties to be consulted. Being disposed to scheme herself, she saw schemes in the most innocent events; and being confident of her power to twist Jack about her finger for innocent purposes, it was natural to impute the same power with evil designs to Mrs. Kensett. Poor, dear papa!

At the last moment Jack had given her a letter, a long blue envelope of business-like appearance, encircled by a rubber band, addressed to Mrs. Kensett, which Mabel had observed at once was unsealed.

"Mrs. Kensett's quarterly accounts are in here," Jack had said, "and I will let you hand them to her. You won't forget them, will you?"

VOL. XCI. — NO. 546.

"Do I ever forget things, papa?" said Mabel, putting the letter in the pocket of her dressing-case.

"No, you are a pretty reliable little girl." He was kissing her good-by. "You take your days of grace, but you pay your notes when they are due."

"I do keep my engagements and my promises, do I not, papa?"

He wanted to ask her to be her very best with Mrs. Kensett, but he did not know exactly how to express it; there were strangers present, and he let it go.

There were others of the party in the same drawing-room car, and there was much excitement and talk. Little Constance Montrevel, a short, dark girl of twenty, of quiet manner, and with the unmistakable charm of race and breeding in her plain face, occupied a chair next Mabel, much to the latter's annoyance, who endeavored unsuccessfully to manœuvre her out of it in favor of Mr. Heald. "How stupid she is!" thought Mabel, for whom stupidity was often the obstruction of her wishes by unsuspecting people. She was the centre of all the conversation and gayety. One would have thought it was her party. She was making plans as if it were.

"You don't know the house, Constance. I do. The drawing-room is perfect for charades, or a play. There are two pillars near the end just right for a curtain. Don't you think it would be nice to have a play, Mr. Heald? Then there's a lovely winter garden. I do so love extraordinary things, palms and things from Africa — oh, and there's an African there, too — a real live one."

"Is he ebony, with ostrich plumes in his hair and rings in his ears?" asked Mr. Heald.

"How absurd you are! He's a cousin of Mrs. Kensett's, from the gold mines, too, — or perhaps it's diamonds.

— which is it they have in Africa, Mr. Heald? ”

“Both, Miss Temple. But they have no women to wear them. It’s an export trade.”

“Perhaps that is why he has come back. Constance dear, did you bring any of your lovely things? embroideries and laces, you know? I told you to. We must have one masked ball. Would n’t it be fun to invite the Westford people! I wonder if Mrs. Kensett will have any music. She always does things well. If she has, we can dance every night. There are lots of horses any way. I brought my riding-habit, — did you? ”

Helen was sitting beyond Constance in the seat next Mr. Heald. There were roses in her cheeks and on her lips, and many a line that painters love in her form. One looked at her and understood that all the flowers do not open in May. She was the oldest of the company except Mr. Heald, and there was nothing to indicate that she was not on equal terms with the others. Constance liked her because she was quiet and had a low voice.

The talk subsided as the train moved out of the station into the roar and darkness of the tunnel. Looking out of the window Helen saw herself reflected from the black pane in the light of the electric lamps, and she remembered the young girl who once passed through that same tunnel alone, on her way from Boston to her new position in the New York boarding-school. It was such a different face which stared back at her from under the black hat plumes, and in the recollections suggested by her backward look it possessed so strange an interest for her that she stole glances at it as at a stranger whom she could only watch when unobserved.

She was annoyed at Mabel, at her assumption of managing Mrs. Kensett’s affairs. Though it were only idle chatter it was bad taste, and under the circumstances inconceivable. But that did not astonish her so much as did her own

feeling of annoyance and criticism. She had been expecting momentarily some outburst on Mabel’s part, some coldness or irritation, indicating that Mabel *knew*. But except that her spirits seemed unaccountably high, almost forced, Mabel had shown nothing of the kind, and instead of exciting Mabel’s animosity Mabel was exciting hers. She had experienced, too, a new desire to be constantly near her, as if she expected every moment that Mabel would speak, that a crisis was coming. Sitting beside Mr. Heald, it seemed to her that this accidental fact could not escape notice, and she turned her revolving chair further away from him toward the window.

“How hot it is,” she said to Constance. “It makes one faint.”

“Do you wish my salts?” asked Constance, unclasping the tiny vinaigrette from her belt.

“Thank you. Would you mind exchanging places with me? I want to speak to Mabel.” Then she altered her mind. To change her seat was precisely what would attract attention. She would not be so silly. “No matter, I won’t disturb you. It’s of no consequence;” and turning to Mr. Heald she began to talk, drawing Constance into the conversation.

In the excitement of meeting and the bustle of starting Mabel had not noticed the occupant of the chair on her left. The conversation on her right was too distant for her to join in it without effort, and as the train drew out of the tunnel she occupied herself with studying her neighbor, whom she mentally pronounced extraordinary. Mabel’s eye for color did not approve of her costume, but she abandoned her investigations on discovering that a pair of lorgnettes were fixed upon her, and that she was under observation herself. So she drew a magazine from within her large Empire muff and settled herself to read. She had got as far as the illustrations when a grim, business-like voice said:

“Is not this Mabel Temple?”

Mabel lifted her violet eyes and somewhat freezingly assented.

"I thought so. I used to know your mother. I am Mrs. Frazer."

"Oh, are you?" smiled Mabel, unbending. "I did not know" —

"Naturally. You were in short dresses. But I knew you at once. You are the image of Gladys."

"Am I? I am glad of that. Did you know my mother well?"

"Thoroughly," said Mrs. Frazer.

Mabel was sensitive about her mother, and the incisive word disconcerted her.

"And a very lovely woman she was," Mrs. Frazer went on. "The last time I saw her was at a dinner she gave on the yacht at Newport. You were a little girl and had soiled your pink frock, for which you deserved a scolding which you did not get. Your father saved you."

Mabel's smile grew brighter. She had put down her magazine and was leaning forward with an eager expression on her face. One of the secrets of her popularity was her quick interest in the person with whom she happened to be talking. It was of no consequence who the person was or what she really thought. Her interest in what the Bishop was saying was no less intense than that with which she listened to her partner in the pauses of the waltz.

"Was I such a naughty child? Poor mamma!"

"All children are trying," remarked Mrs. Frazer. "You were no exception. Gladys was."

"Do tell me about her, Mrs. Frazer." She was about to say that her father never spoke of her mother, but refrained.

"You have only to look in your mirror to see her. You are her child, not your father's."

"It is wonderful, isn't it, to be a reproduction of some one. One always feels so different from every one else, in spite of what people say. I remember

distinctly differing from mamma on a good many occasions. It was papa who always agreed with me."

"Those whom we most resemble are the very ones who are most annoyed to see themselves reproduced," said Mrs. Frazer. "So your papa agrees with you, does he?"

There was an amused smile on her face, and Mabel blushed.

"I know what you are thinking of," she said; "I have been told you thought I was spoiled."

Mrs. Frazer laughed good-humoredly. "One must be on one's guard against indulgent fathers, dear. They may prove a great misfortune. Nothing makes one so selfish as to be the object of unselfishness." The smile faded out of Mabel's face, and Mrs. Frazer changed the subject. "All these people are going to Cedar Hill, I presume. Who is that pretty girl over there?"

Mabel's eyes followed the lorgnette. "That is Helen, Miss Gaunt. She used to be my governess."

"And now?"

"Now? She is living with us still as — as my friend. Perhaps I am imitating papa and spoiling her. Would you like to see?" Her chance had come at last. "Helen, dear," — at a sign from Mabel Helen left her seat, — "this is Mrs. Frazer, Margaret's mother, you know. Will you take my seat for a little while? She wishes to speak to you."

At last she had effected her purpose. She spoke in passing with those on the other side of the car, dropped into Helen's vacant seat, opened up a fire of conversation with Constance, allowed it to languish, and finally, offering her magazine to Miss Montrevel, leaned her head back on the high cushion of her revolving chair, and turned slowly to Mr. Heald.

"Come here, I want to speak to you."

She was looking straight before her out of the window.

At the sound of her imperious voice Mr. Heald, who had risen politely when she took her seat, sat down again and looked inquiringly into her half-averted face.

"Don't look at me so," said Mabel in a low voice; "look out the window. Do you see that little white house on the top of the hill? Look at that."

He leaned forward, resting his arms on his knees, and began to study the landscape as directed.

"Do you think I have no eyes?" said Mabel.

"I always said they were the most beautiful ones I ever looked into," he replied, obeying her injunction with difficulty.

Mabel's lashes closed for a moment and then opened again.

"Is that what you have been telling Helen?"

He made a quick, involuntary movement, but still obeyed her, keeping his eyes fixed on the little white house on the hill.

"I have been wanting to speak to you for some time," continued Mabel, "but you have either been invisible, — or inaccessible, of late."

"Is not that natural, Miss Temple?"

"You mean because I refused you? Perhaps. How long ago was that? Well, never mind, we have both forgotten, and it is of no consequence. What I wished to say to you, first, was that I asked Mrs. Kensett to invite you" —

"I am duly grateful, I assure you."

— "to Cedar Hill, in order that I might speak to you." She pronounced the words slowly and distinctly. "You have persistently avoided me since — since — I quite understand that. As you say, it is very natural. Then why did you ask papa's permission to call? Don't interrupt me. We'll say it was to save appearances, — yours, I mean. The first time, yes, — and the second, — but the third, last Thursday? Did you not see me making every effort to speak to you then? And at the Wen-

dells', Monday, did I not go out of my way to" —

"Really, Miss Temple, you do me too much honor."

A quick flash of scorn lighted up her eyes.

"How simple you are! or is it vanity? Do you think I am relenting?" And with a low ripple of laughter she turned her head on the other cheek toward Constance. Helen was still talking with Mrs. Frazer. Constance was fingering the leaves of the magazine. "They are clever, are n't they, — those drawings of *Vierge*?"

"Very," replied Constance.

Mabel turned back again.

"I intended to wait till we got to Cedar Hill, till I could speak more freely" —

"More freely!" he said ironically.

"Much more. But I will say this now, especially as you seem to be laboring under a misapprehension. I — will — not — have — you — play — with — Helen."

Her voice was low, but distinct with suppressed energy. Mr. Heald stopped playing with his gloves. Then he laughed softly.

"Are *you* going to play at governess too?"

"I am not playing at anything, and my relations with Helen are not the subject of discussion," replied Mabel quietly. "But since you have intimated that we have changed places I must correct you again. I am not taking Helen's place, she is taking mine, — the one I vacated."

"Are you speaking in her name, Miss Temple?"

"I do not require her permission to speak, and I shall not ask yours to speak to her, — to tell her, for example, how quickly you recover from despondency."

"Mabel!"

"Hush! Have you no control over yourself? I am not finding fault with you for you — your good spirits. You

gambled, and lost, and you are too old a player to complain, and the loss was n't worth suicide." The sneer in her tone hurt him more than her words. "Is that what you would have me understand? Very good. But — *don't trifle with Helen*. And don't consider me your enemy" — her voice softened a little — "on account of the — our past misunderstanding. I am not. I am only Helen's friend. There! the white house is gone. You may look at me now. What are you laughing at so, Constance? Do let me see. You don't mean to say you have found anything funny in " —

Mr. Heald broke in savagely: "We shall speak of this again," he said, rising.

"Yes, do," said Mabel, sitting up and pulling down the shade. "Are you going to smoke? When you come back we will talk it all over." She gave him one of her bright smiles and turned to Constance.

It was no time or place for defense, explanation, or discussion, and Mr. Heald knew how to wait. He went forward into the buffet car, found a seat by himself in the small compartment, and called for a whiskey and soda.

There were others of the Cedar Hill party in the same car, one of whom presently came to ask him to make a fourth hand at whist. But he declined. Mabel's sudden attack had completely confounded him. He was out of sorts with himself, and therefore with the rest of the world. But his opinion of her had risen immensely. What nerve the girl had!

He was not given to the self-analysis and retrospection which lead to weakness and indecision. He always charged off the past to profit and loss. The future was the real asset. But the past sometimes holds the key to the future, and then deserves consideration. Nerve, and insight too! It made him smile to think of it. No one had ever called him a gambler before, or had had any reason

to, in the literal sense of the word, since one day when he lost five thousand pounds and his ranch on the turn of a card. He had never touched one since. There were easier and surer ways of making money. He had tested the fallacy of growing up with a new country. The place to make money is where money is. But Mabel was right. She had called him by name, and he always admired any one who hit the nail squarely on the head. He *was* a gambler. Not by profession or of the coarser sort, but by nature, and with instincts suited to the times. The times were sordid and commonplace, and money-making, like everything else, had degenerated into a mean trade. But if he had been born a hundred years earlier he might have been holding up travelers on the high-road, or cruising on the high seas with a black flag at the masthead, the dread of all gentry with gold sewed in their belts and — the devil take it! that was his weakness — a very prince of courtesy to the fair sex. He smiled at the picture as he rolled a fresh cigarette. It brought him back to Mabel with renewed admiration. If the old days were back again, when the art of transferring money from one's neighbor's pocket to one's own was practiced by barons living in castles, he would like to be the knight to wear her scarf on his lance. And here he was leading Germans and trading in curb stocks! It amounted to the same thing in the end, but it was not picturesque. Yes, she had a cool head and a lot of will. Who would have thought it, behind those violet eyes!

What was she driving at any way? She had refused him squarely, with such light-heartedness as to have deprived his advances of all seriousness. For that he had been grateful at the time, a little disappointed, — it was a good chance lost, — but she had not made him feel that he was mercenary. There was no sting in her answer, and on his part no resentment. It was an open door, carelessly shut, and he had passed on.

Now he felt as if he were a book cleverly read from cover to cover and laid aside not to be opened again. He admired her now, and with admiration came an exasperating sense of humiliation. She had described the situation exactly. He had seen an unusually big prize, an only child, with a wonderfully beautiful face and figure, and millions in prospect. And he had been fool enough to ask for these, as though they were the only stakes in the game! One thing was certain: she was very clever, and she had a heart. He had absolutely misjudged her.

And she had opened the book again — why? Why had she invited him to Cedar Hill? Merely to tell him that she was Helen's friend? If she were really and only that, why did she not warn Helen instead of him? It was true she had threatened to, but she had not done so yet. Such pure philanthropy was incredible. Could it be that she was jealous, that she was calling him back? Or was she just ugly and officious? The first hypothesis was more pleasing than the second, — but there was Helen. A demure little schoolmistress with a pretty face and not a penny. He had not seen her at first at all. He was not looking for pretty faces and empty pockets. And then, his venture in holding up the coach having proved a failure, in his confounded folly for gallantry he had paid a compliment to the loveliness of one of the passengers, — for she was lovely, — who had mistaken compliments for love and romance for reality. Strange! that a tinsel flame should light the fires in the quiet depths of Helen's serious eyes, and that he should have thought there were no depths or seriousness in the others.

Whether under the influence of the whiskey and soda or the vision of Helen, he began to wander from the fixed moorings of sensible thinking down the current of dreaming. There were women so hungry that they were willing to give everything for nothing. Yet it was

something, to take a woman who had nothing but herself to give, a homeless waif in the street as it were, cold and lonely and starving, and satisfy her, make himself the source of all her happiness, enthrone her. Could he really love her, and would he, after she was enthroned? He pulled himself together with a start. No, he might be a gambler, but he was not a sharper.

The truth was he had entered upon a course of conduct without attaching any importance to it, or giving any thought to its consequences. He was angry, compassionately angry, with Helen for her simplicity; and he was angry, regretfully angry, with Mabel for appearing in the second act after having expired in the first. He was afraid that he understood Helen only too well. He was resolved to understand Mabel better, and he threw away his cigarette with this determination.

The train had just stopped, and the dining-car was being put on. He went out upon the platform and was among the first to enter it, appropriating a corner table, set for two. It was at the forward end of the car behind the open corridor door, and was necessarily passed by all who came in. Mabel was among the last. He pushed the door aside when he saw her, and offered her his seat.

"For me?" she said, "how nice of you! I like corner seats where I can see every one."

She was always at her ease, an ease which, as he had reason to know, could provoke an unwarranted assurance, or keep him, as now, at an uncomfortable distance. If one had not known Gladys one would wonder how so young a girl had acquired it. Being inherited, it bore no resemblance to the acquired, artificial article. But he was resolved on forcing her hand.

"You don't mind continuing our conversation?" he asked, putting her muff and magazine in the rack overhead and sitting down opposite her.

"Indeed no. On the contrary, I want to."

She was taking off her gloves, watching the other members of the party as they took their seats. Helen and Mrs. Frazer were at the farther end of the car. She exchanged a smile with Helen, laid her gloves beside her plate, and took up the menu.

"Bouillon, of course," she exclaimed, "always bouillon! No, I don't want any" — to the waiter. "How they do hurl the courses at you! like the night advertisements in Madison Square, and snatch them away as quickly. What time do we arrive at Westford? Do you remember?"

"I think it is about three hours. We left New York at noon. That would make it three o'clock."

"You have never been there?"

"No, this is my first visit, thanks to you."

"Is it? Why, I thought you and Mrs. Kensett were old friends. Perhaps I ought not to have asked her to invite you."

"I hope you are not regretting it already."

"No. Are you? I thought you would think it very nice and friendly in me, after our little quarrel."

"Are you never serious, Mabel?"

"Why should you think I am not serious? At least I am always serious about serious things. When was I not? Is n't the fault yours — that you do not take me seriously?"

"I took you seriously once, and I thought I understood you then. I don't understand you now."

She laughed. "The question seems to be which can understand the other first. That is quite true — in a way. You will admit though that I have not asked you any questions, I only gave you a warning. I suppose it is difficult for you to appreciate my feelings toward Helen, — and that puzzles you. You think of her as she used to be, as what she thinks she is, — my governess.

But, you see, you are both mistaken. She is not looking after me, I am looking after her. She is quite a child. It is really very extraordinary how little age counts. She learns some things with much more difficulty than I used to learn the lessons she gave me, and she does not forget her lessons as easily as I do mine. You must understand this, first, about Helen, that she is a mere child; and then this, about me, that I am fond of her, — more fond of her than she has any reason to be of me. That is what I wished to say to you, and that is all I think I am called upon to say. If you are as serious as I am you need not fear my interference."

He was looking at her while she spoke, but nothing in her face belied her frankness. It was not a frankness, however, which told him what road to take. It left him at the crossways. He felt the constraint of their surroundings and wished he had waited.

"I suppose I ought to be grateful to you," he said, "even though you are actuated solely by your interest in Miss Gaunt."

He paused, looking straight into her eyes.

"Yes?" she said, as if expecting him to go on.

"But are you not drawing inferences from rather slender premises?"

"I think not."

"In certain circumstances," he hazarded, feeling his way carefully, "a man does not know what he is doing."

A kindly smile came into her eyes.

"Yes, exactly. Sometimes, in pique, or desperation, we do what cannot be undone as easily as what was done in seriousness. And then, you know, we misunderstand each other so dreadfully. Perhaps I spoke too impulsively a little while ago. But I really meant nothing that was not friendly."

"Friendly to whom?" he thought. "To him, or to Helen?"

She had gathered up her gloves and was looking out of the window with

something indecisive and appealing in her face.

"Mabel." She did not appear to hear him. "Mabel," he repeated, "don't you know we can never be — friends."

She turned and looked at him, another little vanishing smile in her eyes, like a lip's quiver.

"Perhaps we can, after years and years," she said. "Friendship is a very slow-growing plant, you know, — not like the other. And if you are so sure it cannot live you must not call me Mabel." And then the smile became an ordinary one. "Will you give me my muff, please? And will you come over with me to Mrs. Frazer's table? I want to introduce you. We can have our coffee there with them."

XVI.

As she had anticipated, Mabel found that she and Helen were to share the same room. There was a small parlor opening out from it, and both rooms bore evidence to a thoughtfulness not to be attributed to servants' hands. She had anticipated that also.

Shortly after their arrival tea and deliciously hot toast were served in the parlor, and on leaving the tray the butler had announced dinner for eight o'clock. There was no luxury Mabel loved more than time, and after tea and a refreshing bath, while Helen and her maid Marie were emptying the trunks and putting things in order, she sat in the deep easy-chair before the parlor fire, lost in thought. There were two whole hours yet before she need think of dressing. Her writing materials had just been arranged on the table near her, and this reminded her of the letter for Mrs. Kensett. As the envelope was unsealed she felt no compunction in opening it. It contained a smaller envelope, also unsealed, and another closed, and endorsed "Mrs. Kensett's Statement,"

with the date. The note in the former read as follows: —

MY DEAR MRS. KENSETT, — I am sending you by Mabel the usual statement for this quarter. It contains nothing to which I need call your attention. According to what I understood from Paul to be your wish, all the proceeds of the sale of the Argonaut stock, except the original net cost of your share thereof, has been credited to the person named in the remaining certificates, and converted into four per cent registered bonds which I hold subject to further orders. As your account showed a large idle balance I have reinvested a part of it as per memorandum herewith.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN TEMPLE.

Mabel returned the note to its envelope with the reflection that it was very like papa, and lapsed into thought.

What a queer person Mrs. Frazer was! She rather liked her, she was so brusque and refreshing. What was it to be spoiled? There was Helen, working away in the adjoining room. She was always doing something. Was it true that unselfish people made others selfish? Things got done somehow, just as they were being done now in the next room, if one left them to others. The only spoiled persons she knew among her acquaintances were either bad or sour, like spoiled fruit or cream. She was neither of these.

"Helen dear, are n't you tired? Do come in and sit down."

"Yes, in a minute."

Mabel went to the door and looked in. Her evening dress was laid out on the bed, her stockings and slippers on the chair beside it. The toilet-table glittered with the array of her silver, and Marie was hanging the last skirt in the wardrobe. There did not appear to be much to do.

"You are all through, are n't you?" she said.

"Almost," replied Helen. "But I have n't had my bath yet."

Mabel had not thought of that, and returned to her chair.

Above the fireplace hung an old Venetian mirror with beveled edges and figures sunk in intaglio on the back. Mabel's eyes rested on it admiringly. It was an exceedingly good specimen. And the Dresden china clock on the mantel was unusually pretty too, much prettier than her own. She might have thought the same thing had the two changed places. She had a keen appreciation for good things, but the pleasure they afforded began to diminish immediately after possession.

What was it to be spoiled? The thought came back persistently. She certainly had not spoiled Helen. She remembered her as she was when she first came to Gramercy Park. How awkward and prim she was then, with her conscientious efforts to instruct and discipline! No, Helen was decidedly improved. She was more at her ease, dressed better, spoke better French, was in every way happier. And all this was due to her — Mabel. If her father had had his way Helen would be a faded little old schoolmistress, or darning the family stockings in Boston. There was such a thing as being spoiled by success, however.

A knock at the door roused her from her reflections. It was only a servant who came to remove the tray. She gave him the envelope with the request that it should be delivered at once to Mrs. Kensett, and then began a note to her father announcing her safe arrival and the delivery of his letter. This occupied her but a moment, and she sat down again before the fire. She thought of her papa's visit to the Vixen, and wondered whether he would remember to order the new deck awnings. She thought of his Christmas alone, and wondered what her Christmas presents would be. He always gave her something handsome. He was generally at

a loss to know what it should be, and on the alert for any chance suggestion as to what she most wanted, and she wondered which of several hints furnished him through Helen and other roundabout channels would bear fruit. She wondered, too, who would take her out to dinner. And then, having exhausted lesser things, — she knew that they *were* all lesser things, so many decoys with which she was endeavoring to divert her mind from something else, — she got up and went into the other room, inspected it again carefully, and returned once more to her chair. She had always known what she wanted, her own mind. And she had commonly had her own way. If she was not, like Helen, transparent to others, she at least understood herself, which was a long step toward conquering obstacles presented from without. A good deal of will and a little tact did the rest. Now there was something *within*, something distinct and different from her old self, something disconcerting, vague, powerful, beyond her control, like a poison taken unawares. It was as if into her house of life had entered a stranger, whose presence she felt and was seeking to avoid, who was disputing her sovereignty and confusing her plans. It was worse than being thwarted, this not knowing any longer what she wanted. At all events she did not want to think, and with a glance at the clock she was about to begin her dressing when there was a knock on the door, and to her surprise Mrs. Frazer appeared.

"I am making a tour of inspection to see that all you young people are properly taken care of," she said. "May I come in?"

"Do, Mrs. Frazer, do!" cried Mabel. "We could not be more comfortable. Mrs. Kensett always makes one feel at home."

"Yes, it is the only house I ever visit. I dislike visiting, and visitors. This turning of one's house into a hotel

is not to my taste. I am going to sit down with you for a few minutes before dressing, if you do not mind."

Society just then was a distinct relief to Mabel, and the interruption to her thoughts most welcome. Besides, ever since Mrs. Frazer had told her that she had known her mother she had wanted to talk with her again about Gladys.

"You will excuse my dressing-gown, won't you, dear Mrs. Frazer?"

"Yes indeed, child. And you will allow me to have my cigarette with you?"

She seated herself in Mabel's comfortable chair and produced a jeweled case from her pocket.

"It is a very tyrannical habit," she said, "and very offensive to many people's prejudices. But I do not mind disturbing their prejudices if I do not disturb their comfort."

She shook with a little soundless laugh as she spoke, in which Mabel joined. There was a suggestion of motherhood about this childless woman which Mabel felt, perhaps the more quickly because she was motherless. She pulled the footstool from under the table and sat down at Mrs. Frazer's feet.

"I always admired your mother," Mrs. Frazer continued, "for her consideration of others. It was perhaps an art, but we do not criticise motives and methods when the results are so satisfactory."

"I like to have you speak of my mother," said Mabel. "No one ever does, because — no doubt they think" — she turned her face away thoughtfully — "it would be a painful subject to me."

"You refer to the circumstances of her death, I suppose," said Mrs. Frazer bluntly.

"Yes."

"Have you never spoken with your father of them?"

"Never. There are some subjects of which I should never dare speak with papa."

"You must remember, dear, that your father is thirty-five years older than you. We old people sometimes manage to share our children's lives, but we never really share ours with our children. We understand you because we have been children ourselves, but you cannot understand us till you have replaced us. You should not misjudge your father. We cannot talk of the serious things of experience with those who have not had any."

Marie came in to draw the shades and light the candles.

"I like the firelight best," Mabel said interrogatively, and Mrs. Frazer assented. "Is n't it possible you do not understand us as well as you think you do?" She had closed the door into the bedroom and was standing by the window, talking to the world inanimate slowly retreating into the shadows. "Experience must begin some time. We have perceptions at any rate, and we do a good deal of quiet thinking." Then she came back to her stool and looked up into Mrs. Frazer's face. "Silence implies" — she hesitated — "I want to ask you a question. Was mamma to blame? I don't believe it, but I want to know."

"My dear," replied Mrs. Frazer, looking down into the upturned eyes, "you ask a very difficult question. The machinery of justice in this world is a very clumsy affair. It is quite necessary, but it mangles one dreadfully, and I never set it in motion if I can help it."

"But one *must* have justice," remonstrated Mabel. "Is it impossible to answer my question? Is it because you cannot, or because you do not wish to?"

"There are very few questions which can be answered by a yes or no. That your mother was to blame in any harsh sense of the word — no. But we sometimes, especially at your age, step beyond our depth, and then the question of responsibility becomes a very delicate one. What we do in the surprise and

terror of finding that we have lost our foothold and cannot swim is one thing, what we do before is another."

"But we do not know or realize beforehand."

"No, we are impulsive, or thoughtless, careless of consequences, most often inexperienced. But the world will tell you that when you steer in from the open sea under the headlands you cannot make sudden squalls an excuse, or plead that you did not see them coming. They are to be expected,—like holes in one's stockings. That is why we old people are forever preaching caution. It is very disagreeable in us, and very tiresome, to be continually searching the skies for storms which may never come. But then, you have your own barometer,—consult that."

"What barometer?" asked Mabel.

"Some people call it conscience. You do not like the word, do you, dear?" Mrs. Frazer touched the bent head with her plump hand.

"I don't object to it," said Mabel.

"Nor I. We must not take too narrow a view of it. It indicates far more than duty, and is not a mere whip. It indicates danger. One should think of it as a friendly counselor who warns us, as our other senses do, of hot coals or bad odors. The important thing is to keep it in the sun, and above all—read it yourself. Don't let others consult it for you. The last thing I should ever attempt would be to tell you what you ought to do. What a pretty dressing-gown you have on, dear. Where did you get it?"

"Marie made it," said Mabel absent-mindedly. She was playing with the rings in her lap.

"She must be a treasure. Dear me!" as the clock on the mantel chimed seven. "Is it so late? Punctuality is my one virtue. I can't slip into a dress as quickly as I used to. Good-by, dear." And at the door—"I rather think we shall get on well together."

Mabel's face brightened in assent, and the door closed.

"Whom were you talking with?" asked Helen, coming in from her bath.

"Mrs. Frazer. She is queer, is n't she? But don't you find her rather nice? You had a long talk with her in the train."

"I thought she was somewhat inquisitive," replied Helen.

"Inquisitive? About what?"

"Oh, about everything."

"Can't you be more specific? Did you give me a good character?"

"She did not refer to you. She asked me about myself and my family."

"She was not inquisitive with me at all," said Mabel. "I could get nothing out of her." She had rung for her maid, and Marie was dressing her hair. "She is n't a bit like Margaret. You and Margaret will like each other, I am sure."

"Don't *you* like Miss Frazer?"

"Why, yes, in a way. She is one of those persons who holds herself aloof,—very sweet and gracious, you know, but always just so far away."

"And you think I succeed with persons of that description, do you?" laughed Helen.

"I think you succeed with most any one—when you try." Helen turned and looked at her. "You made quite an impression on Mrs. Frazer. She told me she thought you were very pretty."

"Nonsense," said Helen, coloring.

She was dressing her hair at the toilet-table beside her bed, and Mabel from her chair before the pier-glass saw the color come. It was not the flush of annoyance, but of self-satisfaction and superiority,—at least Mabel thought so, and in her nervous condition Helen's silence and tranquillity irritated her. Was there any reason for it? She was resolved to know. She *must* know.

"You may come in twenty minutes, Marie," she said to the maid when her task was finished; "at twenty minutes to eight."

She sat for a moment before the glass after Marie had gone, adding a personal touch here and there to her hair, and then resumed the conversation where it had ended a few minutes before.

"I think so too."

"Think what?" asked Helen.

"That you are very pretty." Helen's heart began to beat. Mabel was not given to praising her. But she went on dressing in silence. "I have thought so myself," pursued Mabel; "these last two weeks especially."

Helen turned again, and this time caught Mabel's eyes in the glass. She tried a disdainful smile of superiority to such nonsense, but failed.

"Why don't you tell me all about it, dear?" exclaimed Mabel suddenly, wheeling about on her chair.

"About what?" said Helen, with an effort at indifference.

"Or don't I inspire confidence?"

Helen made another ineffectual effort at apathy. "Not when you talk in riddles."

Mabel got up and went over to where she stood, with the impulse to put her arms about her and kiss her into confession. But she did not. She sat down instead on the edge of the bed where she could look up into Helen's face. Her curiosity was not purely disinterested, and the consciousness that the sincerity of her caress depended too much upon what Helen should say checked her.

"Have n't we lived together long enough to warrant a little frankness?"

Helen felt her presence of mind deserting her, and said the first thing that came to her lips.

"You are not very frank with me, Mabel."

"Not frank with you! Why, what have I to be frank about? No one is in love with me. You foolish girl! It is perfectly plain that Mr. Heald is paying you marked attention." The color rushed up again like the waves of a rising tide. "You cannot deny that.

And I am tremendously interested — tremendously. I want to know all about it. Why should you be so shy? Has he — spoken to you?"

"No — not exactly," said Helen. She would have unburdened herself in a moment but for the haunting suspicion that her position was not secure.

"Not exactly!" echoed Mabel, bursting into laughter. "I really believe you are turning into a finished coquette, Helen. But you certainly are not a worldly person. Everything depends upon whether you love him — do you?"

"He has n't asked me," said Helen, wavering.

It was all clear now, but Mabel went on. "He will, if you let him — do you?"

"Please don't say any more, Mabel. You torture me. I don't wish to speak of it — I don't know."

"Well I do, and if you wish to know yourself I will tell you how you can — just suppose you could not have him."

She might have said the words so gently, so reassuringly, as to have helped one in difficulty to a better knowledge of self; but they were not meant so. She knew they were cruel, and felt a certain keen pleasure. The color went from Helen's face, and a scared look came into her eyes. She saw Mabel, with her beauty, her millions, and her daring, and a miserable feeling of her own nothingness swept over her. She despised herself for it, and for the terrifying discovery that she could not despise *him*. Yet she wanted Mabel to go on now, to have it over. But with one of those sudden changes of mood which alter the whole tone of a conversation, Mabel exchanged the rôles.

"I did not mean to torture you, Helen. I did not know the subject was one which ever did torture. Perhaps, some day, you will deign to enlighten me — with the rest of the world."

It was Mabel's way to unexpectedly and illogically convert herself into the aggrieved party. Helen had had expe-

rience with it before, and had determined again and again not to yield to it. But she always did, and succumbed once more to the old spell.

"Mabel, dear," she said tremulously, sitting down beside her on the bed and putting her arms round her, "don't speak so. I could be happy — very happy — if I knew you were." She had not intended to say so much, but when her presence of mind deserted her she always said more or less than she meant to.

"If I were!" repeated Mabel, growing rigid.

"I mean," said Helen, feeling the chill, "I thought that once" — she drew back as she spoke but plunged on — "that at one time he — that you" —

For the one brief moment in which Helen was struggling with words Mabel kept still, her lips tight, her eyes fixed, a figure of stone. Then with a desperate effort she pulled herself together.

"That I would not approve. You thought that. Why should you? You have not got to consult me." Marie was knocking at the door. "Yes, Marie, come in" — for Marie was hesitating on the threshold. "We shall be late if you do not hurry, Helen."

Bewildered, Helen sat down before her dressing-table again. Were all her fears, then, so foolish? She was conscious of Marie's eyes, and her fingers bungled.

"Go and help Miss Gaunt, Marie," said Mabel; and Marie, who saw that something had happened, tactfully endeavored to supply the conversation.

At last they were ready.

"Come, it is striking eight," said Mabel.

In the corridor, outside the door, before they went down, she caught Helen's hand and pressed it tightly. "You silly girl! If Reginald Heald asks you to marry him, and you consent, I shall be" — she hesitated for the right word — "delighted — simply *delighted*."

It was the conditional mood, but in

the wave of relief which swept over her Helen did not notice it, and she returned the pressure of Mabel's hand with a light-heartedness she had not known for days.

XVII.

The Bishop stood at the farther end of the drawing-room with Mrs. Frazer, as Dolly received her guests. He had been at Lemington selecting a site for the new church with Professor Fisher, and needed no urging to accept the invitation to dinner. Miss Fisher, who was not at ease on formal occasions, had managed to find an excuse satisfactory to her conscience, strict truthfulness being always her first consideration. Her brother, never anything else than at home on all occasions, accompanied the Bishop "with the greatest pleasure."

There was a momentary hush as Mabel entered the room, the involuntary pause a lovely rose compels when one walks through a garden. She was radiantly beautiful, and to those who, like Helen, knew her in her unbending, willful moods, the air of distinction and sovereignty she assumed with an evening dress was always a source of fresh surprise and admiration. The Bishop, who respected all powers, human and divine, and never failed to claim the paternal right associated with his office, went forward to pay his homage and assert his spiritual relationship after she had greeted Dolly; then he returned to Mrs. Frazer's side at what might be called the throne end of the room, which he occupied in what Mabel styled his monumental capacity.

"They are wonderful things, youth and beauty," he said to Dolly, as he gave her his arm and they followed the others down the broad stairway. "'To be young,' as the poet says, 'is very Heaven.'"

It was not very complimentary, Dolly thought, but she smiled, feeling it true.

"How many secrets lie in the hearts of all these roses," Mrs. Frazer was saying to Paul, with whom she led the way into the dining-room.

"I wish they were all as happy ones as mine," he replied.

"Yours!" she retorted contemptuously; "try to pay me a little more attention, or it will be out before the evening is over. You forget I am an important personage for you hereafter."

Mabel had taken Mr. Heald's arm with an inward approval of Mrs. Kensett's arrangements and the outward hauteur she kept in reserve for certain situations, checking the expression of his good fortune with the remark that that depended upon what use he made of it.

She sat on Dolly's right beyond the Bishop, and made the latter her ally by listening with unaffected interest to all the plans for worthy students with which he was at the moment occupied.

"And where is your father?" he asked, looking down the table as though he expected to see him.

"Papa?" said Mabel. "He is having his holiday. You see, I am away, and to-morrow he will be on the deck of the Vixen."

"He is not cruising in winter," said the Bishop, sipping his sherry.

"Oh no, he is only getting ready to. He loves to smell tar and ropes. I have been trying to persuade him to buy a steam yacht. I like to be sure of getting where I am going to. But he prefers to battle with the elements. He says a steam yacht is nothing but a hotel. Are you fond of the water, Mrs. Kensett?" she asked, bending forward and speaking over the Bishop's plate.

"I am fond of it, but I am afraid of it. I should prefer the steamer, as you do, though I fear my reasons would do me less credit than yours."

"Papa is so absurdly fond of the Vixen," continued Mabel. "She is my one rival in his affections."

"One!" exclaimed the Bishop, play-

ing with his glass. "And how many has he in yours?"

"Absolutely none, my dear Bishop," laughed Mabel.

"Ab actu ad posse valet consecutio," he replied, returning her smile.

"Are you saying something nice or horrid? Helen," called Mabel, leaning forward again and speaking to Helen, who sat beyond Mr. Heald, "do help me. The Bishop is talking Greek."

"Latin, my dear young lady, Latin," interposed the Bishop. "I was only saying that it was safe to argue from what has been to what will be."

Helen was not so proud of her dead languages as formerly, but smiled brightly as Mr. Heald whispered, "Latin for the Romans!"

"I can't draw such fine distinctions," declared Mabel.

It amused the Bishop greatly to hear the difference between Greek and Latin called a fine distinction, and he repeated Mabel's remark, first to Dolly and then to the Professor sitting opposite him. The Professor, not being gifted with a sense of humor, after pondering over the subject and vainly endeavoring to join in the conversation, resolved to ask Mabel on some more favorable opportunity what her point of view was.

Notwithstanding several pleasant things said at dinner, Helen found the effect of Mabel's reassuring declaration in regard to Mr. Heald wearing away with the evening. There was a pause, if not a change, in his manner. She reminded herself that she had herself insisted upon the pause; but women do not always expect to be taken at their word, or, at least, to be obeyed so literally as to make it difficult for them to change the countersign. She possessed none of Mabel's skill in manœuvring, nor any desire for it, but she did find mere courtesy unsatisfying. Nor was it pleasant to feel that if he was giving her more than her due of table-talk, it was because Mabel was neglecting him.

When the men came into the drawing-room Mr. Heald managed to get in his few words of private conversation with Dolly.

"Under ordinary circumstances, my dear Mrs. Kensett," he said, "I should not have presumed to offer you my advice, but having been honored by your confidence at the outset, I felt I could not exaggerate my responsibility. To be quite frank, my own confidence is as great as ever; but there will very likely be a period of exploration during which the market value of the stock would naturally decline. My only reason for asking you to regard my advice as confidential was the wish to explain to you in person that it was founded on excess of caution, — nothing more."

"I quite appreciated your suggestion," said Dolly. "It was very thoughtful of you, but the stock had been already sold."

"Already! you have the true *flair* of the speculator."

"Oh no, Mr. Heald, that is the last thing I aspire to. Mr. Temple, who is my business adviser, thought it more prudent" —

"Quite right, quite right," rejoined Mr. Heald. "Mr. Temple's judgment is excellent."

Dolly thought he seemed annoyed, but the subject had lost interest for her, and she allowed it to drop.

"Come," she said, taking him over to the group where Paul was standing, "we are to have a toboggan party tomorrow morning. You must help me arrange it."

Paul had been possessed all the evening by the vague conviction that he had seen Mr. Heald somewhere before, — one of those convictions which lead nowhere, but will not be shaken off. He had talked with him after dinner, but the conversation had yielded no clue. He said to himself that it did not matter whether he had seen him before or not, yet he went on pursuing the idea as one always does pursue a thought which

has broken away from all orderly connections. On coming in from the smoking-room he had been drawn by Margaret's presence to the circle near the conservatory door, but before reaching her side Mabel intercepted him.

"Have you begun your observations?" she asked, as he came up. "Because I release you."

"My observations?" he repeated, not understanding her.

"I am glad you have forgotten. It was a very disagreeable and utterly impossible task I set you."

"I was going to ask you to let me off," said Paul, recollecting.

"Were you? why?" rejoined Mabel, becoming suddenly interested.

"Because, as you know very well, such estimates are not serious. One's eyes do not get in focus on so short an acquaintance. If I made a good report it would only count as flattery" —

"And if you made a bad one I should not believe it! But I was not thinking of myself at all when I asked you. I only wanted to know what your ideal was. For of course you would try me by some standard, real or imaginary. It is interesting to know what people's standards are."

"You are talking the wildest nonsense, child," broke in Mrs. Frazer. "If his standard is the ordinary one by which men judge women, we know beforehand what it is; and if it is the extraordinary one which he has discovered personified in the flesh, it would not interest us."

"Why not?" asked Mabel.

"Because no woman is ever flattered by the choice of another. As for eyes," she said to Paul, "there is nothing like a long acquaintance for getting them out of focus."

"What are you all talking about so earnestly?" asked Dolly, coming up with Mr. Heald.

"About people's judgments of us," said Mabel. "Which is the true one, Mrs. Kensett, — the acquaintance's,

whose eyes are not yet in focus, or the friend's, whose eyes have got out again?"

"That depends upon the judge," said Dolly simply. "We are not mere bundles of facts on which to base final opinions, but" —

"But what, Mrs. Kensett?" said Helen, who felt Dolly was struggling with a personal message.

"But bundles of possibilities in which one finds what one is looking for. You must ask the Bishop or Professor Fisher," she added, smiling, and calling herself back to her surroundings. "I have a much simpler proposition to make, — a toboggan party to-morrow after breakfast."

The music began in the conservatory while Dolly's proposal was under discussion, and a young attaché from Washington came to ask Mabel for the opening waltz.

"Don't you think, Mrs. Kensett," she said, as she took his arm, "it would be nice to have some charades to-morrow evening?"

"Yes indeed, I was thinking of it myself."

"Then you don't mind my suggesting it, do you?"

"Why certainly not, Miss Temple. It is exactly what I wish you to do."

Mabel left her partner's arm for a moment and laid her hand on Dolly's. "Please don't call me Miss Temple, Mrs. Kensett," she whispered. "I want to be Mabel to you."

Dolly was almost ready to believe that her troubles were of her own creation, or that Mabel had experienced a change of heart. Or did the girl seriously think that her admonition had been effective, and that she could heal the wound she had made by a little amiability? The thought sent a flush of pride and indignation to Dolly's face. As Mrs. Frazer had predicted, it was not so easy to put pride to sleep.

"She somehow contrives to get inside your defenses," said Mrs. Frazer

in a low tone to Dolly, as they watched the dancers from their chairs. "She is very like her mother, sensitive and arrogant, with a personality that manages to atone for its own offenses. The danger is that she is young, a child playing with fire, which is nothing unusual, and in any house but our own would be none of our concern."

Mabel went in to supper with the Professor.

"You were speaking at dinner of fine distinctions, Miss Temple," he began. "I wanted to ask you" —

"Was I?" laughed Mabel. "Very likely. I never make them. If I do I get lost in the fog directly."

"I do not quite understand your point of view. Distinctions tend to clarify."

"Are you a great friend of the Bishop's?"

"Why certainly," said the Professor, taken aback. "The Bishop and I" —

"So am I. But listen to his next sermon. He can split a color into so many shades you cannot tell black from white. After he has walked round and round and round a subject you feel positively dizzy."

"But one must analyze first in order to generalize afterwards."

"You must n't do either now if you want any supper," said Mabel, smiling into the spectacles, — and then a voice at her elbow set her heart beating.

"May I speak to you a moment, Miss Temple? Mrs. Kensett has asked me to arrange the toboggan party for to-morrow morning."

She knew from the tone and manner that this was only a pretext.

"Certainly," she said; and excusing herself to the Professor she rose and followed Mr. Heald.

"What is it?" she asked, a shade of anxiety in her words.

"I have just received a telegram from New York, and must go down at once. I shall try to return, to-morrow if possible, but I may have to go out

West, perhaps for a long time — on urgent business. I want to speak to you — *now*. I must. There is no one in the conservatory. Come."

It was less an entreaty than a command, and Mabel followed him again. In the few steps which separated them from the seat under the palms to which he led her a hundred thoughts rushed through her mind. Above all, that this man was going to sound her heart, tear away the veils, expose her. She struggled with herself for a plan of action, the plan she had not been able to form in leisure, and which would, in a few seconds, have to be acted upon. There had been a strange exciting pleasure in indecision, in saying *shall I* or *shall I not*. That was over. She must answer. Under all the indecision had been the reality, the truth. What was it? What was the horrible power which had prevented her from being true to herself?

He stood before her determined, as if done with obedience. She noticed the difference in the short interval before he spoke. She could have managed supplication better.

"Mabel!" He uttered the word passionately, the passion of authority and ownership. She did not resent it, she responded to it, against every effort of her will. It was the voice of her master, — she loved him. The veil fell from her eyes with his first word. But she met his without flinching. He thought it was her superb nonchalance. He would break through it.

"There is no time to waste in words, Mabel, — do you love me?"

Her eyes had not faltered or fallen.

"Answer me, — yes or no."

"Do you want the truth?"

"Nothing but the truth — this time."

"No."

It was a lie, and she knew he knew it, but it gained her a breathing-time.

"You said so once before and I believed you. I will not believe you now."

VOL. XCI. — NO. 546.

"What made you believe me then?" She was sitting rigid in the chair, her hands clasping the arms tightly.

"Because you made me. You cannot do it again."

"Yes, I know. I ridiculed you. I hurt your pride. Well — I did wrong. So did you. It would have been better if you had not believed me. Hush!" she cried to what she saw in his face, "don't speak! I *cannot* love you."

"Cannot!"

"Cannot and will not. I might." Her face was growing white, but she went on resolutely. "You have made it impossible."

"I?"

"You. If you want the truth you must give it. You have made Helen love you. Why, you know best. Do you know it, or not? Did you mean she should? want her to? which was it? No matter. I said I might love you, — I retract nothing — whichever it was. It is true. I might."

"Mabel," he cried, seizing her hands, "you *do*!"

For signs of lesser promise he would have taken her in his arms, but something in her attitude told him that she was out of his reach.

"Don't touch me. I said I *might*. You have made Helen love you."

"I have not," he said doggedly.

"Let that go. She does. She has told me. I don't blame you. We won't blame each other," — her voice had grown pitifully low, — "we will blame ourselves instead. I confess my share. When you asked me before I did not know — what I have learned in this chair — that I could love you. You asked me in the train if I was calling you back. If I was, I did not know it. I was jealous. I did not understand Helen then. Now I do. You asked for the truth. You ought to be satisfied."

She covered her face with her hands. He tried to drag them away from her eyes. He remembered doing so at an-

other time, with Helen, and almost the same words he had spoken then came to his lips again.

"Mabel," he pleaded, "do you think I will submit" —

She lifted her face with the old imperious light in it.

"Certainly. For one of two reasons. Either because" — her voice broke, she waited a moment, then went on — "because you care for me enough to do the only thing I shall ever ask of you, or because you love Helen, — it does not matter which."

"Mabel, you are mad, mad! Miss Gaunt has no right to" —

"Stop!" she cried, "I do not want to hear. You have *let* her love you. That is enough."

It was so true that for an instant he could say nothing. He took a few steps away, then came back again.

"You seriously mean that because in a moment of pique, of desperation, I paid a compliment to a woman I do not love, you will sacrifice the woman I do, our lives, to no purpose? Think what you are doing."

"I am thinking of what I will *not* do. I have promised Helen" —

"Promised her what? What was not yours to give. You can refuse my love and trample it under your feet, — you cannot give it to her. O Mabel!" he whispered, taking her cold hands in his warm ones.

She felt her courage going, the temptation to let go, not to struggle any more, an overpowering desire to yield, to shut her eyes and abandon herself to something stronger than sleep, sweeter than life. The thin, high note of a violin came from the door of the drawing-room, like a rifle-shot to a dreaming sentinel. She sat up as if indeed waking from a dream, every sense alert again. "Go — go — have you no pity!"

One minute more, he thought, and he would have conquered.

"Give me my gloves." The musicians were taking their seats at the farther end of the conservatory. They were no longer alone. He stooped for her gloves.

"You must give me this waltz," he said in a low voice. "It will give you time to recover yourself." She gave him a grateful look and nerved herself to face the lights.

The floor was crowded with dancers, and she gave herself up to the motion and music in a sort of trance, seeing no one.

"Take me to Mrs. Frazer," she whispered when it was over.

"A horrid dance," said Mrs. Frazer. "It takes one's breath away to watch it. You look positively giddy."

"I am," replied Mabel, fanning herself. "I shall not dance any more to-night."

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

(To be continued.)

SARAH BLAKE SHAW.

MOTHER of heroes she, — of them who gave
 Their lives to lift the lowly, free the slave.
 Through lengthened years two master passions bound:
 Love of our free land, and of all sweet sound.
 'T was praising her to praise this land of grace;
 And when I think on music — lo! her face.

R. W. Gilder.

THE SERVICE OF MAMMON.

THE Prince lay beneath the great purple beech, without covering of any kind, and still wet from the drenching spring rain of the night before. The maidens who had espied him in this sorry plight stood looking earnestly down into his face.

"What a queer stick," said Annabelle, who had seen him first.

Irene was older, and a specialist in fairy lore.

"It's an enchanted prince," she declared.

"How do you know?"

"Oh, *I know*."

The tone was convincing. And, besides, Irene understood all about these things. Annabelle's eyes grew round as she stooped nearer.

"You're lucky," said Irene, "to have found him. Some day, when he comes to his own, he'll give you everything you want." Then her tone changed to the dramatic.

"Your feet were guided hither by some mysterious fate," she announced.

When Irene's conversation ran in this vein Annabelle always trembled. It sounded exactly like the fairy books out of which Mercedes read to her.

Mercedes was her grown-up sister. Instead of graduating at school she had spent the winter in traveling with her mother, and she felt herself a woman of experience. But she and Annabelle were still great chums; and they both understood that the most pleasing fate that can befall any maid is to be carried off by a prince.

So now Annabelle looked eagerly at the enchanted stick.

"Shall I — take him, Irene?"

"Yes. And hurry. Here comes Miss Meeks." Annabelle stooped, slipped the Prince in her pocket, and rose hastily.

"What have you found, my dear?"

Miss Meeks's subdued, patient voice asked the question mechanically. As a governess she tried to do her duty.

"Oh, just a queer stick," spoke up Irene boldly. "Show it to her, Annabelle."

The Prince was exhibited.

"Why, what do you want that for?" queried Miss Meeks, taking him in her hand.

The children were silent.

"It is certainly an odd formation," the governess admitted, "and singularly like the human form. You will notice that the bark has been peeled off, and that the stick, discolored by exposure to the weather, looks almost as though covered by a parchment-like skin." As she spoke Miss Meeks held the Prince close to her near-sighted eyes, regarding him unblushingly. Therefore Irene giggled and poked Annabelle in the side.

When Miss Meeks had finished her inspection of the Prince's person she handed him back to Annabelle, and he was consigned again to his cambric prison.

As the girls neared the house a young man whirled past them on a wheel.

"That's the boy who brings the telegrams," said Irene.

Miss Meeks's pale face sharpened with interest, and she began to walk more briskly. When the three entered the house they saw Mrs. Thorndyke and Mercedes standing before the great hall fireplace, evidently re-reading the message just received.

Mercedes started and crushed the paper in her hand. Annabelle thought she looked half frightened and half pleased. Mrs. Thorndyke, however, seemed very happy. She smiled brightly at the two little girls, and held out her hand. They both ran forward.

"Have you a telegram, mamma?"

Irene asked. She seldom betrayed hesitation.

"A cablegram, my dear." Then turning to Miss Meeks, she said, "Mr. Stainford will be here sooner than we thought. He arrives in a few days."

"Who is he?" whispered Annabelle, pulling at Mercedes's hand.

A mischievous expression flickered across the girl's agitated face.

"He's my Prince," she answered, whispering also, "and maybe he'll carry me off some day."

But Mrs. Thorndyke heard. "Mr. Stainford," said she, "is a gentleman whom we met last winter while we were away, and he is coming here to visit us. Now run upstairs with Miss Meeks."

Irene, who had heard before of this Mr. Stainford, danced away like a sprite, divining more than she knew. And Miss Meeks, who was in Mrs. Thorndyke's confidence, fairly beamed.

But Annabelle walked gravely. She was wondering whether her sister was in earnest. If so, she was soon to see what a real prince was like. She would know into what manner of being the enchanted one she had found was to be transformed.

Up in the nursery Miss Meeks gave way to the pride and joy which swelled within her.

"So Mr. Stainford is coming!" she exclaimed, pronouncing the name reverently, as though it were a charm.

"Is he really a prince?" asked Annabelle, who had noted her sister's mischievous look.

"You little goose!" exclaimed Irene.

But Miss Meeks smiled complacently. "In the world of finance he is," she answered with emphasis.

"Will he give Mercedes a palace?" insisted Annabelle.

"He will indeed," said the governess. And the child was satisfied.

When Miss Meeks left the nursery Annabelle drew the Prince carefully out of her pocket and laid him on a chair.

"Where shall I keep him?" she asked Irene.

Irene glanced about quickly.

"In the doll-house," she said, with decision.

"But Éline and Alphonse" — began Annabelle.

"You little goose! What difference does that make? Put them somewhere else. Did n't I tell you he was a prince? Did n't I tell you that when he is released from enchantment he will give you everything you want? Of course you must give him the best you have, and that is n't nearly good enough."

She paused. The lore of a dozen books came surging to her assistance. She went close to Annabelle, whose eyes were full of tears.

"Through the devotion of a pure and lovely maiden — that's you, Annabelle — he will be changed from this miserable stick into a splendid prince. He will bend the knee before you; he will beg you to share his throne. He will carry you away to his palace on a milk-white charger."

Annabelle dried her tears. She dearly loved the good things of this world.

"Oh, will he!" she cried.

But Irene had whisked suddenly out of the room.

Annabelle smiled dreamily. She was not looking at the Prince, but out of the window. In fancy she could see the milk-white charger galloping away with herself and the Prince (a creature transformed) on his back. At the end of this wild ride was a shining marble palace. The Prince took her hand; he knelt before her; he led her within; liveried lackeys bowed low, — at this point her happy eyes turned to the Prince on the chair. They changed suddenly, yet she picked him up carefully, and laid him on her own soft pillow.

"You must be tired," she murmured, "but your room will soon be ready."

Then Annabelle went and knelt before her doll-house. Within were Éline and Alphonse, their baby and their ser-

vants. Éline and Alphonse were a very happy couple.

"My poor Alphonse! My poor Éline!"

There were tears in the big gray eyes; but the happy couple, who were sitting on the parlor sofa, smiled serenely.

"I'm going to fix a room for you and Alphonse and the baby on one of my shelves," she whispered to the lady. "You will have to give up your house and your servants for a time. A prince needs them."

The tears ran down her cheeks. Poor Éline! Poor Alphonse!

The Prince was soon laid to rest on eider down, beneath a lace coverlet; and Alphonse's finest clothes were selected for his use. But still his face wore the sneer, and Annabelle sighed as she turned away. However, that was the end of him, she thought, until morning. And she went to look in upon the happy couple in their new home.

They were still happy. Their faces were smiling above a plain cotton counterpane, and they met Annabelle's eyes reassuringly.

As she turned away, Irene bounced into the room, a chocolate candy in her hand.

"Hello! Where's the Prince?"

Annabelle pointed him out.

"Oh, you put him to bed, did you? And he has n't had any supper!"

"Is that for me?" asked Annabelle, eyeing the candy hungrily.

Irene tightened her lips.

"Yes," she said, "but of course you'll have to give it to the Prince. I'll put it here on the table by his bed."

Annabelle's mouth drooped.

"Must he eat?" she asked, a dismal foreboding upon her.

"Of course he must, goose! Do you want to starve him? Why, you must save all your sweeties for him. He would n't care for bread and milk and things like that."

The ever ready tears trembled on Annabelle's long lashes.

"All your sweeties!" The agony of such a tremendous renunciation overwhelmed her, and she wept helplessly.

And at supper that evening, with lips trembling and eyes glued to her pretty little mould of jelly, Annabelle explained to Miss Meeks that she did not want to eat her dessert just then. And Miss Meeks laughed indulgently.

"She thinks it's too pretty to eat right up," she said to Irene. Miss Meeks often wondered at herself for understanding children so well.

After supper Miss Meeks went to her own room — which connected with the nursery — and Irene followed her.

Irene had already explained to Annabelle that the Prince could not eat if any one remained in the room; and as she reached the door, she cast back a significant glance over her shoulder.

It said, "Now is your chance!"

So Annabelle rose sadly, put her plate of jelly on the table of the doll-house dining-room, and went out into the hall to wait.

Presently Irene came out of Miss Meeks's room and whispered to Annabelle that the Prince must have finished by this time. And Annabelle, who was an unsuspicious little soul, followed her sister meekly into the nursery.

The plate on the table of the doll-house dining-room was empty; the Prince was leaning back against his chair as though he had never stirred.

It was then that Annabelle began to hate the Prince. Gentle natures have a singular, slow, permanent way of hating. Irene, under like emotions, would have thrown the Prince out of the window and risked the consequences. But Annabelle undressed him carefully, and laid him under the lace coverlet. The happiest hour of Annabelle's changed day came when she felt herself rid of the Prince until next morning.

But one unforgettable night she awoke with a cry. Some one, something, had touched her! It lay beside her! Cold with terror she put out her

hand. It clutched the Prince. Then she shrieked aloud.

Irene, under cover of darkness, quivered a little, but she quickly assumed an innocent expression of countenance, lying with eyes closed, and so was ready for the coming of a light.

Miss Meeks heard Annabelle call, and came quickly to her side; she found the child cold and trembling, decided that she was ill, and straightway carried her off to the next room lest Irene suffer some contagion. Irene perceived that she had gone too far, and she blamed the Prince. She slipped out of bed, and laid hold upon him with no gentle hand.

"I've a mind to pitch you out of the window," she said irritably, as she put him back in his bed. "And I shall some day, too. You are getting to be a perfect nuisance!"

The Prince was not one to indulge in premonitions of fate. He showed no uneasiness at these words; and neither did he appear to note, the next morning, the peculiar gleam in Annabelle's eye when she returned to the nursery and looked in upon him.

She hated him! She hated him! The sweetness in her was all turned to gall; the gentleness to sullen determination. And she would get rid of the Prince whatever happened!

Thus Annabelle, the lovely and gentle, the innocent-eyed, tender-hearted Annabelle, was ready to do murder.

And still the yellow hair parted over her white forehead to fall in fat, smooth curls about the rose-petal face; her mouth still drooped wistfully; her eyes were limpid as of yore.

But in her heart was murder.

That day, however, brought no opportunity for dark deeds. Instead it brought a great joy.

In the afternoon Mercedes appeared in the nursery and told the little girls they were to come down to the dining-room for dessert that evening.

"Not *me*, Mercedes?" cried Annabelle.

"Yes, you too. I asked mamma."

"Why are we?" demanded Irene.

But Mercedes shook her head, and ran out laughing.

Annabelle was almost solemn in her joy. To her thought, any scene of evening festivity was part of a world entirely without her own, — a world of beauty and laughter and unimagined delights, wherein grown-up people disported themselves after little boys and girls were safely tucked away in bed for the night.

Therefore, when Annabelle entered the dining-room that evening, the gleam of candlelight and silver and glass mingled, for her, into a multitude of dancing fairy lights; while the lady at her father's right hand, radiant in low-cut bodice and pearls, did not for one instant suggest Mrs. Pointer Jones, who was quite plain in her street hat and gown.

But there seemed something strangely familiar about the young man between her mother and Mercedes; and only when her mother said, "Come here, my dear, and speak to Mr. Stainford," did she realize that this was Mercedes's Prince, and that she could not have seen him before.

Nevertheless, as she took the chair that John placed for her, she still felt that sense of mystified recognition, and kept her eyes fixed on Mr. Stainford.

"Don't stare so," murmured her mother, and Annabelle dropped her eyes quickly.

Then a strange thing happened. Instead of the face of Mr. Stainford she seemed to see that of her wooden Prince.

"Why, that is who he looks like!"

She did not really say the words aloud, but they flashed so clearly through her mind that for one dreadful moment she thought she had done so, and turned quite pale.

Yet no one paid the slightest attention. So she recovered from her fright, and the big gray eyes stole up again to rest upon the face opposite.

It drew up just like the face of her wooden Prince, making that twist about the mouth.

The skin had the same look. And so did the eyes.

But it could not be her Prince, because they had been expecting this one — still, when they were enchanted, you could not exactly tell about anything.

And even if he was not her Prince, *that was the way her Prince would look when he was released from enchantment.*

Mrs. Thorndyke did not notice that her little girl was staring again. In her own face a strange expression had come.

How young Mercedes looked to-night, — almost like a little girl playing at being grown up.

Her neck and arms, revealed by this first dinner gown, showed childish lines and hollows. Her eyes were misty with young wonder, — not radiant with love, — and her mouth kept wavering from wistful curves to an eager smile.

Mrs. Thorndyke's own eyes grew suddenly misty. And then she looked at Murray Stainford.

Would he understand? Surely he would! The appeal of this delicately unfolding womanhood must touch the heart of any man to reverence and tenderest devotion.

But the face of Mercedes's Prince did not betray exactly these emotions. And suddenly the great primeval instinct of protection surged up within the mother.

Her little girl! Her pretty Mercedes! Why, she was only a child, and this man —

She grew pale, and reached hastily for her glass of wine.

"How absurd!" she said to herself. "I shall have one of my attacks if I yield to this foolishness." And she crowded the feeling down.

Murray Stainford, meantime, had noticed her sudden pallor, and was wondering whether Mercedes inherited her mother's heart trouble.

"I've got to risk that, — but why does the brat stare so?"

The young man said it to himself. But Annabelle spoke aloud. She had not meant to in the least, but when his eyes met hers the words simply popped out.

"Are you going to give Mercedes a palace and everything she wants?"

She hoped she had not really spoken. But the sound of her own voice kept rolling around in the dreadful hollow of silence into which she found herself plunged. And through this silence peered the reproachful eyes of her mother, and the cold, dead eyes of Mercedes's Prince.

The latter presently turned his eyes upon Mrs. Thorndyke and said, with a certain, slow emphasis, —

"What a very clever child that is!"

Annabelle did not see the strange, spirited look Mercedes flashed upon the speaker; nor did she see her mother's wounded face. She could not see anything for the mist that swam in her eyes. And just as John set before her a beautiful red rose of strawberry cream she burst into tears.

For she had felt the meaning of Murray Stainford's voice, though she had not understood.

"Take her up to Miss Meeks, Irene," said Mrs. Thorndyke very gently. And Irene, inwardly raging, led her small sister away.

Annabelle was a goose, of course; but it was all the fault of that wretched wooden Prince. He was getting to be a perfect nuisance.

Suddenly Irene dashed ahead of Annabelle, and rushing into the nursery, shut the door with a bang.

When Annabelle stumbled in, still crying, Irene stood with her back to the window. Her eyes were shining triumphantly.

But she only said, "Well, the light's on, and I guess Miss Meeks will be coming in a minute, so I'll go back, now."

When she was alone, Annabelle sat down desolately. She felt disgraced,

though she scarcely knew why. It is the bitterest feeling of childhood.

It was some time before she remembered the wooden Prince and her suspicions concerning him. Of course it could n't be, — but her eyes became riveted on the doll-house; and a queer feeling crept over her.

Suppose Mercedes's Prince and hers really were the same!

She stole softly up to the doll-house and looked within.

The Prince was gone.

She could scarcely believe it, but there was the empty bed. And then the full measure of the Prince's iniquity became clear to Annabelle.

She had found him and cared for him, but no sooner was he released from enchantment than he had deserted her for Mercedes. She did not want his

palace, nor anything that was his; but the realization of such baseness filled her with horror.

"He is a bad, wicked Prince," she said aloud, "and I hate him!"

Just then the door opened.

"O Mercedes," gasped Annabelle, "your Prince is a bad, wicked prince, and I hate him, I do!"

The young girl paled a little.

"Why do you hate him, darling?" she asked, holding the child in her arms and looking straight into the clear gray eyes.

"Because he is bad," said Annabelle.

Mercedes only kissed her for answer, but the misty look was gone from her eyes and the wavering smile from her lips. It was as though some shimmering veil through which she had looked out upon the world had been torn away.

Virginia Yeaman Remnitz.

PHYLLIS ISLE.

LAPT in sunshine is the gleaming
Yellow beauty of the sand;
Every new tide sends it streaming
Up the edges of my land;
And I welcome it, as, hounded
Through the thickets of the sea,
It comes, delicately rounded,
Climbing up the banks to me.

I remember, where the thunder
Of the surges rolls afar,—
Where you see yon circling wonder
Of white sea-gulls on the Bar,
Rose the fairest of fair islands,
With its fretted miles of coast,
Whispering coves, and breezy highlands,
Chanting what my soul loved most.

Down the white keys musically
Ran the fingers of the tide,
And the woodland's inmost alley
Caught the echoes and replied.

All the island — far and lonely,
Until Phyllis made it smile —
Chanting Phyllis, and her only :
Hence I called it Phyllis Isle.

Named it Phyllis, and the amber-
Shining waters, evermore,
As they ran in sport to clamber
Up the pebbles on the shore,
And the wild sea-gulls, careening
On the forelands, saw it go,
And the hemlocks, long and leaning,
Sighed it to the waves below.

But the Death-king rode dividing
His black squadrons for assault,
And the clangor of their riding
Reached the high and heavenly vault,
And the awful thunder rumbled
Through the blackness of the shore,
Till the promontories crumbled
And the island was no more.

O the revels of wild devils,
When those legions in array
From the heights and slopes and levels
Tore my Phyllis dear away !
Earth beheld her prince of glories,
Angels saw their whitest fall ;
I with those green promontories,
And with Phyllis, lost my all.

Nothing of those days remaining
In the corridors of mind,
Save the passionate complaining
Of the wave and of the wind, —
Save a voice remote and yearning
From the hollows of the sea,
As the waste of sand returning
Brings my island home to me.

James Herbert Morse.

HY-A-A-AR! DUMP! H'YER! H'YER!

THE train moved off and left me standing on the platform, gazing upon a scene familiar to those who have traveled, in the winter, on one-horse railroads in remote parts of the South.

An unkempt building, with waiting-room, ticket and express office, freight ware-room, and a country store for general merchandise, all under one roof; some loungers, white and black; a few rough-looking saddle horses, with one or two buggies and mule-carts, all plastered with red clay; and a road winding through the mist into the distance, like the muddy bed of a stream where the water has gathered here and there in pools, — such was the prospect.

"Six dreary miles over a road like that," I thought, "and I wonder how I am to get there?"

"Gwine to Millton, Boss?"

I turned and saw at my side a stalwart negro, very black, with a capacious mouth, expanded into a broad smile that showed a double row of splendid white teeth, while a pair of large, kindly eyes met mine expectantly.

I felt, as I looked into them, as if the sun had come out from behind the clouds.

"Yes," I said, "I am going to Millton, and I think I'd like to go with you."

"Hits de onlyest way dat you kin git dar dis atternoon," he of the sunlit smile answered, "but I'se proud des de same to tek yer."

I felt that we understood each other without a bargain.

"Dat my buggy over dar," he continued, answering the question in my eye. "I'll fotch it up close to de flat-form so yer kin git in right h'yer an' keep yo' foots clean."

"Bleeged to use dis yer buggy today," he went on as he rejoined me, "'stid o' two-horse stage, kaze de mud

so deep. Ain' many pass'ngers nohow dis time o' yer. Tek us hour 'n' half to drive de six mile."

I glanced at the horse, and thought that he had underestimated the time required. In this conjecture I proved to be right; but when we started, the flow of talk about local interests was most entertaining, and I soon realized that there is more than one way in which the flight of time can be quickened.

My driver seemed to be on terms of intimate acquaintance with those whom we passed on the road, both white and black, and they all had a pleasant smile and word of greeting for "Bob."

When we had driven about a mile, he broke off in the middle of a spirited account of a "coon hunt," and indicating a lane and gate which we were approaching, said, "I spec I got an ole frien' awaitin' fur me dar."

He had hardly spoken, when a little yellow cur came bounding down the lane, squeezed his small person under the gate, and stood expectant in the road.

When we reached him, Bob stopped the horse and sat for a moment regarding his friend with a look which he strove to make severe.

"Howdy, dog," he said. "What fur you not keep yo' 'ngagement wid me dis mornin' an' keep me waitin' h'yer, so I mos' miss de train? Ain't yer shame' yo'se'f. You is, sah? You say dat you wuz off chasin' rabbits? Well. Mebbe I gwine furgive yer dis one time. Dar! den. You done miss yo' breakfas'; tek dis yer fur yo' snack."

So saying, he produced from his pocket a large bone wrapped in newspaper, and tossing it to the dog, bade the horse "Gee up."

"Dogs is mighty comical critturs," he remarked, after a pause. "Hit 'pears lak de smaller de dog de bigger 'njoyment he git outen hisse'f. Dat

dar mek me unnerstan' de Bible tale 'bout de widder 'ooman an' de little jug o' ile, dat she cyahn use up spite o' all creation.

"Dey sutinly is comical critturs, dem ar little dogs is. I recterlec' a little fyce dog wid long ha'r all over he eyes, what ole Miss own when I little nigger, an' when she fuss git him I tetch him, while he a-eatin', an' he jump roun' an' ketch me by de laig an' fotch blood.

"Ole Miss h'yar 'bout dat an' she gun me a dime, an' say she sorry dat her pet 'tack me dat-a-way. I look at de ha'r all over he eyes, which I ain' use to dat breed o' dogs, an' I say, 'Mistis, I doan min' de woun' he gun me, but will yer please to tell me ef dat dar little crittur bit me or stung me?' " A most infectious chuckle concluded this narration.

"Dat dar little runty dog dat we des pass," he went on, "I brings bones to, kaze he de livin' image o' Dump."

I scented a story with which Bob associated some sentiment, but I stayed the inquiry that rose to my lips; for there are times when if one reaches out too impulsively after this or that, he will succeed only in pushing what he seeks entirely out of reach.

My silence was soon rewarded, for Bob continued after some moments of self-communing, "Dump wuz a little, bob-tailed cur dog, dat live on a place not ve'y fur fum h'yer, whar I tek care de horses an' drive fur a gemmun two summers ago. He belong to a yaller boy, what wuz de son of de cook dar, an' he love ev'ybody dat he 'cquainted wid in de worl', Dump did, 'scusin' dat dar cook, which she chase him 'way fum 'bout de kitchen, when he foragin' fur scraps an' bones, an' larrup him wid her broom.

"I hearn tell dat dar had been two dogs, Humpty an' Dumpty, which dey soon calls 'em 'Hump' an' 'Dump' fur short, but 'Hump' was done daid when I hired out to work dar.

"Dump think dat de sun done rise an' set in dat dar ten yer ole yaller boy, which dey had growed up tergedder, an' he come to lak me nex' bes' atter dat same ornery, no 'count little nigger, kaze I gun him bones an' mek a miration 'bout him.

"Ef dat dar yaller boy say, 'I think I'll go down de big road a piece,' Dump 'ud up an' bark an' say, 'I des been a-studyin' to myse'f 'bout dat same, — how nice dat 'ud be.'

"Ef yaller boy say, 'No, I done change my min', I spec I'll stay whar I is,' Dump des wag he tail an' 'low, 'Now I come to turn dat dar pint over in my min' I b'lieve I des a-honin' to squat right h'yer.' An' fuddermo' I is seen dat dog Dump set by de hour on his behime laigs watchin' dat yaller boy, an' smile all de time lak he wuz lookin' at scenery.

"I unnerstan's what dogs sez when dey talks, kaze I know dat mos' un 'em kin talk; an' I b'lieve dat good dogs is gwine to heaven when dey die.

"When I speak kin' to Dump, an' tell him how much I lak him, he des twis' hisse'f double into a bow, twel his head an' his tail pintin' mighty nigh de same way, an' I say to myse'f, 'I wonder ef dat dog know whar he gwine, an' which en' gwine git dar fuss?' An' I say, 'I hope when de good Lawd made dat dar little dog dat He fix he tail on tight, kaze ef he tail on loose an' he wag it so fas' an' so keerless, some day he gwine snatch it off.'

"In September dar come a gemmun to spen' a mont' or so at de house, an' he brung wid him a fine pinter dog.

"When Dump see de gemmun git outhen de kerridge at de gate, an' dat yaller boy toten his bag, an' de pinter dog walkin' behime, he say, 'Hi! what dis yer gwine on? Looks lak dem ar some quality folks fum de city. I mus' go an' pay 'em my 'spects an' show my manners;' so he bark wunst or twict to show dat he live dar an' was at home, an' den he saunter down de walk an'

smell 'Howdy' at de gemmun's laigs, an' den he go up to de pinter dog, an' say, sezee: 'I dunno who yer is, nor yit whar yer come fum, but I sees dat yer is a quality dog, an' I mek yer mighty welcome, an' I hopes yer's gwine to stay some time wid we alls.' Mr. Pinter Dog say, 'I thank yer kindly, an' I powerful glad to mek yo' 'equaintance;' an' den he up 'n' ax Dump ef dar is many birds 'bout dis season an' how de huntin' gwine be.

"Dump 'low dat he know mo' 'bout rabbits dan he do 'bout birds, but he say he done seen a few coveys when he out chasin' rabbits.

"Den he tek de Pinter Dog an' show him 'roun de flower gyardin an' 'roun de veg'tubble gyardin, an' den he show him de barn, an' a hen's nes' dar, whar de Pinter Dog kin suck aigs ef he lak 'em dat-a-way. An' he 'low to de Pinter Dog, Dump did, dat he doan tek aigs raw, hisse'f, kaze I done cured him o' sucking aigs. Las'ly, he show de Pinter Dog de branch, whar he use, when he go chasin' rabbits.

"Hit mek me mighty glad to see dat Dump done got a nice frien' lak dat Pinter Dog to 'sociate wid, an' to watch 'em frolickin' roun' lak two school-chilluns in holiday times.

"Dat yaller boy tek a shine to de Pinter Dog fum de fuss, kaze he a mo' stylish dog dan dat runty little Dump, an' atter a week or so, de notion dat he tuk done grow in he min', an' he notice dat Pinter Dog all de time, but he ain' notice Dump no mo'.

"Dump cyahn unnerstan' dat nohow, kaze he an' de yaller boy has allus been de bes' o' comp'ny wid one anudder.

"When de yaller boy pet de Pinter Dog, which he show dat he doan specially lak him, Dump 'ud run up right away an' put he paws on de yaller boy, an' push he haid in he lap, ef de yaller boy settin' down; an' he wag he stumpy tail so fas' dat it look lak a rainbow; an' he say in dog talk, as plain as he kin say it, 'While yer a-pettin' dat

Pinter Dog, Marseter, doan furgit yo' little Dump.' But de yaller boy push him away an' speak onfrien'ly to him, when he ac' lak dat, an' one afternoon, when Dump kep' on pesterin' him fur to pet him, yaller boy done lose he patience an' kick Dump an' throw a stone at him.

"When he done dat, Dump droop he yers, an' droop all de tail dat he kin droop, an' slink off an' crawl under de porch; an' dar he stay de ballunce o' de afternoon, studyin' 'bout de big trouble dat done come to him.

"I say to de yaller boy, 'What fur you treat dat little dog dat-a-way, which he is a better dog dan you is nigger?' an' de yaller boy say, 'I doan lak Dump no mo'. He gittin' ole an' he ugly. I lak dat Pinter Dog.'

"I see dat it ain' no use to argify de pint wid dat ornery yaller boy; so I gun him one good cuff on de yers, an' I goes to whar Dump is under de porch, an' I calls to him an' tells him dat he a powerful nice little dog, an' dat all his frien's ain' furgit him.

"Dump, he whine an' he whine, when I treat him dat-a-way; but he won't come out fum under de porch.

"He stay dar all dat night, an' while he dar he mek up he min' what he gwine do. He say to hisse'f, 'I mus' thash dat Pinter Dog, an' drive him 'way fum h'yer. Den my Marseter gwine treat me 'gin lak he useter.'

"So nex' mornin' he come out an' he go up to de Pinter Dog, an' he growl spiteful an' say, 'Pinter Dog, you mus' leave dis place an' go back whar you come fum, right away, or I gwine thash yer an' mek yer go.'

"Pinter Dog say, 'Who you talkin' to, dat-a-way, Dump? You ac' lak you crazy dis mornin'. I ain' never done you no harm. I bleeched to stay h'yer twel my Marseter go 'way, an' den I gwine 'way wid him. Keep 'way fum me, Dump, kaze I doan want to hurt yer; yit I ain' tekin' nothin' offen yer.'

"Dump say, 'Git out, Pinter Dog, git out, 'fo' I mek yer! You done stole my Marseter's heart 'way fum me.'

"Pinter Dog 'low "'T ain' so, Dump; I blegged to ac' perlite to yo' Marseter when he whistle an' call me, but I doan lak him. I think he de mos' wuthless little nigger I ever run up wid.'

"Dis yer mek Dump mo' madder when Pinter Dog speak dat-a-way 'bout he Marseter, an' fuss thing I know he jump at de Pinter Dog thoat, an' try to thash him sho 'nuff.

"I run to pull 'em 'part, but 'fo' I kin git to 'em, Pinter Dog git Dump on he back on de groun' an' hilt him dar, an' he growl an' mek out he gwine eat up Dump; but I tek notice dat he ain't a-bitin' Dump none. He think he des gwine larn Dump a lesson, Pinter Dog did, kaze he was sutney a gemmun. So I sez, 'Pinter Dog is studyin' not to hurt Dump, when Dump try to thash him; I better let 'em settle dis matter 'twixt deyse'f; ' an' I go back whar I was wukin', but I kep' my eye on 'em.

"Atter while Pinter Dog let Dump up, but des as soon as Dump riz up on his foots, he jump at Pinter Dog thoat ag'in; an' Pinter Dog des grab him by de h'ar an' hol' him down some mo', growlin' out what a fool he think Dump mekin' of hisse'f. Atter dis yer happen three fo' times, an' Pinter Dog was lettin' Dump up wunst mo', Dump cotch him by de laig an' clench he jaws an' hol' on dar snarlin'.

"Dis yer mus' ha' hurtid Pinter Dog mighty bad, kaze 'fo' I kin git to 'em, which I run as fas' as I kin, Pinter Dog twis' his laig loose, an' jump on Dump an' bit he laig, an' bit he neck an' mos' bit one o' his yers off.

"I ain' furgive myse'f yit dat I ain' sail in an' kep' 'em 'part 'fo' dat; yit I was waitin', kaze Pinter Dog so big an' Dump so little; an' Pinter Dog sich a gemmun, dat I think he ain' gwine bite Dump sho 'nuff on no prov'cation.

"When I pull him off, Pinter Dog

look mighty 'shamed of hisse'f, an' Dump, wid blood all over him, crawl off, while I a-holdin' Pinter Dog, an' crope under de porch.

"He stay dar mos' a week, 'scusin' three fo' times dat he come out. I try to git him to come to me so I kin grease de places whar Pinter Dog bit him, but when I call him he growl, an' show he toofs, an' snarl an' cuss me scan'lous, an' crope under de porch 'gin.

"Ev'y day I sot he victuals an' he water nigh de hole whar he crawl thoo under de porch, an' he eat a little an' drunk a little o' what I gun him.

"But, 'clar to gracious, Boss! soon as Dump git little better, he come out while I 'way fum de house, an' fin' Pinter Dog, which I done tied him up, an' try to thash him 'gin. An' Pinter Dog gun him nuther lickin'. He 'tack Pinter Dog dat-a-way three times an' git chawed up three times. Den he say to hisse'f, ' "'T ain' no use. Pinter Dog too big an' I too runty. I cyahn thash him nohow an' drive him 'way fum h'yer.' So de las' time dat he git chawed up, when he crope under de porch, he stay dar.

"I fotch him nice victuals, dat warm an' smell good, an' I fotch him water an' milk, an' I stiek 'em thoo de hole, an' I talk sof', an' say what a nice dog I think he be. But he des lie in dar an' snarl, an' growl at me, an' cuss me; an' he say, ' Go 'way, you ole fool, go 'way! I hates you. I hates white folks an' black folks an' all de critturs. I hates all creation, 'scusin' dat yaller boy dat was my Marseter.' An' he doan tetch de victuals nor yit de water.

"Atter day or two I go one mornin', whar he hidin', wid a saw, so I kin saw out a plank by de hole an' mek him come out; but when I git dar an' call him he doan growl nor cuss me no mo'. So I saws out de plank, an' gits a rake fum de gyardin an' reach in dar an' drag him out cole an' stiff, an' little mo' dan skin an' bones.

"I pick him up an' tek him to my

room an' lay him out on a piece o' cyar-pet on my table.

"Den I go to de sto' down de road an' I buy him mighty han'some collar, which Dump never wo' no collar when he livin', but I mek up my min' dat he bleegeed to look 'spectable when I lay him out. Den I wrop him in a clean towel, an' I tek a soap-box an' I lay him in dar, an' I nail de lid down wid brass-haid nails fum de sto'.

"Fuddermo' I het de kitchen poker an' burn dis yer on de lid, kaze I kin print, Boss, dough I cyahn write: —

DUMP

BOUT 7 YER OL

Den I git a big, clean, white-pine plank, an' may de Lawd furgive me, ef I done wrong, when I shape dat plank lak a sufferin' cross, an' I tek de poker an' I burn dis prescription on dar: —

DISHYER IZ DUMPS GRAV
HE STARV HISEF WEN
HE HART WUZ BROAK

Den I bury him at de foot o' de gyardin nigh de ole apple tree dar.

"Later on dat fall, I git a place somewhar else, but de nex' spring I wuz a-passin' nigh de house whar Dump buried in de gyardin, so I stop an' hitch my horse, an' go dar to tek a look at he grave.

"De folks dar had cut down de ole

apple tree an' ploughed up de place whar de grave had been.

"As I was walkin' back thoo de kitchen yard, to git to my horse, dat dar ole cook, de mother o' dat ornery yaller boy, seen me, an' she stuck her haid outen de kitchen do' an' she say, 'Howdy, Mister! Dat dar white-pine gravestone, dat you sot up over Dump, done mek me mighty nice kin'lin' wood.'

"I doan turn my haid, nor give her no satisfaction 't all, twel I gits mos' to de gate.

"Den I flings back over my shoulder dis yer: —

" 'When de judgment day come, an' dat dar runty little Dump 'njoyin' hisse'f on de right han' side wid de sheeps, he gwine look crosst dat gret gulf dat fix dar, an' bark at a black 'ooman an' a yaller boy, dat I knows de names un, dat on de lef' han' side follerin' 'long o' de goats, a-weepin' an' a-moanin'.' "

He finished, and we drove on for some time in silence.

Then he said, "Boss, I was raised not to chaw terbaccar when I drivin' de quality, but ef you will 'scuse me dis wunst, I gwine tek a chaw, kaze it mek me feel better atter talkin' 'bout dat po' little dog dat was treat' des lak I tells yer by dat scalliwag yaller boy an' he mammy."

Beirne Lay.

IN OLD BRITTANY.

As the mailcoach approached Pen-mare'h the windows in the old Gothic church blazed crimson and gold; even the long, gray stretches of moorland caught something of the glory of the sunset. For miles we had been following the beckoning menhirs that stood like giant sentinels along the road. Here and there one had been hewn into

a rough cross by the pious peasants. The low stone houses and stone fences of the Bigoudins¹ were in perfect harmony with these druidic monuments, which in turn seemed to belong to the rocky shore. No trees can live on the wind-swept coast. Only the hardiest

¹ Peasants who wear the headdress peculiar to this section are called Bigoudins.

of Breton peasants can brave the fury of the winter gales. But on that particular June evening the sea was one vast lake of molten fire. Scarcely a ripple stirred the shining surface. The women and children were still working in the fields. Their white caps and gayly embroidered costumes adding to the impression of color in the gray landscape. "Did you ever see anything so heavenly? Oh, I hope there is an inn!" exclaimed the artist. But no such luxury had as yet invaded Penmarc'h. Inquiring if any of the peasants could accommodate us, we were proudly referred to the wife of the butcher. "She has a second story to her house, and the floor of every room is made of wood! There one can have all the luxuries." To have made them comprehend our æsthetic objections to spending a summer over the butcher shop would have been impossible.

"I vote that we remain," said the artist, closing one eye, and gazing rapturously at the peasants in the fields. "I admit that it will be hard, yet where else can we find anything so paintable?"

"I have an idea," said Margaret. "Last year some friends spent three delightful months in a Brittany convent. Why can't we?"

"We can, providing first that there is a convent, and secondly that the Sisters consent," replied practical Kate. We appealed to the driver. Yes, there was a convent, but the Sisters belonged to a very poor order; they never took boarders, and he knew that it was useless to apply. A visit to the butcher shop, however, determined us to try our powers of persuasion on the Mother Superior. The convent had been the chateau of a wealthy sea-merchant when Penmarc'h was one of the most important French trading towns of the fifteenth century. During the terrible siege by Fontenelle it had escaped destruction, owing to the massive stone walls by which it is still surrounded. As the heavy gates swung open we

seemed transported into the Middle Ages. A sweet young sister came forward and conducted us to the pharmacy, where the Mother Superior was putting up prescriptions for some waiting peasants. "But mes chères demoiselles — we are so poor — we live most simply — you would not be comfortable" —

Being assured that all we wanted was a shelter and the plainest food, she turned to consult the young sister.

"They might have the rooms reserved for the visits of the Superior General, is it not?" So it was settled, we were to have the guest-room with the tiny dining-room attached, also that occupied by the youthful sister, who smilingly consented to sleep in the store-room. Once admitted we were taken into the hearts of the little community. A sister was detailed to prepare whatever dishes we were pleased to command and to serve them in our private dining-room. After the butcher shop our small apartments, with snowy curtained beds, seemed like Paradise. From our windows we could watch the men, women, and children planting the grain, and beyond, the great, white breakers dashing against the rocky shore. We were fascinated by the poetic beauty of this barren coast and the patriarchal life of the peasants. The Bretons have clung tenaciously to their ancient customs and language. The older generation shake their heads, and predict many evils from the introduction of French into their schools. Few grown-up Penmarc'hians can speak or understand one word of their national language. Yet the children in the Sisters' school would compare favorably with our brightest boys and girls. This old race, whose written history dates back six hundred years before Christ, is endowed with rare mental as well as physical strength. Living close to the earth, they have learned much from that great teacher. Their poverty would crush Americans, but they are perfectly content. To be a Breton, to own a small home, to raise

sufficient wheat and potatoes for his family, — what greater blessings could a man ask of le Bon Dieu?

"To-morrow will be a grand fête, and we shall eat the calf of Monsieur le Curé," said our one small bonne, as she carefully gathered up each crumb of bread left on the table. "I go with the Sisters at three in the morning to carry the new banner and decorate the Church of Our Lady for mass. Sister Polixene says that for you to eat cold the calf of Monsieur le Curé would be most sad, yet to hear mass at Notre Dame de la Joie, and then have your dinner on the rocks, that too is a great pleasure, is it not?"

"We want to see the Procession, Marie Jeanne; when will that take place?"

"Oh, not until four in the afternoon."

"And will you remain all day?"

"But mademoiselle, it is the great Pardon of the year! Every one will be there! After the high mass all will sit on the rocks, eating their lunch and talking with their friends. At two there is the vespers, and after vespers the Procession. The time is not long."

"Not if François is there," we laughingly admitted, while Marie Jeanne hastily retired.

Two short, happy months had slipped by since our discovery of Penmarc'h. Already we had learned to love the simple peasants, to share in their joys and sorrows. Except for the memory of one sad day our summer was unclouded. It was early in the morning that the long overdue Volonté de Dieu came home. We heard the people shouting that she had been sighted. Hurriedly dressing we followed them to the wharf at St. Guénolé. The husband of our pretty model Corentine had sailed in this fishing sloop just before their first baby was born, and we felt anxious to know that he was safe and well. As the ship came nearer a silence fell upon the waiting people. The flag was at half-mast! The news spread from group to group;

four men had been lost! We saw Corentine reel. A fisherman caught the baby from her arms as she fell. Sadly the bereaved families returned to their homes. That evening we went with the Sisters to the house of Corentine. The one living-room had been converted into a chapelle ardente. The light of the candles shone on a small wooden cross that lay on top of the catafalque. It bore the name of poor Jean Louis. His wife knelt beside it, surrounded by the devout peasants, whose hearts were raised in supplication to Him who alone understands the mystery of life and death. All night they remained in prayer, as though beside the body of the dead. Next morning the village priest, attended by white-robed acolytes, came to the house as for a funeral. The little cross was carried in a procession to the church where services for the dead were held. Then it was placed in an urn beside the altar, to remain there until the Feast of All Souls, when the crosses of those lost at sea during the year are interred in one mound. Four times that day did the tolling bells announce the burial service, the last time being for the son of old Anna who lived in a neighboring village. From our windows we watched the little procession winding slowly through the golden grain. The tinkling bell announced its approach to the peasants working in the fields. They fell upon their knees, praying silently as it passed. For days nothing was talked of but the ill-fated sailors. When far from shore they had gone in a small boat to haul in the nets. Suddenly a terrible storm arose. It was impossible for the captain to go in search of the boat. Each moment he feared his ship would be destroyed. The sailors fell upon their knees beseeching the Mother of God to intercede for them, promising that if they were saved they would walk barefoot in her Procession at Notre Dame de la Joie. When the fury of the gale abated, they saw no trace of life on the broad waters. The boat, with its pre-

cious human freight, had disappeared. It was to witness the fulfillment of the sailors' vow that we had planned to see the Procession at Notre Dame de la Joie. This church stands quite alone in the open fields, close to the sea. When we arrived for the Pardon we found dozens of little booths clinging like barnacles about the old stone walls. They had been erected during the night by traveling peddlers, who were busy selling penny toys, green apples, and impossible looking cakes to an admiring crowd. Overhead the open Gothic towers stood out against the soft blue sky, revealing the great bells as they swung to and fro. No place in the world do the people love their church bells as in Brittany, where they evoke the most sacred memories of their lives. "Are they not beautiful, *our bells*?" asked an old peasant, hearing our exclamations of delight. "Did you know, *chères demoiselles*, that they have a language of their own? We who live far from the village gain all our news from the bells at Penmarc'h. The death of a man, a woman, a child, each has its own tolling. The baptism of an infant, the joy or disaster that comes to our neighbor, all is told us by our bells." At this moment something in their ringing, inexplicable to us, warned him that the service was beginning, and he fell upon his knees. Hundreds, unable to enter the closely packed church, knelt on the ground before the open doorways, the weather-beaten faces of the sailors transfigured by their earnest devotion. This Pardon is their special fête, as they have chosen Our Lady of Joy for their patroness. In the Procession which followed the vesper service they carried her banner, while young girls bore her flower-crowned image; then came the priests chanting her praises; the altar boys bearing tall silver crosses; the peasants, with lighted candles; the men who were saved on the *Volonté de Dieu*, barefoot and in spotless white. Across the fields, far down by the sea, the Pro-

cession almost disappeared; still we heard the clear voices chanting, "Star of the Sea, pray for us. Be our intercessor before the throne of Christ." The entire population of Penmarc'h and its surrounding villages were intoning the litany as they marched, their gleaming banners and brilliant costumes making a wonderful color picture in the sombre landscape. At last the priests reentered the church. Once more the glorious bells pealed forth, and the solemn benediction was given the kneeling multitude.

Walking home in the golden twilight we met the little children trudging bravely along in bare feet, carrying their Sunday shoes! Some were resting by the roadside, worn out by the unusual festivities and the weight of their fête-day clothes, — four skirts being deemed necessary for the adornment of the smallest child. Americans naturally assume that the petticoats should be shorter than the dress, — not so the Bigoudins. The first skirt almost touches the ground; the second is shorter, showing the gorgeously embroidered band on the first; the third, still shorter, going up in tiers. The richer the peasant, the greater the number of petticoats!

"I want a newborn infant in my next picture," said the artist, as we came in sight of the village. "Will you stop at Anna Marie's? She told me St. Nono left one at her house yesterday."

Anna Marie, aged six, was sitting on the doorstep. "My father had to carry a banner in the Procession, and I am guarding the children," she proudly replied, when asked why we had not seen her at Notre Dame de la Joie.

Entering the passage which divided the house into two rooms, we saw the cow and pig occupying that on the right, so we turned to the left. This room had but one window, fifteen inches square, and in the semi-darkness we stumbled over the uneven mud floor. "Be care-

ful, my dear young ladies!" Looking up we saw the mother propped against the pillows of her curious bed. Built high against the wall, with sliding wooden doors, it resembled an upper berth in our sleeping cars. A tall bench beside it served the double purpose of ladder and chairs. Opposite, the bed and bench were repeated, leaving just space enough between the seats for a large table. On this the meals were prepared and served. Under the beds were stored potatoes, white sand for sprinkling the floor, and neat piles of dried cow manure for fuel. The immense fireplace and mantel occupied one end of the room. As Marie Louise belonged to the richest family of Penmarc'h, this mantel was filled with old Breton plates and bowls. In the fireplace hung a large iron pot. This with a smaller one, and a long-handled skillet for baking buckwheat cakes, constituted the culinary outfit. Beside the door an *armoire* or wardrobe was built in the wall. Handsomely decorated with shining brass hinges, it rivaled the tall clock loudly ticking by its side. Hanging shelves, suspended from the ceiling; here were kept the Bible, schoolbooks, bread, butter, and dried herbs. What wonder that a family can live comfortably in one room, I thought, when they utilize the walls for bedrooms, the ceiling for library and storehouse, and content themselves with potato soup for breakfast, buckwheat cakes for dinner, and potatoes for supper! How many generations have been born in this room; have laughed and toiled and suffered and been laid to rest here for the last time! My reverie was interrupted by excited exclamations from the artist. "No — impossible — not locked up in a drawer of the *armoire*!"

"Why not, mademoiselle? that is always done. The little one does not need air for the first three days, and is far safer in the *armoire*. Here is the key; you will find him in the second drawer." Yes, there lay the dear baby,

fast asleep, looking curiously like an ancient mummy in his dark swaddling clothes. "We wanted to call him François, as our eldest boy is named Jean, but his young godparents had set their hearts on Jean, so we did not insist. We will call him Jeanic [little John] to distinguish him from his brother."

"Do the children who are godparents always choose the name?"

"Yes, that is their privilege. Of course they try to please the family."

Meanwhile Anna Marie had climbed on a bench and lifted the bread and butter from the hanging shelf. Taking a jackknife from her pocket she cut several slices, buttered them, and silently handed one to each of the younger children.

"What a comfort your big girl of six must be to you, Marie Louise."

"Indeed she is. She helps her father with all the work. But we live very simply, mademoiselle; we do not have the luxuries of the French."

To these peasants "the French" are a different nation, and Paris quite the end of the world. Old Denis often boasted of having seen this distant city.

"People who never travel are very narrow-minded, mademoiselle. Now I can understand foreign ways. When I was serving in the army I lived two months in your city of Paris."

"We are not Parisians, Denis; we are from the United States."

"And where is that, mademoiselle? I have never heard of that country."

"Surely you have heard of our great city New York?"

He rubbed his head in a puzzled way, so we added, "in America." At that name his face brightened.

"Oh yes, I had a brother who went to America, but they told him that all foreigners were sold as slaves, so he hurried back to the ship and stayed on board until she sailed for France."

Since the good Sisters have had charge of the public school they have

done all in their power to educate these people. Such is the poverty of Penmarc'h that the law of compulsory education is not enforced. It requires much self-sacrifice on the part of parents to spare their children from the fields; many live miles from the school, yet few have failed to respond to the entreaties of the Sisters. Not only are these good Samaritans the teachers, they are the physicians and dentists of the four villages. It seemed strange to see the stalwart farmers reduced to tears over the extraction of a tooth by pretty Sister Catherine. When our beautiful little model "Goldenhead" was dying, we went to her house with Sister Clothide. On a bench beside the high bed sat the poor mother, silently weeping. The father and six children were eating their supper of potatoes and milk. The light from their one candle shone on the yellow curls and flushed cheeks of the dying child.

"How terrible, Sister, that the family must eat and sleep in the room with the sick, the dead!"

"But they are not afraid of the dead, my child, and le Bon Dieu wishes them to eat. Perhaps a rich neighbor who has two rooms will take the younger children. The peasants are always good to one another; they have learned sympathy through suffering. Do not look so sad, mademoiselle; these people are not often unhappy. Indeed, we sometimes say that they are in love even with their miseries, for no Breton would exchange places with a king upon his throne! Those who are too old to work are not ashamed to beg. Do they not give their prayers in return for bread?"

The charity of the Sisters was boundless. Each day we heard the murmured prayers of old men and women. They never asked for anything, but stood patiently at the door, praying audibly for all within the house until bread or pennies were given them.

"We *must* see a wedding, Marie Jeanne. You said there would be plenty

as soon as the harvest was over, and we have not had *one*."

"But the peasants are digging their potatoes, mademoiselle. When that is finished, and the seaweed is gathered for the winter's fuel, then they will have time for weddings! My brother is to be married in two weeks, but it will not be very gay as he is in mourning, and that compels the bride to wear black."

"How strange, to wear mourning at his wedding!"

"Oh, but he must, mademoiselle. Why, his wife has n't been dead three months yet, and a widower or widow always wears black two years; if either marries before that time the bride or groom must wear mourning for the remainder of the two years."

Proper respect is thus paid the dead, whom the Bretons never forget. In the midst of the festivities which took place when later Marie Jeanne and François were married a mass was said for the repose of the souls of all their relatives. The wedding party, of nearly two hundred, attended, dressed in mourning. Then they hurried home to change their costumes for the marriage feast, which began about nine in the morning and lasted until late at night. It was served under tents erected in the groom's garden. For days the two households had been busy preparing the meat. This luxury, otherwise indulged in but twice a year, constituted *the feast*. It was served in every possible form with white bread and wine. From time to time the younger people left the table to join in the outdoor dancing. On departing each guest slipped a five-franc piece into the willing hand of the groom to help defray expenses, no peasant having sufficient ready money for such an outlay, their only commerce being the export of potatoes to England. Some of the children earn a little by working in the sardine factories of Kerity, the adjoining village. Here they are brought into contact with "the great world" through the government officials. It is

the duty of these officers to superintend the weighing of fish brought into port. Salt is heavily taxed in France, and the owners of boats must pay the established rate per pound on all fish salted at sea by means of water drawn from the great Atlantic! The officers also patrol the coast of Penmarc'h to prevent the peasants' stealing water and extracting salt for their bread!

The happiest summer must end, and our peaceful days in the old convent were drawing to a close, when an incident occurred which threw even the stolid Bretons into a state of wildest excitement. Corentine, on her way to church, met her husband! Shrieking that she had seen a ghost, she fled to the house of Monsieur le Curé. It was some time before the good priest could calm her sufficiently to investigate the miracle. The four sailors, supposed to have been lost at sea by the *Volonté de Dieu*, had been picked up by a vessel sailing to Canada. When almost there they met her companion ship, the captain of which readily consented to bring the men home. Great was the rejoicing in all the villages. A solemn procession of thanksgiving was proclaimed for the Feast of All Souls. Once more the banners were unfurled, the statues crowned with artificial flowers, and the names of those who were to carry them,

called from the altar. The great day dawned, fair and beautiful. At noon the Procession marched to Notre Dame de la Joie, the four sailors carrying for burial the urn containing the crosses of those lost at sea, from which their names had been so mercifully erased. We waited on the moors for their return. Soon we heard the faint tinkling of the silver bells, then the chanting voices, nearer and nearer, through the winding road, up the village street. We knelt with the Mother Superior as the Procession passed, then followed it into the dear old church. The bells were pealing forth a glorious *Te Deum*. The priests, the choir boys, the peasants caught it up, — their voices echoing through the Gothic arches, filling the ancient church with such a hymn of praise as had not sounded within its stone walls since mediæval days, when warriors, knights, and ladies had crowded its aisles. Through the exquisite stained glass of the quattrociento windows the last rays of the setting sun mingled with the flames of countless candles, and fell softly on the upturned faces of the kneeling multitude. It was this picture that we carried with us from Brittany, — that land of honest toil, of strong hearts, and of a faith as deep and abiding as the sea which washes its rock-bound shores.

Anna Seaton Schmidt.

DAY AND NIGHT.

Two dreams forever pass my door,
One gaudy, one in sombre dress;
The Day, one weird and endless roar,
The Night, a million silences.

To one I give, the slave I am,
My curse of being, fevered breath;
The other, 'mid her godlike calm,
Lifts me to dwell with Death.

W. Wilfred Campbell.

HORACE E. SCUDDER: AN APPRECIATION.

THE beneficent influence exerted by Horace E. Scudder upon American life and literature during a period of more than thirty years would have been impossible without the possession of rare gifts, and these in a peculiarly harmonious combination. He occupied a conspicuous position, unique and of his own creating, from whence issued a force of generous impulse and inspiration, wide and deep in its extent, hidden however in some of its finest effects, so that its full scope cannot be adequately measured. The man in himself was greater than his work, and must be taken in connection with it in order to discern or understand his influence. From the time that he saw the empty niche which he regarded as most desirable and honorable to fill, he devoted himself with single-mindedness and with extraordinary energy to the qualification for the duties and privileges it involved. The largeness of his aim, which marks also his own character, entered into his work, and became the badge of his presence and of his power.

But to accomplish this task called for the sacrifice of ambitions early cherished, and of possibilities in other lines wherein he might have won distinction. He was so intensely a religious man by nature that he might have risen to honor and influence in the church, and have left his direct impression on Christian thought and life. He might have gained a foremost place in the ranks of exact scholarship, for which he had aptitude and capacity, or he might have chosen some special branch of learning wherein to be known as a master. He might have carried much farther than he did his achievements in literary criticism, although what he accomplished in this direction entitles him to a place among the few best literary critics whom America has produced.

His beautiful essays only filled up the interstices of his more continuous labor. This attempt to study a man's career by speculating on what it might have been is not wholly idle, if it serves to impress the imagination with the character and worth of the actual achievement. There were vistas where he is seen for a moment as he passes, paths in which he did not choose to linger, whence he finally emerges in the broad thoroughfare of his choice with all his powers in harmonious coöperation. There was one grace of his nature, dominating the others, almost standing in their way, the zeal of disinterested benevolence, which would not allow him to work for reputation in any selfish manner. We can discern in him an inward need for literary occupation, a balance of powers, active energies to be appeased. From this combination resulted the man as we knew him, with an equipoise of endowments whose healthy maintenance demanded satisfaction for each and all the forces of his nature.

Horace Scudder was of New England and Puritan descent, his family having settled on Cape Cod some two hundred years ago. His father was a well-known merchant in Boston, a man of high integrity, a deacon in what is now called the "Union Church," who exerted a strong religious influence. His mother was Sarah Lathrop Coit, daughter of a rigid "old school" Presbyterian elder, whence was bequeathed to him the New England conscience. The family remained on the conservative side in the schism among the Massachusetts churches, but the home training was genial, somewhat softened perhaps by the sharp protest against the ancient Puritan doctrine and discipline. There were six sons, of whom Horace Elisha Scudder was the youngest, and one daughter. One of the sons was Rev.

David Coit Scudder, a missionary in India, who died young and much lamented. Another son, Samuel Hubbard Scudder, is a leading authority in entomology, distinguished also for other scientific acquirements, and the recipient of the highest scientific honors. Horace Scudder was born in Boston in 1838. He made his preparatory studies in the Roxbury and Boston Latin schools, afterwards going to Williams College, whence he was graduated in 1858 at the age of twenty. In college he gave his attention chiefly to classical studies, with a preference for Greek; to the end of his life he continued to read the Greek poets, and he opened each day with the Greek Testament, making notes and critical comments on the text and its interpretation. He was only seventeen when he became editor of the *Williams Quarterly*. The articles that he wrote for it show a wide range of subjects, and indicate the bent of his mind: Francis Quarles; George Herbert; The First Discovery of America; Nature — the Study of the Architect; Knights of the Round Table; The Old Romance; England and Englishmen; Art among Us.

After graduating from college he went to New York, and took private pupils. Here he remained for several years, making his first ventures in literature in short stories for children. Published at first in the newspapers and afterwards in book form with the titles *Seven Little People and their Friends*, *Stories from my Attic*, and *Dream Children*, they made him widely known, and gave him a distinctive reputation. He also contributed articles to the *North American Review*, which indicate that he was studying closely and reading in wide directions. Among them is one on William Blake, whose *Life* by Gilchrist had then recently appeared. The mystic vein in his nature is most characteristic. Although it was kept in reserve and never received any direct development, it was apparent in his writings, where the sense of mysticity haunts his ima-

gination, as in his *Dream Children* and other stories, giving them a peculiar charm. He felt the influence of the so-called pre-Raphaelite school both in its art and literature. He was interested in artistic and musical criticism, showing in his comments on such themes delicate fancy and subtle perception, and could clothe his conceptions with a graceful style and a rich vocabulary. Prominence should be given to another product of these earlier years, *The Life and Letters of David Coit Scudder*, undertaken at the request of the father, most delightful as a biography, and an exquisite tribute to a brother's character and worth.

He had apparently determined upon a literary career of some kind, though exactly what kind may not have been yet quite clear to him. In an essay in *Men and Letters*, written several years later on Emerson's *Self*, he says that Emerson's career had rendered it possible for a later generation to make "the profession of letters earlier in life without that long experimental process which took place in Emerson's case." Yet even so, he could not escape the experience of searching and groping after a vocation, meaning perhaps to do one thing and preparing for it, but only to find that his call was in another direction. He became sensitive to the fact of a change in the outlook of his own age as compared with the age that had preceded. All ages are times of transition, and the generations that come and go are so gradually interwoven with each other that it is hard to draw the lines that separate or distinguish them. However this may be, the man who was young in the sixties, and seeking for the best investment of his activities, must have seen that there was a difference in the situation, that the motives which had inspired the great writers of the previous generation were somehow diminished in their power of appeal. Emerson and Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes, and Whittier were still in their

prime, at the height of their creative strength, and in England, Carlyle and Tennyson and Ruskin, Browning and others. Mr. Scudder was absorbing their thought and purpose, and yet must have begun to feel, however dimly at first, that his own generation was looking out upon a changing world. It was possible of course to imitate, to follow not unworthily in their steps, but for a young man sensitive to the exigent moods of the hour, some new opening was demanded.

The change which was taking place was, to put it briefly and somewhat crudely, away from what is called individualism to the varied forms of collectivism, solidarity, socialism, phases of altruism, institutionalism, nationalism, by whatever name the tendency is known which no longer finds an adequate impulse in the aspiration for individual expression. In both church and state, institutionalism was discounting the importance of individual initiative or activity. The age which was coming in sought more directly the consolidation of social movements, the reconstruction of educational methods, the development of universities, the uplifting of the masses of the people by organic ways toward organic and institutional ends. Notably in this process came the rise or the expansion of great publishing houses with increased facilities for the wider diffusion of literature, or for the stimulation of forms of literary activity suited to the needs of the time and even contributing to the development of those needs.

We may trace some of the steps in the process of Mr. Scudder's advance in this institutional direction. Identified by descent, as he was, with Puritanism, which was individualistic in its outlook, he abandoned it for the more organic, institutional habits of the Anglican Church. The transition was aided by the teaching of the late F. D. Maurice, who from this point of view was one of the most representative and potent

of influences after the middle of the century. Maurice had become widely known as the founder of Christian Socialism and of the Workingmen's College in London, while as a theologian he had the peculiar fortune, not without its appeal to Mr. Scudder, of an affiliation with poetry and art, Tennyson addressing to him a poem, and Madox Brown, the pre-Raphaelite, introducing his portrait in a painting called *The Highway*. Mr. Scudder had for Maurice the devotion of a disciple, and was spoken of among his friends as a Maurician.

He followed the fortunes of the civil war with a deep interest, although prevented from enlisting in its service as he would like to have done. But that which most impressed him as the purpose and attainment of the awful struggle was not so much the individual emancipation from slavery as the consolidation of the nationality, the assertion of the personality, the sanctity of the organic state. Hence he was prepared to give most eager welcome to the work of his friend the late Dr. Elisha Mulford, who after profound study and long reverie in retirement emerged with his book *The Nation*, a book which coincides with a great epoch in American life. From this time, if not earlier, Mr. Scudder became what we call a pronounced "American" in his attitude and sympathies. His Americanism was not based upon comparison with other countries, although a visit to Europe in 1865 had enabled him for some comparative estimate, but rather upon a principle — that America had been called to the privilege of nationality, had vindicated its call anew in the civil war, and was ever henceforth more and more to assert and maintain its place as foremost among the nations, that primacy being involved in the divine conditions of its history. Evidences of this characteristic patriotism may be found in his writings. Thus in speaking of Emerson's lack of the passion of nationality,

he says, "The glimpses which we get of the poet on his travels in his own country serve to deepen the impression which we form of the purely spectacular shape of the country in his vision. He was not indifferent to the struggles going on, and yet they were rather disturbances to his spirit than signs of a life which quickened his pulse. To some minds this may seem to lift Emerson above other men. In my judgment it separates him from them to his loss."

In a striking passage in his essay on the Future of Shakespeare, Mr. Scudder has called attention to "the ever widening gulf between Englishmen and Americans," which is begotten by the essential distinction of nationality: "The Atlantic Ocean, which separates the two countries, has been contracting its space ever since the first Virginians rowed across its waters. The inventions of men, the exactions of human intercourse, have reduced a three months' dreary voyage to a six days' trip in a movable hotel, and yet all this while a myriad forces have been at work on either side of the ocean moulding national consciousness, and producing those distinctions which are hard to express but perfectly patent. The manifestations of character in literature and art afford the clearest indications of this national distinction, and although London and Boston can almost speak to each other through the telephone, the accent of Boston in literature is more sharply discriminated from the accent of London than it was a hundred years ago."

These illustrations of the growth of the institutional tendency in Mr. Scudder's experience may help to explain the transition in his literary career. It was certainly a critical moment when in 1866 he met for the first time the late Mr. Henry O. Houghton, founder of the Riverside Press, and soon after to become the head of the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. From the time that they met till Mr. Houghton's death there was between these men, not

only the strong tie of friendship, of profound mutual respect and unwavering confidence, but they worked together for the same end with rare harmony and success. So intertwined was their work that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish the contribution of each. The business capacity of the one was infused with the literary ambition of the other, but this literary talent of the other discerned openings which only the capacity for affairs could have made feasible. In this institutional direction, then, Mr. Scudder took his work, at first timidly and vaguely, but afterward with clearer consciousness and full unswerving determination. One of the opportunities which first opened before him in his new relationship was some better educational method for children. With Mr. Houghton's energetic approval, and the Riverside Press at his disposal, Mr. Scudder projected the well-remembered *Riverside Magazine for Young People*. In its brief existence of four years it was a model of beauty and excellence, winning the highest approbation of those most competent to judge. Speaking of the subject at a later time, Mr. Scudder recalled the difficulties he encountered in getting the desired illustrations for its pages: "I did my best to obtain pictures of child life from painters who were not mere professional book-illustrators. . . . It was only now and then that I was able to obtain any simple, unaffected design, showing an understanding of a child's figure and face." And although he admits the progress made since then, he laments that artists still fail to "seek in the life of children for subjects upon which to expend thought and power."

In 1872 Mr. Scudder was admitted into partnership, binding himself to the arrangement for three years. He now married, and fixed his home in Old Cambridge. It had been, however, with grave misgivings that he had signed the articles of partnership, and when the three years had expired he resigned

from a position for whose routine he was not fitted. It may have been also that he had not yet abandoned the visions of his youth to do work of another kind. He has alluded to those earlier years, when he writes in 1887 to his friend Henry M. Alden of "that former state of existence when we were poets," and "I woke to find myself at the desk of a literary workman." He speaks of himself and his friend as "two young poets, who walked Broadway, and haunted little back rooms in Fourth Avenue and Eleventh Street," who had schemes for executing some "epical work, which required a continuity of time not easily had under customary conditions. . . . I am credulous enough to think that the verses you wrote have resung themselves in that sympathetic, patient, discriminating life which you have led as a literary judge, for I find myself curiously susceptible in my own work to certain influences which once shaped my thought into more creative form."

In 1875 Mr. Scudder exchanged his place of partner in the firm for that of its literary adviser. It was his plan at first to give half of his time to the duties of this office, the other half to be left free to his own devices. He now betook himself with enthusiasm to the study of American history, to which an impetus had been given by the centennial of 1876. The fruits of these years were numerous articles and books, prepared rapidly, but with unflinching skill for the illumination of his theme: *The Recollections of Samuel Breck*, with *Passages from his Note Books*; *Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years Ago*; *Public Libraries One Hundred Years Ago*; *The Battle of Bunker Hill*; *The Siege of Boston*; *A Patriotic Schoolmaster*; *A Puritan Gentleman in New England*; *An Old Gentleman's Recollections*. In his post of literary adviser he was for several years editor of the *Riverside Bulletin*, which, in addition to notices of new books, contained each month an editorial article, remark-

able for its distinction of style in combination with literary comment and suggestion. These essays are still remembered, and the *Riverside Bulletin* may be regarded as the pioneer of much more elaborate periodicals of a similar type. The habit which Mr. Scudder had early formed of keeping an eye on current publications continued to his latest years. After the discontinuance of the *Riverside Bulletin*, he transferred his notices of books to other publications, for a short time to *Every Saturday*, and finally to the *Atlantic Monthly*. His criticisms were unsigned, for he preferred to work, as he says, "behind the screen of anonymity;" but his work in this line never degenerated into formality; his comment was always direct and pointed, yet also kindly and genial. No one had a larger knowledge than he of contemporary literature.

He was now working with a fierce energy and strain of his powers, which must have been exhausting. Among other of his publications is a collection of *Stories and Romances*, and he wrote one novel, called *The Dwellers in Five-Sisters Court*, — an expansion of an earlier short story, with the same title, published in the *Atlantic* in 1865. The novel betrays the influence of Dickens, from which at that time it was hard for any one to escape. The characters are distinctly drawn, the scene being laid in the Court behind the old Province House in Boston, and as a picture of life in New England at the time, with a strong transcendental touch, mixed with pre-Raphaelite fancies, it is not without its interest still. In addition to all this, Mr. Scudder was a constant contributor of editorial and other articles to various publications. He was writing on subjects of current interest, religious and secular. He warmly espoused the cause of international copyright, and probably contributed as much as any one to its success. But after some two years or more, during which the agreement held that he was to have

half of his working hours for himself, he abandoned the arrangement, and gave his whole time for nearly twenty years to the duties attaching to the position of literary adviser to a great publishing house. How important he regarded this work henceforth may be inferred from an article, *The Function of a Publishing House in the Distribution of Literature*.

To this position, then, of a literary adviser, Mr. Scudder summoned the aid of all his forces, and gave to the office a new dignity and significance. His great capacity for work, — he seemed to be able to do the work of several men, — his tireless energy, his very genius for devising new schemes and discerning new openings for literary ventures, his learning, his accomplishments as a literary critic, his finely balanced judgment, his enthusiasm and devotion to his tasks, his conscientiousness and painstaking solicitude for accuracy and thoroughness, these and other qualities made him a power and authority among his contemporaries. It used to be thought that almost any man with moderate literary ability could satisfactorily perform the elementary duties of furnishing text-books for schools, or of editing the works of others with preface, appendix, and notes. Now we have learned that these things call for masters in their respective departments, that specialists and experts, those who have written the larger books, are the best fitted to make compendiums and elementary treatises; that the man who has devoted his life to the study of literature is the one most wanted to comment on the literary productions of others. To this principle Mr. Scudder adhered, and he thus helped to raise the standard of literary activity in every department of its application.

Attention can here be called only to the leading features of Mr. Scudder's achievement in his important position. To reduce the work of quarter of a century into such brief form is an injustice of course, but there are phases of

life and human effort, as it flows on quietly in appointed ways, which can never be adequately described; only hints and suggestions can be given, and for the rest the imagination of the experienced reader must suffice. There are several lines wherein Mr. Scudder revealed his highest efficiency. One of these, already alluded to, was the study of American history. The number of books bearing on this subject in the Catalogue of the Publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. shows at a glance what importance was attached to it. Of the four series, entitled *American Statesmen*, *American Men of Letters*, *American Commonwealths*, and *American Religious Leaders*, Mr. Scudder projected the last two and was their editor, contributing also the *Life of Noah Webster* to the series of *American Men of Letters*. In the same department are his *Life of Washington*, and his *History of the United States*, where he followed another leading inclination and adapted himself to the needs of children. His strength lay in the biographical side of history, where the work he did was not only large in amount, but maintained at a high standard of excellence. When he was interested in a man, no one could surpass him in direct approach to inmost motives and characteristics. This power is shown in his sketches of Longfellow and Emerson. He coöperated in the biographies of Bayard Taylor, of Asa Gray, and of Agassiz. He revised the *Life of Longfellow*, working over the supplemental third volume, and thoroughly arranging the separated material in three consecutive volumes. He recognized the importance of the index, and had devised a method for himself in making an index, in order to insure thoroughness. One of his best biographical studies was the *Memoir of Justin Winsor*, prepared for the Massachusetts Historical Society, of which Mr. Scudder had become a member in 1881. In the writing of history or biography, he was in sympa-

thy with the modern method of research, "the faithful collation of obscure authorities, the hunt for the beginning of things, the laying bare of foundations." Yet he also was convinced that there was a literary art in the presentation of facts or events, which "made the writing and the reading of history akin to the writing and reading of poetry, the creation and enjoyment of all forms of art."

After the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. acquired the right to the publication of the works of the great school of New England writers, Mr. Scudder turned to their study with a new interest in order to prepare more complete editions. It was in this connection that he projected a scheme for popular editions of the best poets, known as the Cambridge Edition, where all the works of a poet should be collected in one convenient volume, with preface and appended notes. Of this series, Mr. Scudder edited several volumes himself, including Browning, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Keats, Scott, and Whittier. The prefaces to these volumes are among his best literary productions, and show his characteristics as a learned, appreciative, and skillful workman. His name indeed had now become a guarantee that all such tasks would be performed with conscientious, painstaking care, and also with genuine enthusiasm. Although he was working quietly and impersonally through the institution, he had satisfaction in the consciousness of doing honest and thorough work, and was content even though his name were merged in the beneficence of the product. But he had also other rewards. He had risen to public recognition and distinction, was known as a valuable literary adviser not only to his publishing house, but to hundreds of authors, and beginners in literature, and was consulted in the certainty of getting from him what could be got nowhere else. He combined the qualifications of publisher and author, which gave to his judgments a certain practical and final character.

But if we ask the question, in what more specific way he exercised his strength, or by what special contribution he deserves most highly, the answer is easily at hand. When he was invited in 1882 to deliver a course of Lowell lectures, there was no hesitation in his mind what subject he should take, his lectures were published under the title *Childhood in Literature and Art*. For this small treatise his life seems to have been passed in preparation. Memories of his own childhood, his first attempts as an author, his experience as editor of a children's magazine, were supplemented by his familiarity with the whole range of children's books, which for a generation had been issuing from the press with astonishing ratio of increase. He too had taken a prominent part in the service of children, in the eight volumes of the Bodley Books, a sort of modern counterpart to the Rollo Books. They were his most profitable works, from a commercial point of view, but thrown off rapidly, often it would seem for his amusement or recreation, laughing as it were to himself while he wrote. This preparation, this confinement of his abilities to the visual angle of childhood, had its serious side. He looked at his subject in a scientific way. He had studied the writings of Andersen and Grimm in order to catch their secret, and had edited their books for American readers. He translated anew the Fables of Æsop. In one sumptuous volume he had gathered together the masterpieces of children's literature. But his greatest monument was none of these. He had come to the significant conclusion that the best reading for children was not necessarily or exclusively that which was prepared expressly for their use, but rather the masterpieces of the world's literature. To this end he planned the Riverside Literature Series for young people, which from small beginnings grew almost by its own momentum till it includes a large library, testifying by its wide circulation

throughout the land that he had not been mistaken in his purpose.

In his book *Childhood in Literature and Art* there are traces of wide reading and of deeper reflection. It begins with Homeric times, and with such clear appreciation of allusions that, as the reader moves onward, the successive ages stand revealed in the light of their estimate of the child. The art of the Renaissance is treated with peculiar beauty and delicate sympathy. English literature and French and German are reviewed with the same keenness and consistency of purpose, with special comment on Wordsworth and on those writers of the eighteenth century and the early nineteenth who first began to work directly in the interest of children. Of the Puritan conception of childhood, it is remarked that it reversed the familiar injunction, so as to read, "Unless ye become as men and are converted, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." Most pertinent is the criticism of Hawthorne and Dickens. Throughout the book there runs the enthusiasm of one who feels as if he had discovered for himself "the new continent of childhood," of one who writes *con amore*, as is indicated by the dedication to his daughter, "who was a child when this book was written." The book becomes a manual for parents bewildered with the complexity of the great problem. If it is deficient when judged by the later methods of psychological research, it has this distinctive value that it keeps in the open, avoiding the morbid and the recondite, adhering solely to the objective estimate, the conscious rather than the subconscious life, true always to its title, childhood as revealed in those two most powerful modes of presentation, literature and art. It is therefore a book for the few. Those with the highest opportunity for cultured reflection will most deeply appreciate its beauty and worth.

This was always a characteristic of Mr. Scudder's work, that when he gave

loose rein to his inclination he wrote for the few, — a feature pointing to a certain idiosyncrasy in his make-up, on which it is worth while for a moment to dwell. He could do two things well, — he could write for children, as one of their own number, and he could write for those highly educated and advanced in culture. But for the large mass of average readers, who seek to be entertained, who need to be solicited, or are repelled by what looks dull or heavy, his personal message was not so clear. When he sat down to his higher tasks he took his own elevated attitude as the standard to be maintained, indifferent to the question of popularity; aiming only to say what ought to be said, what people ought to read, whether they would read or whether they would forbear. That malady of the ideal, his own ideal, dominated him, till he almost lost vision of the practical, the commercial side of literary work. Such was the character of his constitution that his bow was always drawn at the strongest tension; and when he relaxed, it was to turn to work for children, often in a vein of trifling humor.

An evidence of this peculiarity may be seen in his *Men and Letters*, where he appears indifferent whether or no he gains the attention of many readers. It opens with an essay on Mulford, an almost unknown name, in whom the many could never be expected to take an interest, whose thought and personality moved on the mounts of vision almost out of range of the common sight. This essay was followed by one on Longfellow, which should have stood first, the longest as it is the most charming of his essays, one of the best studies of the poet which have yet been made. Next comes *The Modern Prophet*, a tribute to Maurice, the so-called "obscure" theologian. From this he turns to Landor as a Classic, a gem of literary appreciation, to be followed by a sketch of Dr. Muhlenberg, a once famous Episcopal divine with whose atti-

tude he was in close sympathy. The casual reader might well infer that the author was a propagandist, introducing literary articles for the purpose of securing a reading for theological studies. And in truth he would not be so far wrong, for Mr. Scudder's interest in the larger bearings of theology quite rivaled his interest in pure literature. This illustration may serve to show how his judgment was at fault about his own work in a matter of technical arrangement, yet it also indicates how he could defy the literary proprieties when his conscience dictated another mode of procedure. It would have been better form to have put the literary essays by themselves, as Mr. Hutton did, who was a kindred spirit, and have reserved to the theological a separate place.

But we cannot dismiss this important book, small though it be, with only an adverse criticism on its internal arrangement. It best demonstrates, what has been said before, that Mr. Scudder's strength lay in the direction of historical and literary criticism. Each essay is read with the painful feeling that it is by far too short, and one closes the book with a sigh that there is not more to follow. Nor should we fail to call attention to its dedication to his friend Mr. H. M. Alden, where Mr. Scudder lifts the veil of his reserve to tell why he dropped the anonymous and the impersonal to speak under his own name. A few of its words may be quoted: "My occupation has compelled me to print much comment upon contemporaneous literature; fortunately I have been able for the most part to work out of the glare of publicity. But there is always that something in us which whispers 'I,' and after a while the anonymous critic becomes a little tired of listening to the whisper in his solitary cave, and is disposed to escape from it by coming out into the light, even at the risk of blinking a little, and by suffering the ghostly voice to become articulate, though the sound startles him.

One craves company for his thought, and is not quite content always to sit in the dark with his guests."

In 1890 Mr. Scudder assumed the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* in succession to Lowell, J. T. Fields, Howells, and Aldrich. There was a certain common element in the aim of those who had preceded him, and this, what he called the "tradition" of the magazine, he proposed to follow. The higher aspects of political life, education, art, classical literature, American and particularly New England history, were in a general way the directions in which he tended. He sought also after presentations of the best English culture. Under his administration each issue of the *Atlantic* contained solid articles of permanent value. Perhaps his aim was too high for the popular taste. He made no bid however for the popular approval, but strove to maintain a periodical which should lead rather than follow, whose pages should be open to the best thought and criticism, on condition only of some qualification in literary skill and expression. "America needed," he said, "as never before, an insistence on the high ideals of literature and life." He sought to make the *Atlantic* an "organism" rather than "an aggressive or polemical organ;" to preserve "the repose which belongs to high literature."

So Mr. Scudder remained faithful to the "tradition," aware however that its force had diminished, that "new lights" had appeared on the horizon, and were followed with a new enthusiasm to the seeming neglect of the old masters. There is a passage in his essay on Anne Gilchrist, where he characterizes a tendency which then seemed to him ephemeral. His text was from a letter of Mrs. Gilchrist to William Rossetti after reading the poems of Walt Whitman: "Since I have read it, I can read no other book; it holds me entirely spellbound, and I go through it again and again with deepening delight and

wonder." Mr. Scudder's comment on this outburst of admiration shows him without sympathy for a mood which was destined for a time to prevail: —

"There is, or rather was fifteen or twenty years ago, in England, a disposition among literary and artistic people of a distinct type to construct an American phantom. The men and women who were at odds with the England of their day, impatient at smug respectability, chafing not so much at the petty restrictions of conventionality as at the limitations imposed by institutional religion and politics, wishing to escape from the commercial conception of the universe, and met everywhere by the self-complacency of Philistinism, took refuge in two widely separate realities, mediæval romanticism and American freedom. The one inspired their art and much of their poetry, the other enkindled their thought. Both offered them an opportunity to protest against English lawful dullness. In America these spirits saw the cheerful largeness of hope, the confident step, the freedom from tradition, the frank appropriation of the world as belonging to Americans, and a general habit of mind which proclaimed law as made for man, and not man for law. With the ardor of worshipers, the more *outré* their idol, the more they admired it. An exaggerated type of frontier lawlessness, some sombrero-shadowed, cowhide-booted being, filled them with special ecstacy. It was not that they cared to go and live with him on the prairie, but he served as a sort of symbol to them of an expansive life, which was gone from England but was possible to humanity."

For eight years Mr. Scudder held the responsible and trying position of an editor, the greater part of the time in addition to his other work. In 1897 he went to Europe for rest and recreation, spending a year in travel accompanied by his family. When he returned in 1898 he resigned the editorship of the *Atlantic* to take up what

proved to be his last but in some respects his most important work, — the *Life of Lowell*, which appeared in the fall of 1901. This work has already been reviewed at length in these pages, and is now too well known and appreciated to call for further notice. That he should have been chosen for the task of depicting America's foremost literary critic was one of the high honors which befell him; that he should have satisfied the expectations of those best qualified to judge is the highest praise. Despite difficulties encountered in the execution of his task, he has succeeded in giving us "the vivid presentation of Mr. Lowell's personality," and we live, as we read his pages, in "the very presence of the man."

This attempt to describe some of the leading features of Mr. Scudder's work only makes it imperative to affirm more emphatically what has been already said, that his rôle as a man of letters was to work through the institution, rather than in individual creative ways. His distinction lay in adapting himself to his age with singular felicity. For thirty years he was associated with a prominent publishing house to whose interests he devoted his energies with most loyal enthusiasm, watchful for its welfare at every moment, jealous for its reputation, guarding it from danger, doing all that in him lay to promote its honorable growth and extension. During these years it may be safe to say that no new book was issued which had not first received his approval; until the imprint of the firm became synonymous with what is highest and best in American literature. This was his joy in life and his reward, that each year he recorded the growing usefulness and increasing prosperity of the institution. How much he did in the direction of stimulating others to creative work cannot be measured; it is a secret buried in the experiences of those who know. But there must be many books, and some of them far reaching and per-

manent in their influence, which owe their origin to him. He studied other men, followed their work, estimated its value, and when the moment was ripe incited them to authorship, and this in many lines, and not in some one narrow channel. He became a good genius to young authors who were just beginning their career; he encouraged and stimulated to fresh endeavors the more mature, and there were many who felt stronger because they were aware that they existed in his consciousness, under the shield of his encouragement and protection. He lived in and for the institution, but he was too strong a man to be eclipsed by the institution or identified with it. In his personality he was greater than in his work. He was known, he was honored, revered, and loved for himself, for his disinterested pursuit and frank recognition of what was excellent. Absolute confidence was reposed in him, that he would never crush the germs of promise, but cherish them as a sacred trust, helping as far as he could to free them from crudeness or eccentricity. He became the modern substitute for the ancient patron of letters. Such books as in the eighteenth century could not have seen the light without permission to dedicate to some noble lord were carried to him for sanction. The adulation and flattery which authors once lavished on patrons assumed in his case the form of a genuine gratitude and affection. To this personal devotion, the fitting reward of unselfish and generous labor, were added other rewards in the more formal and public recognition, among them the degree of Doctor of Letters from Princeton University in 1896.

Mr. Scudder's published works include over a score of volumes, while his anonymous work if gathered into books would make several volumes more. In all his writings there are the marks of clear insight, often accompanied with illuminating flashes which penetrate to the inmost recess of his theme. Right

sympathy, sure intelligence, the scholarly mind, conscientiousness, carefulness, thoroughness, sanity of judgment, — these are his qualities; on the other hand, caution and conservatism, even a touch of fastidiousness. As to his literary methods, foremost, of course, was his enormous capacity for accomplishing tasks, so that those who saw him most closely were amazed at the ease and the speed with which he would do the work that ordinarily would require the labor of several men. The arrangements of his study, the classification of his papers, the numerous indexes of his writings showed at a glance his orderly nature. His manuscripts were in graceful, refined handwriting; he refused the aid in composition of the typewriter, or even of the fountain pen. He had a device of his own in blank books for composition, corresponding in shape with their prospective published form. These he preserved, sending type-written copies to the press, making his corrections in the proof because not sure of his expression till he saw it in type. He made catalogues of all his writings, with references to dates and places, collections also of his short articles and fugitive papers, which were somewhat luxuriously bound, as if to impress himself with the importance of every, even the slightest task. He seemed to have abundance of time at his disposal, and showed great gladness in receiving callers who came for advice on literary matters; he gave abundantly from his ample resources, ready at the moment with his opinions in answer to questions, and yet without rudeness it became evident when the interview was over. Although frank and open in his manners, he was also reticent beyond certain limits, as if he carried confidential deposits, which he must be on guard lest he should betray.

Among the public positions of trust which he held, one was membership of the State Board of Education for several years. Some of his most elaborate studies have gone into its annual reports.

Williams College, to which he gave long service as a trustee, is noted for the intense devotion it inspires among its alumni, but by none was he surpassed in ardent affection, in earnest and constant consideration for its welfare. It was like a second home, for there also three of his brothers had been trained. Although living at a distance, he held it a sacred obligation to attend the meetings of its trustees without regard to his personal convenience. Standing in the same relation to the government of Wellesley College, he carried it close to his heart, endearing himself greatly to its trustees and faculty. When the new chapel was to be built, his knowledge of architecture and interest in ecclesiastical arrangements and decorations enabled him to make practical suggestions which were incorporated in the edifice to its improvement. He took a prominent and responsible part in the election and installation of Miss Hazard as president. So great had been his service that his death was felt as a calamity for which the college mourned. He was also a trustee of the Episcopal Theological school in Cambridge, where his services were greatly valued. For many years he served on the Cambridge school committee. In other relations, some of them but little heard of, he wrought with the same unselfish devotion to the public good. He was president of the Church Library Association, where he made it his duty to see that all unworthy books should be weeded out from its annual catalogue for Sunday-school and parish libraries. In this position he had many co-workers under him, whose respect and confidence he maintained. In all these posts, as in all his personal relations, he showed himself a man of great staying power, to whom one could tie with confidence. He had the blessing of the peacemaker, for it was his aim, it seemed to be his mission in official relationships, to reconcile differences, to study the art of making sac-

rifices in the interest of harmony and united action.

In his religious life he kept the traditions of regular church attendance, and of the daily family prayers. From the clerical point of view he was the ideal layman, in the many relations of the parish and its minister seeking only for the common good. His devout presence was in itself a sermon. His family life was most fortunate and most happy. His home in Cambridge became an attractive social and literary centre. He was fond of social functions, and for them was singularly fitted, inheriting from his father a happy sanguine temperament, the disposition to be pleased with little things, together with an unfailing fund of wit and humor, which made intercourse with him a truly joyous experience. Under all circumstances he maintained this cheerful, glad demeanor, or if he were downcast he never showed it. He seemed to lead the happy life of the childhood which in his books he portrayed, keeping the child's freshness and sense of the joyousness of life.

So he came to the end, prematurely it would seem to us, in his sixty-fourth year, maintaining through a prolonged illness great serenity, and even Christian fortitude which a stoic might envy. His familiar appearance on the streets of Cambridge and Boston as he went in and out among us for thirty years made him a landmark, whose disappearance has changed the outlook of many lives. For those who knew him best he will live in memory as a man true in his relationships, a faithful friend, a genial companion with a large and hopeful, a loving and trusting heart. In the finished product of simple manhood he stood for all that was most wanted or most to be desired. He was in reality, as we now see him transfigured in the eternal light, a man who lived in the spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of others, a philanthropist and public servant in the rôle of a man of letters.

Alexander V. G. Allen.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

POETRY AND VERSE.

It is odd that people who feel virtuous in spending ten dollars for a seat at the opera, or a hundred dollars for a modern painting (let us put it mildly), do not dream of spending a dollar for the new book of verse, — for any new book of verse. The point is not that such a book fails to interest them; it simply does not concern them in any way. Modern attempts at poetry do not constitute one of the worthy objects toward the encouragement of which one is expected to contribute in dollars — or cents. Yet public indifference to such attempts is, apparently, not inconsistent with a general understanding that they are pretty creditable. The technical quality of modern verse is admitted, even by modern verse-writers, to be extremely high. Certainly there is an increasing number of persons who are able to approximate good form in the employment of metre and rhyme. We study that sort of thing; we know the difference between an iambus and an anapest, and we get credit for it. Possibly we get too much credit for it. To remark that So-and-so is not much of a poet, but “writes as good verse as any in the language,” is a little like saying that a builder of manikins makes as good bodies as the Creator, though they happen not to possess the breath of life. Of course the trouble with this figure is that any one can tell a manikin from a body at a glance, and no one can tell a piece of skillful verse from a poem at a glance. Perhaps that is why even the public that does use poetry in some form is bored with this facile and measured product of the modern verse-writer. It may very likely be poetry, but why bother with probabilities when there is so much poetry in the world of which we can be perfectly sure?

Everybody knows that the generation is lucky which produces one or two notable poets: why be looking for nightingales on every bush? These are reasonable queries from persons who care only for nightingales, and are impatient of the imitator of the nightingale. Fortunately there are a good many birds which possess a delicate trill or an honest chirp of their own; and one may conceivably find just as many degrees of merit in poetry as in music or painting, and take just as much satisfaction in enjoying them all.

The chances are that a great deal of this current verse must fail to be poetry in any sense, because it is the outcome of no sort of creative power. It may be quite artificial, or it may more or less dimly suggest the presence of a creative power which needs to express itself through some other medium than verse. There never was such a thing as a “mute inglorious Milton;” a great poet’s power of expression in verse is a part of the man himself, perhaps the most significant part, certainly inseparable from his power of poetic conception. No such prodigy as an inarticulate genius has yet been proved to have existed; though only the highest genius, perhaps, is perfectly articulate, as only the virtuosos are really masters of technique. Except in work of the highest genius, there are all degrees of ill balance between conception and execution; but if verse is not in some sense articulate as well as inspired, it is not poetry, and no sleight-of-hand in the employment of metre and rhyme can make it so.

I.

In the work of two modern American verse-writers, Madison Cawein and

Bliss Carman, who have perhaps come as near as anybody else to gaining an audience, it is hard to say, as yet, what part is played by creative power and what by sleight-of-hand. Such critics as Mr. Archer and Mr. Howells have discovered in the later work of Mr. Cawein a marked advance in human quality, if not in restraint. The character of the latest of his numerous volumes¹ is not likely to strengthen this impression. Mr. Cawein still appears to be a sensitive observer of nature (mainly, that is to say, of flowers and sunsets) and a skillful manipulator of metre and rhyme. There is a criticism which declares Tennyson's knowledge of nature to be greater than Milton's because he registers the fact that "the tender ash delays to clothe herself, While all the woods are green," and Milton can only talk of "russet lawns and fallows gray." Doubtless this should have prepared us to be interested in the habits of the pawpaw and the black cohosh; but it is only human for the reader to find pages and pages of such description a little wearisome. These details are at worst botanical, at best decorative; in neither case quite a poetic staple. We have come to feel the stupidity of demanding that a singer should be always saying things; but he must sing something: and this Mr. Cawein, like Mr. Carman, frequently fails to do. Mr. Carman not infrequently obscures the obscurity of his theme by apparent simplicity; by the choice of elementary metrical forms, and a preference for the monosyllable. Besides, he is a symbolist, and may at any time be saying, if not something, something else. Mr. Cawein is not protected by a cult; and he is fond of complicated metrical and rhyming schemes, which, perhaps, make one unfairly suspicious of his spontaneity. He has, moreover, the weakness for the odd collocation of adjective and noun which appears to be among the spe-

¹ *A Voice on the Wind*. By MADISON CAWEIN. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co. 1902.

cial curses of modern pictorial poetry: collocations such as "bleak gowns," "rosy gestures," and "flickering floors." But of several pieces of verse in the present volume, one feels no doubt; they are not mere versified description, they are poetry. Especially in the two poems called *Summer Noontide*, and *Heat*, Mr. Cawein has succeeded in embodying a mood of nature. From the latter poem two or three stanzas must be quoted:—

II.

"Knee-deep among the tepid pools the cows
Chew a slow end or switch a slower tail,
Half-sunk in sleep beneath the beechen boughs,
Where thin the wood-gnats ail.
From bloom to bloom the languid butterflies
drowse;
The sleepy bees make hardly any sound;
The only things the sunrays can arouse,
It seems, are two black beetles rolling 'round
Upon the dusty ground.

V.

"Furious, incessant in the weeds and briers
The sawing weed-bugs sing; and, heat-begot,
The grasshoppers, so many strident wires,
Staccato fiercely hot:
A lash of whirling sound that never tires,
The locust flails the noon, where harnessed
Thirst,
Beside the road-spring many a shod hoof mires,
Into the trough thrusts his hot head, im-
mersed,
'Round which cool bubbles burst.

VI.

"The sad sweet voice of some wood-spirit who
Laments while watching a loved oak tree die,
From the deep forest comes the wood-dove's coo,
A long, lost, lonely cry.
Oh, for a breeze, a mighty wind to woo
The woods to stormy laughter: sow like grain
The world with freshness of invisible dew,
And pile above far, fevered hill and plain
Vast bastions of rain."

Evidently Mr. Cawein's talent is his own. His greatest limitation as an artist is suggested by the fact that he has now published ten or twelve volumes of verse. He has not been able to hoard and refine; but if he has worked impulsively, the impulse has come from

within. Even his ingenuity is not the result of a straining away from imitativeness.

II.

This straining away from imitativeness is unfortunately what many of our younger verse-writers are now concerned with, as they have always been. They are so much set upon producing the poetry of the future that they fail to produce the poetry of the present, which is after all what we need; and which must probably have many qualities in common with the poetry of the past. Their attempts are less hopeful from the fact that these enthusiasts have a habit of getting together. A new note in art is not likely to be invented by a coterie. We have a tender memory for the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, but not even their achievement has changed the fact that while self-admiration has produced much of the first order in art, mutual admiration has produced nothing. What may be ordinarily expected of such a class is simply a more or less labored reversion. The mode just now popular in America appears to be of the rhapsodic, dithyrambic variety, not seldom degenerating into a sort of Græco-Swinburnian poetry of gesticulation. In *The Morning Road*,¹ for example, the work of two supposably young men with a theory, there is a good deal of verse which one might call vigorous if it were not rather violent and incoherent. Here is a passage from *A Song of the Sun*: —

“Loose me the scourge of the morning in glittering lashes,
Swing free the hissing whips that silence the song of the dawn,
Scatter the mists that beset thee with withering flashes,
Rise thou a king, o'er fabled eternities gone.

“Sullen and gray are the fog-hosts, impenetrant, bounding
Thy castle unseen, — unsuspected its glory of impotent gold —

¹ *The Morning Road*. By THOMAS WOOD STEVENS and ALDEN CHARLES NOBLE. Chicago: The Blue Sky Press. 1902.

Tufted and plumed they gather, vindictive surrounding,
Rise and destroy, O Sluggard! smite as thou smotest of old!”

Such verse as this certainly exhibits a flexible disposition of metre and rhyme, and (however induced) a certain ardor of feeling. On the whole, however, one feels that this *Morning Road* has something of the air of a stage highway, bounded by pasteboard statues and foliage, and animated by figures which always keep their faces toward the footlights. Surely the public cannot be expected to take much stock in a poetry of pose, however ingenuous that pose may be.

This book is, it should be said, the best of a considerable number of slender volumes of rhapsodizing which have recently passed by the editorial table on their way to dusty death. The worst of them is the utterance of a person in the far West, the profound, not to say desperate, nature of whose material is indicated by its title.² A former volume of his was hailed in San Francisco as “a super-Byronic creation.” This perhaps accounts for the tasteful scowl which is the only adornment of the bas-relievo bust awarded as the frontispiece of the present book. It is only fair in the poet to prepare us, for we are to find that he sticks at nothing. He is perfectly frank in telling us that he has loved many times in an uncompromising *Byron-cum-Moore* fashion: —

“I felt thy placid pulses glow
As from thy melting mouth I gleaned
The rosy raptures that eclipse,” etc.

He takes, moreover, a rhymedly sombre view of life, confessing a despairing interest in creation and the Progress of the Species: —

“Are we nearer than the nascent life that slumbered in the slime,
When the protoplasmic moner scanned the steepes that it must climb?”

² *Beyond the Requiem*. By LOUIS ALEXANDER ROBERTSON. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. 1902.

"Or the microcosmic atom, ere its fetters left it free?
Or the blind bathybius sleeping at the bottom of the sea?"

There is, of course, no special significance in the fact that these more or less metrical remarks happen to come from a certain point of the compass. Upon the eastern seaboard also, and much farther east than that, the tradition is still fondly cherished that there is some connection between a "virile" genius and that condition of inspired toughness fancifully called "Bohemianism." Some day, let us hope, this "blind bathybius" of a theory will be put to sleep forever.

III.

It is not, of course, so great a step from the pride of the flesh to the pride of the spirit, provided flesh and spirit be both pure and whole. Our neo-paganism, even at its best, is not more sincere or more interesting than the neo-mediævalism of poets like Lady Lindsay and Laurence Housman. Two recent volumes from these hands chance to be singularly alike in theme as well as in spirit.¹ Neither poet can be considered a mere versifying antiquarian. The achievement of such men of genius as Lamb and Landor has long since established the fact that there are survivals in art which cannot be judged as imitations or even as reversions. It is evident that in both of the writers of whom we are speaking the religious mysticism of the Middle Ages is an inheritance, not an affectation. The manner of that less conscious age has been happily caught, also. The fine simplicity of some of Lady Lindsay's carols is paralleled by the fine simplicity of Mr. Housman's play. To many readers it will undoubtedly seem that mediævalism has had enough to say for it-

¹ *A Christmas Posy*. By LADY LINDSAY. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1902.

Bethlehem: A Nativity Play. By LAURENCE

self; a few will recognize the studied but not factitious charm of such lyrics as this, none the less pleasing for its suggestion of Blake:—

"Robin on the thorn,
Christ to-day was born.
Thou who, as men tell,
Gavest souls in hell
Drops of water cool
From a limpid pool—

"Burning thy soft breast
Thus to scarlet vest,
Evermore to prove
Thy good gift of love—
Bird of mercy, stay;
Sing thy joyous lay!"

or of such passages in the *Nativity Play* as this reply by the "Second King" to Gabriel:—

"Too slow my footsteps move
For the goal I seek to prove.
My body is a waste
Through which my soul doth haste,
Famished until it taste
Its nameless new desire!
A flame my spirit owns,
Ashes are all my bones,
Love lights in me such fire!
I thirst! my throat is dried!
I ask;—am still denied!
Cry to be satisfied,
Yet only as Love will.
Now, if He come not first,
Not death, but ease were worst;—
Let me die, thirsting still!"

Not often nowadays, apparently, does a writer of verse venture to put forth his work under a plain title. There is probably some reason for the fact, commercial or psychological, or both; but it is unknown to the present commentator. Very often, indeed, these fanciful labels seem to him to work distinctly to the prejudice of the wares which are offered. *Thoughts Adrift* and *Tangled in Stars*² are two recent instances of the sort; the former title does

HOUSMAN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1902.

² *Tangled in Stars*. By ETHELWYN WETHERALD. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 1902.

happen to suggest pretty well the quality of the work, but the latter belongs to a volume of unusually clear, concrete verse. One is relieved not to be forced to dwell upon the nature of stellar entanglement, and pleased to find several real little poems of a graceful though earthly quality, which may be suggested by these lines from *A March Night*:—

“Behind the gust and the ragged cloud
And the sound of loosening floods
I see young May with her fair head bowed,
Walking in a world of buds.”

If a fanciful title was to be used, nothing could have been better than *A World of Buds*, or, to take a phrase from the pretty dedicatory lines, *Little Leafy Songs*.

Mr. Martin has chosen next to the most modest of possible titles for his recent collection.¹ One does not know quite how to apply it, to be sure. Mr. Martin is at his best in verse as well as in prose, when he gives himself freely to the colloquial mood. Consequently it is possible that some of the bits in this volume which he would class as mere verse may contain more poetry, because more Mr. Martin, than some of the soberer numbers. There are one or two experiments in break-neck metre and double rhyming of which he very likely felt uncertain, and of which the result is certainly not poetry. On the other hand some of the occasional verses possess a sanity and geniality and deftness of touch which seem to rank them very nearly with Dr. Holmes's. Of such light verse as *Labuntur Anni*, too, it must be said that it is 'light only in touch, not in value.

IV.

For humorous poetry of the best sort there is plenty of room on shelves bur-

¹ *Poems and Verses*. By EDWARD SANDFORD MARTIN. New York and London: Harper & Bros. 1902.

² *A Treasury of Humorous Poetry*. By FRED-

dened with the utterances of the solemn Muse. It is a pity that in his recent anthology² Mr. Knowles has not restricted himself to the best, or even the next best sort. His collection includes work in all veins which can conceivably be called humorous, and in some which cannot; from the delicate badinage of Dobson, through all degrees of facetiousness and uproariousness to sheer nonsense. One's impression of the heterogeneity of this material is very likely intensified by its absolute lack of arrangement. As nobody, unless for the humor of it, could think of reading such a book consecutively, there appears to be no reason why the poems should not have been printed in some sort of intelligible order.

I have not meant to speak of "sheer nonsense" by way of depreciating that excellent commodity. The poetry of nonsense has also found a collector, and a very good book³ is the result. The masterpieces of Lear, Lewis Carroll, and W. S. Gilbert are of course included, and to these are added a surprising number of good verses by a surprising number of writers. The only exception that can be taken to the method of the editor is that it has allowed some material to slip in which is too silly to be nonsense, and some which was not intended for nonsense at all. A large collection of unintentional or apparent nonsense verse could be culled without difficulty from sober books. In a recent book of verse, for example, one comes upon this stanza:—

“A mug of kvass to my love I quaff,
Nu da, dusha Marya, th' sky is black!
The big red-beaked epatkas laugh,
And the arres cackle round Unimak!”

This is, it seems, a serious love-song, with no more dialect in it than the poet

ERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co. 1902.

³ *A Nonsense Anthology*. By CAROLYN WELLS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

feels is good for us. It may be cheerfully admitted that the two other stanzas are less cryptic, but the passage as it stands suggests irresistibly the outgrabing of the mome raths in Jabberwocky. Perhaps one penalty of enjoying deliberate nonsense is to be besieged by unseemly reminders of it ever after. For example, these lines, just come upon, —

“The tide is yearning for the moon,
The streamlet for the sea,
The frozen dawn for sun of noon . . .
And I for thee!”

might have touched with their simplicity, if not their originality, a reader in whose ears a certain blithe measure of Owen Seaman’s did not happen to be echoing: —

“The bulbul hummeth like a book
Upon the pooh-pooh tree,
And now and then he takes a look
At you and me,
At me and you.
Kuchi!
Kuchoo!”

In the artful versification of broadly humorous narrative there have been as few masters as in the writing of good nonsense verse. The Ingoldsby Legends, The Bab Ballads, two or three poems by Dr. Holmes, and other single poems “scattering” — not many of them — constitute our classics in this kind. One feels inclined to congratulate Mr. Carryl upon having really added to them.¹ His narratives have the quality of whimsical humor and the property of extreme adroitness in the management of complicated stanza forms which belonged to Barham — and to Browning, at certain moments. Here is part of the description of the mother of him of the beanstalk: —

“She had a yearning chronic
To try each novel tonic,
Elixir, panacea, lotion, opiate, and balm;
And from a homœopathist

¹ *Grimm Tales made Gay*. By GUY WETMORE CARRYL. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

Would change to an hydropathist,
And back again, with stupefying calm!”

And here is a stanza from Mr. Carryl’s version of Fortunatus: —

“He could wake up at eight in Siam,
Take his tub, if he wanted, in Guam.
Eat breakfast in Kansas,
And lunch in Matanzas,
Go out for a walk in Brazil,
Take tea in Madeira
Dine on the Riviera,
And smoke his cigar in Seville,
Go out to the theatre in Vladivostok,
And retire in New York at eleven o’clock!”

Whether poetry or not, this is a sort of “gracious fooling” beyond the range of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, whose itinerary of humor ended somewhere about “the equinoctial of Queubus,” the native place, very likely, of the Jabberwock and the Snark.

V.

Probably no valid distinction between verse and poetry can be made on the score of humor in the pure sense. Poets are often most humorous when they are most serious, and it is particularly hard to be sure where the merit lies when, as often happens in Browning, a serious vein of poetic discourse is accompanied by an obligato of ironical reservations and subtle compunctions. Even when the strains appear to be most clearly distinguished from one another, they may be so implicated as to be really inseparable. This is Mr. Robinson’s method in the poem which gives the title to his recent book of verse.² There is always the danger of fancying resemblances, even when one has escaped the danger of fancying imitations; but a rough notion of Mr. Robinson’s method may be suggested by imagining a person with the mental ingenuity of Browning and the bare diction of Wordsworth.

“I doubt if ten men in all Tilbury Town
Had ever shaken hands with Captain Craig.”

² *Captain Craig*. By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

So begins his narrative, and such is the quality of very much of his blank verse; plainly jog-trot, often not distinguishable from the baldest prose: —

“We waited there
Till each of us, I fancy, must have made
The paper on the wall begin to squirm,
And then got up to leave.”

This baldness is varied mainly by way of extraordinary metrical exploits, and whimsical figures of speech, as in lines like these: —

“As unproductive and as unconvinced
Of the living bread and the soul's eternal
drought
As a frog on a Passover-cake in a streamless
desert.”

But everywhere the difficulty lies deeper than metre; the masters of blank verse have been those who employed it most flexibly; but always under that restraining instinct for rhythm without which poetry can hardly be written, — certainly not poetry in the form of blank verse. This instinct Mr. Robinson entirely lacks. Consequently, while his book seems to me vastly more original and interesting than most of the books of verse with which we have been dealing, I think it contains little or no poetry. One of the shortest pieces of verse is perhaps the best, *The Return of Morgan and Fingal*. The restraint of the simple ballad measure appears to have had a wholesome effect upon an instinct for expression which elsewhere, though it finds a forcible and often imaginative utterance, is not poetic. There is much power, even genius, in the book, and it is extremely well worth reading on that account; but it is reasonably clear that verse is not the medium of expression through which this power, or genius, can hope to become fully articulate.

H. W. Boynton.

IN two slender volumes¹ — nowise
Jowett's thick enough unduly to dis-
Prose. tend the pocket of one's coat
— we have a compendium of wisdom

¹ *Select Passages from Theological Writings.*
Select Passages from the Introductions to Plato.

gathered from the writings of the late Master of Balliol. Readers of the great Plato in English already know how Jowett in his Introductions made the interpretation of the Platonic Dialogues a vehicle for the expression of his own deepest thought, — a kind of Plato for the times. The result of bringing together in brief compass the more notable and pregnant passages from all the introductions is even surprisingly successful. For all Jowett's delicate intuition and sympathetic following of the more Icarian flights of the academic philosophy, one feels here that his genius was in closer alliance with what we are wont to think the Socratic, than with the Platonic strain in the Dialogues. There is, too, a wealth of the lore of humanity and the knowledge of this world which makes one think irresistibly of Bacon. Sometimes, even, the apposite turn of a sentence is Verulam's own, as when he says, speaking of the materialism of the Spartan ideal: “Tyrtaeus, or Æsop, or our own Newton, would have been exposed at Sparta, and some of the fairest and strongest men and women have been among the wickedest and worst.”

Jowett's prose style is always admirable. Sometimes, as has been said, it is terse, Baconian; sometimes it is patched with becoming purple; it is always lively without flippancy, edifying without tediousness, suggestive without vagueness. In the last century perhaps only Newman among English writers came nearer than Jowett to that perfection of style which he himself describes as “variety in unity, freedom, ease, clearness, the power of saying anything, and of striking any note in the scale of human feelings without impropriety.” It would be well were these two little books often in the pockets of our young literary aspirants to “manner.” It is not possible to imagine any reading more exemplary for them, or a better correc-

By BENJAMIN JOWETT. Edited by LEWIS CAMPBELL: New York: Henry Frowde. 1902.

tive of the current vices of style. A page of Jowett is a touchstone by which the slap-dash impressionism of the "clever" writer, or the painful travail and artificiality of the pseudo-Paterian, can be seen for what it is.

There is much in the wide-ranging comment of these volumes which tempts to quotation, but nothing is more insistent than a certain loving definition of mysticism. In an age when the dilute mysticism of "the new thought" is noisy in the land, yet "practical mystics" are too rarely met, these sentences are memorable: —

"By mysticism we mean, not the extravagance of an erring fancy, but the concentration of reason in feeling, the enthusiastic love of the good, the true, the one, the sense of the infinity of knowledge, and of the marvel of the human faculties. When feeding upon such thoughts the 'wing of the soul' is renewed and gains strength; she is raised above 'the manikins of earth' and their opinions, waiting in wonder to know, and working with reverence to find out what God in this or in another life may reveal to her."

F. G.

It is difficult to imagine a more patriotic service than the wide dissemination of the epoch-making arguments for disarmament and for the closer organization of the civilized world. This is what has been undertaken by means of a series of books published at nominal prices for the International Union, under the editorship of Edwin D. Mead. The first issue in the series is a translation of the sixth and concluding volume of Jean de Bloch's exhaustive treatise on *The Future of War*.¹ This work, published originally in Russian, in six volumes, has thus far been known to the general public through this final volume alone,

¹ *The Future of War in its Technical, Economic, and Political Relations*. By JEAN DE BLOCH. Published for the International Union. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1903.

which is really an abridgment and summary of the entire treatise. No book written to advance the cause of peace has ever had placed to its credit such tangible, practical results. Its irrefutable array of statistics has influenced a class of minds hitherto quite impervious to the humanitarian plea for universal disarmament. It is primarily the moral, rather than the economic argument against war, that is emphasized in Charles Sumner's three addresses:² *The True Grandeur of Nations* (1845), the less famous but perhaps even more cogent *War System of the Commonwealth of Nations* (1849), and *The Duel between France and Germany* (1870). But however the emphasis upon different aspects of the great argument be shifted from decade to decade, no one can trace the record of the discussion for half a century — as he may easily do in the volumes now before us — without realizing how completely the development of civilization has justified Sumner's main contention. Even since the Czar's perusal of Bloch's book led to the formation of the Hague Tribunal, history has been making itself rapidly. The jingo spirit that cries for costlier national armaments must needs shout more angrily than before, for the facts and laws of the world's growth are ranged upon the side of international good-will. For a long time yet, no doubt, there will be politicians ready to sneer at the notion that mere books should influence national policy. Yet treatises like those of Sumner and Channing and Jean de Bloch have already demonstrated that they have not only morals but mathematics on their side, and they have forced the present-day champions of increased armaments into the uncomfortable rôle of apologists for an antiquated system.

B. P.

² *Addresses on War*. By CHARLES SUMNER. With an Introduction by EDWIN D. MEAD. Published for the International Union. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1902.

THE SOCIAL UNREST.

THE author of that curious eighteenth-century work, *The American Negotiator*, says that "it seldom happens that a proper degree of knowledge, experience, abilities, leisure, and inclination coincide or meet in the same person to induce him to set about producing a new thing of a particular kind." This is eminently true if the new thing be a work on labor or other social questions. Nearly all writers on such matters are either blindly partisan or sadly deficient in that personal contact and first hand knowledge of the subject necessary to lend both interest and value to their work. Mr. Brooks states that his work¹ is the outcome of some eighteen years of constant and persistent personal investigation and contact with all sorts and conditions of men, in many lands, and on both sides of every question, supplemented by a careful study of an almost endless mass of important, but sadly neglected, labor papers and trade journals. The author has been able to divest himself to an unusual degree of the personal bias and class prejudice of the class in which he was born and educated, and with which he has his natural associations. Thus being on terms of familiarity and intimacy with the leaders of both capital and labor, Mr. Brooks is able to write from a richness and fullness of experience that are unique. He might well repeat the request made by Montesquieu in the preface to *The Spirit of the Laws*, that no one judge from a moment's reading a work that cost the author twenty years of his life; and that every one judge the production as a whole, and not condemn or approve it because of certain phrases.

Although it is easy to characterize this work, the wealth of incident, argu-

ment, and illustration introduced makes it necessary to read the book many times to appreciate it fully. The main thesis is, that while the introduction of steam and electricity and the application of machinery to industry have made possible such creation of wealth as no previous age ever dreamed of, the production on so large a scale for world markets has led to an intolerable competition among capitalists. This bitterness of competition, years ago, drove the employers, in the more important industries, to enter into trusts and combinations. The concentration of ownership and control and the consequent severing of the bonds of personal knowledge and interest between capitalist and wage-earner have brought about an increased ability and temptation on the part of capital to oppress and crush the individual workman. In the midst of this phenomenal creation and concentration of wealth and growth of colossal individual private fortunes — and largely as a direct result of these changes — we have been moving toward a larger personal, political freedom, an unrestrained and cheap press, and an almost unlimited legal right of voluntary association. This enlarged freedom has caused the non-propertied and wage-earning classes to question profoundly the justice of the present distribution of wealth, and to enforce this questioning by a more effective appeal to the power of public opinion than ever before. The ability of these classes to evoke public opinion in their behalf is greatly increased by the fact that the members of the general public, as consumers, have a wholesome and deep-seated fear of oppression at the hands of the trusts.

Therefore the wage-earner, with more and more sympathy from the public, is demanding such a share of the wealth

¹ *The Social Unrest: Studies in Labor and Socialist Movements*. By JOHN GRAHAM BROOKS. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

produced as will, at least, enable him to maintain his present scale of living and to keep his children in school long enough to give them a fair chance in life. It no longer satisfies the laborer to convince him that both his nominal and real wages have increased in recent years. He is inclined rather to ask if with a greatly increased production and a constantly rising tide of civilization the distance between him and his employer is diminishing or becoming wider. The wage-earner and the consumer used to be satisfied when it could be shown that they were not growing poorer. Today, they are unitedly demanding not only a large share, but an equitable division of economic goods.

Many competent observers will agree with the author that the present capitalistic organization of society gives the promoter of the trust and the controller of capital in large masses a share of the total national income much larger than their effective contribution to production calls for. In fact, it is beginning to be seriously doubted if the present distribution can be defended on the grounds of either abstract justice or social expediency. But the combinations, in addition to enabling their owners, if unrestrained, to work injustice and to get an unfair share of a rapidly increasing product, also create the great and imminent danger that the whole mass of non-propertied and wage-earning classes may be forced to lower their present standard of living. Both the working classes and the consumers are fast becoming conscious of this impending danger, and, with the increased means of social agitation and political action at their command, are able to voice their fear and resentment at an economic inequality and injustice that are far more galling to them than any former yoke of political bondage or personal unfreedom ever was.

Mr. Brooks, who has no word of abuse for rich men, approves the concentration of wealth, and despises the

would-be "trust-killer." At the same time he is keenly alive to the evils and dangers which necessarily accompany the early stages of such a movement toward combination. Yet he continually insists that every argument put forth to justify the organization of trusts — a device primarily for checking competition among capitalists — would hold with greater force in favor of the combination of laborers to check the competition of laborer with laborer, even if there were no trusts. Since, however, capital has, in fact, for years been organized and is constantly strengthening its organization and extending the field of its operations, the organization of labor becomes absolutely necessary. If the laborer is not to be degraded and the consumer exploited, this aggressive power of combined capital must be met and held in check by well-organized and federated labor unions. Such unions must be strong enough to force an entirely new conception of the relation of employer and employed. The progress of civilization and the interest of the laborers alike require that the laborers should have much more to say than ever before about all the conditions of employment. They must be taken into an actual, not a legal partnership. Nothing short of this will reconcile or hold an even balance between the conflicting parties. The employer may still run "his business," but changed conditions have rendered necessary an entirely new conception and definition of what is his business.

The workmen are to-day fully aware of their rights and of the dangers which threaten them. They realize, too, their power of creating public opinion in their favor and even of appealing to the public for financial support. Any successful attempt on the part of the employers to resist the necessary readjustment of the relations with their workmen or to crush the unions will lead inevitably to a very much more rapid extension of state socialism than any nation has yet

ventured upon. The movement will naturally begin, but not end, with these industries in which the consumers fear extortion from existing or prospective monopolies.

Collective bargaining in the form of working agreements between organized employers on the one side and organized workmen on the other is the instrument by which the virtual partnership between the parties is to be established and conducted. This increased influence of the laborer over the conditions of production will necessarily be accompanied by enlarged legal regulation, in the form of factory acts, provisions for fencing and inspecting machinery, prohibition of child labor, limiting working hours, and assuring compensation for such industrial accidents as cannot be prevented. Mr. Brooks believes that this increased legal control and, also, an extension of the field of public ownership are necessary in the interest of both the worker and the consumer, and that the chief question is not whether we shall have more of these, but rather whether we shall move slowly, experimentally, and wisely, or precipitately and recklessly in such matters. The answer to this question, in his view, depends on whether or not capital uses new machinery and improved organization to oppose and destroy the organization of labor. Although our author is no more blind to the evils of the existing labor unions than to those of trusts, he considers the dangers of unionism no greater than those of unchecked capitalism. Furthermore, since capital is already so thoroughly organized and in so militant a mood, he believes that organized labor, with all its regrettable resort to foolish boycotts and reckless sympathetic strikes, and, at times, even to gross physical violence, is still the most hopeful element standing between society and great and appalling evils. Besides, labor unions are learning by a hard experience to overcome the worst evils that have afflicted them in the past, and

to rely more and more on legal and peaceful methods.

Mr. Brooks conceives that the best organization of industry is the one that has the greatest educational effect on the citizen, and that Americans have but a faint idea of the educational influence of the European labor unions and socialistic coöperative societies. The knowledge acquired in organizing and managing such enterprises has caused the unions to forsake their former violence and the socialists to give up their Utopias. Both these classes have become in the best sense of the word wise opportunists. These two movements have probably done more than anything else to destroy or at least to mollify the former spirit of uncompromising class hatred, which is infinitely more to be feared than any experiments in socialism entered upon peacefully, in good faith, with the sole, though mistaken, hope of benefiting mankind. It is but a short time since the socialists were demanding absolute equality of possessions and enjoyment of goods, and the unions were avowedly organized for promoting and supporting strikes. At present, the members of labor unions are seeking, by peaceful means and appeals to an aroused and awakened civic conscience, a minimum and progressive standard of living, and a reasonable opportunity in life for themselves and their children; while the socialists, having largely ceased from chasing phantoms, are simply aiming at the moralization and socialization of the means of production in the supposed interests of the community as a whole. Furthermore, both these classes are now willing to work with any group of citizens seeking similar ends by widely different means.

The unions are already in politics, and in to stay, and any successful attempt to thwart them in any of their legitimate industrial demands, or to deny them as complete a right of organization as the capitalists already enjoy, is simply to drive them more surely, swiftly, and

irresistibly into the movement for public ownership. Through voluntary organizations, or by means of state ownership and control, the laborer will maintain his rights and protect his interests. The choice appears to lie between permitting the unions to develop and to federate, or seeing the state driven into socialistic experiments for which we are ill prepared. The only alternative to this seems to be a selfish and greedy plutocracy, small in numbers, resting upon a vast mass of brutalized, ignorant, riotous, industrial serfs held in sullen subjection by a strong military force.

Nevertheless, the perusal of this book does not leave one in a pessimistic frame of mind. The author introduces a great

array of cases to prove that the captains of industry are rapidly coming to realize the injustice, inexpediency, and impossibility of crushing the labor unions. In fact, there is every evidence that the great industrial leaders are beginning to appreciate that not only common decency, but also their own interests and the common welfare demand that they shall grant as full rights of organization to the workmen as they claim for themselves; and that with labor thus organized they must work harmoniously.

No one can read this work without getting a clearer and a nobler conception of the possibilities of human society, and of the spirit, if not the method, by which human progress must be achieved.

John H. Gray.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

ONE morning in 1873 at a breakfast in London the talk fell upon proverbs, and the question arose what foreign proverb, not of classical origin, was the most familiar and in the most frequent use in English conversation or books. Several were suggested, naturally all of them French; for instance, "Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle," "Chacun à son gout," "Les absents ont toujours tort." The charming saying of la duchesse de la Ferté to Madame de Staël, "Tiens, mon enfant, je ne vois que moi qui aie toujours raison," was mentioned, but was held not to have the character or the currency of a familiar proverb. Finally, it was agreed that of all the French proverbs perhaps the one with which everybody was acquainted, and which an English-speaking man would use with least consciousness of its being of foreign origin, was, "Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte." But a new question was then proposed, whether this was a genuine *old* proverb, in use before

the middle of the eighteenth century, or whether it was an invention of the impromptu wit of Madame du Deffand, to whom the phrase had been traced.

In a letter to Horace Walpole she tells the story of her use of the words. He had heard of it by rumor, and wished to know the precise circumstances on her authority. Her reply to his inquiry, dated 6 Juin, 1767, is as follows: "Vous me demandez mon mot de St. Denis; cela est bien plat à raconter, mais vous le voulez.

"M. le Cardinal de Polignac, beau diseur, grand conteur, et d'une excessive crédulité, parloit de St. Denis et disoit que quand il eut la tête coupée, il la prit et la porta entre ses mains, tout le monde sait cela; mais tout le monde ne sait pas qu'ayant été martyrisé sur la montagne de Montmartre, il porta sa tête de Montmartre à St. Denis, ce qui fait l'espace de deux grandes lieues. Ah! lui dis-je, Monseigneur, je croirois que dans une telle situation il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.

Il n'y a que
le premier
pas qui
coûte.

"Cela est conté à faire horreur, je ne sais rien faire de commande."

It seems plain from Madame du Deffand's narrative that the *mot* was no borrowed proverbial phrase, but was coined fresh at the instant. It bears the mint mark of her "esprit" which Voltaire declared to be "encore plus beau que ses yeux." The story was old when she told it to Walpole, for the Cardinal de Polignac had then been dead for twenty-five years, and the phrase had already become current. Her words about the Cardinal, "beau diseur, grand conteur," were not unlike those with which Madame de Sévigné describes him in 1690. "C'est un des hommes du monde," she said, "dont l'esprit me paraît le plus agréable; il sait tout; il parle de tout; il a toute la douceur, la vivacité, la complaisance qu'on peut souhaiter dans le commerce." He was learned too, and his great poem the Anti-Lucretius was much praised, more praised, perhaps, than read.

It is he whom Voltaire at the opening of his Temple du Gout salutes as, "Le cardinal, oracle de la France," —

"... qui règne sur nous

Par les attrails de son douce éloquence,"

and in whose mouth he puts words which form an amusing comment upon Madame du Deffand's charge against him of "excessive credulity." "Ah! me dit-il, l'infailibilité est à Rome pour les choses qu'on ne comprend pas."

In the talk which followed at breakfast in regard to Madame du Deffand's saying, it was asserted that it was not to be found in Littré's Dictionary; and I, having recently had some relations with M. Littré, was asked to make inquiry of him whether the phrase was known in French literature before Madame du Deffand used it. I accordingly did so, inclosing to him a note in which the fact that the *mot* had been looked for in vain in his Dictionary was stated. In reply I received from him a characteristic and pleasant letter, of

which the part relating to this matter was as follows: —

VERSAILLES, 14 janvier, 1873.

CHER MONSIEUR, — Je vous demande pardon de n'avoir pas répondu tout de suite à votre lettre; j'ai été empêché par des occupations urgentes. Le proverbe dont il s'agit se trouve dans mon Dictionnaire à la fin du mot *Pas*; il est cité par Condillac, dont je rapporte le passage. Je rectifie en cela la note de M. —. Mais à mon tour je lui dois la source d'où il provient. Au moment je ne sus pas, ou je négligea de rechercher où Condillac avait pris son indication. En tout cas, je crois que le proverbe n'est pas autre chose que le mot de Mme. du Deffand tombé dans le domaine commun; du moins je n'en trouve aucune trace d'ailleurs et auparavant.

The passage from Condillac cited in the Dictionary is from his Art d'écrire, in which he tells the story, and assigns the saying to "une femme d'esprit." This treatise was published in 1755, when Madame du Deffand was well known in the Parisian world as the mistress of its most distinguished salon.

The earliest instance I have met with of this admirable piece of wit having become simply proverbial, and having passed into "the common domain," is in an ironical note of Grimm's, dated October, 1780, on the confinement in the Bastille of the presumptuous Sieur Linguet: "Quelle perte pour le genre humain, quelle perte irréparable, si l'on arrêta longtemps l'essor de ce génie extraordinaire! Avec un peu moins de géométrie dans la tête qu'on n'en apprend au collège, il venait de s'engager publiquement à démontrer que Newton n'était qu'un visionnaire. Et n'avait-il pas prouvé qu'en législation Montesquieu n'était qu'un imbécile? Il n'y a, dans toutes ces entreprises, comme dans celle de saint Denis de marcher sans tête, que le premier pas qui coûte."

There are certainly not many of our familiar proverbs which can be traced back to their source, and of which the gradual spread can be followed so securely as this, and few of such wide vogue of which the origin is so recent. Its ready adoption by the English-speaking world is perhaps mainly due to the fact that we have no proverb corresponding to it, or that can supply its place; and in part, perhaps, to the fact that a close and idiomatic translation of it is difficult.

I FIND myself sighing, now and then, **The District School.** for ways which most of my friends seem to regard as obsolete. In the matter of education, for instance, I have never reconciled myself to the graded school. Its facility in running through the mould fifty or seventy-five boys and girls, all of a smallness, turning them into the next room to be planed and drilled and grooved and otherwise ornamented, and taking in a fresh lot all in a breath, awes and grieves me. I am so behind the times that I believe in the district school. I once heard a learned Commissioner of Education denounce the district school. He spoke feelingly of it as an unworthy institution. He cited its methods of punishment — the boy who sits on nothing by the door, and the one who holds down a nail in the floor till his back is breaking, and the tyranny of the rod. These devices of education are, I believe, set forth in detail in *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*. But the district schools that I had the good fortune to attend were of so different a character that it would be almost worth the while of even a Commissioner of Education to have the memory of one stretching back into childhood days.

The lessons, as I recall them, were never very important or very onerous. But lessons formed a small part of the education of the district school. It mattered little whether they were learned. There were always stray bits of knowledge to be picked up from the

big boys and girls on the back bench. When the teacher sits in front and the class in history at the rear of the room, bits of wisdom are bound to fall, in passing, on small heads between, and lodge in minds supposed to be intent on b-a ba, k-e-r ker, baker, or "I see a cat." Every one remembers that there was nothing especially soul-filling in "baker," or in the perennial vision of the cat. It is little better to-day when we have all varieties of cat, — some wide awake, and some fast asleep, and some playing with their tails. The cat, we can all bear testimony, fails to fill the void. But when one heard a real battle described, and listened, with one little cocked-up ear, to the details of killed and wounded, the imagination took a big leap. This was not "history in one syllable" made easy for beginners. It was life. Never fear that a child will not learn if he has a chance to watch, unobserved, how the world wags. Try to educate him with a worsted ball, swinging it gayly before his eyes — "tick - tack, tick - tack" — he will follow it with shining eyes — but only till the first bit of real life comes trundling by.

The district school, like many other wise institutions, had no theories. But in practice its facilities for learning were unique. There were warm summer days when the hot sun poured in through the unshaded windows, and flies droned on the warm panes, when the whole school moved out of doors under the old apple tree. Lessons were recited from the top of a stone wall. Then there was the semi-diurnal excitement of "passing the water," when every one drank deep, as a matter of principle, and some dipped twice for airs. Then when the pail, by lucky chance, was empty, there was the deputation of two who bore it over to "Old Lady Scott's" to fill it — always with a sense of risk — she might scold. Old Lady Scott had seen generations of children come and go with that pail. She knew all

the ways a bucket could be slammed. It had got on her nerves, I think. We liked to be afraid. It made the way seem longer. Then there were the long spring recesses when some one found the first dandelion, and shoes and stockings were kicked scornfully off, and the teacher stood on the old stone step, the clapper of the bell held securely in her fingers — five, ten, fifteen minutes past the hour, watching us play and loath to ring it. In the graded school, they tell me, it is only now and then that some plebeian boy dares meet the spring halfway, barefoot and shameless. How can a generation be educated that never knows the sudden sense of lightness, the tickling of soft grass on the soles of small feet, and pebbles and gravel and sand crunching under wriggling toes?

The teacher of the district school may not have been a well of wisdom. I am inclined to believe that there were points in long division and decimals that caused her anxiety now and then. But decimals are not all of education. The district school-teacher had pretty curls and sometimes an idea under them. The district school is peculiarly friendly to ideas. An idea may be carried out at a moment's notice, with no fear of superintendent or principal or other high chief dignitary whose business it is to see that the System rolls safely on its way.

The graded school, the idol which we have made of brass and clay, seems sometimes threatening to totter and fall, crushing its worshipers in the débris. Some of us who had long years ago a chance for life in the district school would pray "God speed the day." But we know that we belong to a forgotten generation. The old times will never return. The man or woman who wishes it, we sadly know, must always belong to the past.

THERE are certain feats of reading that may well be termed "literary stunts." A "stunt" is, I take it, a somewhat difficult

and senseless performance undertaken through recklessness or bravado, or because some one else has undertaken it, or has not undertaken it. We have all seen children "playing stunts." Some of us, no longer children, keep up the game, enjoying the feats more or less at the time, but, as with the children, the chief delight comes in boasting about them afterwards, — in shrieking, metaphorically: "You ain' done this! I done it! Fraid cat! Scare cat! See me, I done it twice! An' I'd do it again, if you wan' me to." And there is apt to be the mild answer, "Huh! I could too, only I don' wanto."

I have been a good "stunter" in my day, let me have my boast. I have done these things. Have you? Or could you an you would?

I have read Clarissa Harlowe. Unabbreviated! Twice! I mention this among the "stunts," because, before I began it, I thought it was going to be a difficult performance; most people think so. But it is not; it is a delightful recreation. If you take it leisurely, sensibly, not anticipating, not skipping, not looking ahead, not thinking of the end, you will, if you have appreciation of real things, thoroughly enjoy the reading from the first letter of volume I. to the last of volume VIII., or XII., or however many volumes your edition comes in. I recommend one of the early editions; they are common enough, cheap, pretty to look at, and nice to hold, — and you may find tear blots on the pages.

I have read the second part of Faust, — which, as I have not a German mind, and could not read it in the original, was a dreary task. I have read Paradise Regained, and the second part of The Pilgrim's Progress, — legitimate "stunts," though not so long and difficult as some.

Alas! I have "been through" Thackeray. I have read the Miscellanies, the Contributions to Punch, the Unidentified (a curious title) Contribu-

**Literary
Stunts.**

tions to the same, and, worst of all, I have waded through the maudlin Adventures of Philip. For doing this I should have crimination; it's an unkind thing to do if one loves Thackeray. These things should be burned along with Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne, the Brownings' letters, and Charles Reade's reform tales; then no one could read them out of a mistaken sense of loyalty to their writers. Most of us have, at some time, had the idea, I suppose, that it shows loyalty to a favorite author to read "everything he ever wrote." It is not loyal, — it is disrespectful; one should not go through all closets, even if the author, or some one else, has been unwise enough to present the keys.

I have read the whole of *The Faëry Queene*, — truly a delight; not a feat save in the uncommonness of the accomplishment. I have read *The Song of Roland* and *Orlando Furioso*.

I have read *Isis Unveiled*.

I have read the Bible from the first word of Genesis to the last of Revelation, skipping not the ceremonials nor the "begats;" the Apocrypha, the Apocryphal Gospels, and the works of Flavius Josephus.

I have read *Endymion* through three

times, and *The Revolt of Islam* twice, — these latter on the border land between pleasure and a task.

Among my more modern and less interesting feats (I am speaking only of voluntary feats, as paid reader I have been through unspeakable things) was the reading of sixteen of Mr. Howells's novels inside of two weeks; getting to the end of Miss Wilkins's *The Heart's Highway*, — undertaken because I am a sincere admirer of Miss Wilkins's work; the continuous reading of a "humorous book," too recent to mention by name; and the finishing of two novels and three volumes of poems by friends.

Of late I have given up "playing stunts;" but there is one I had always set myself, which I am sorry I have not accomplished. Perhaps I shall do it some time, though it looms more appalling as time goes on, — and that is the reading of Wordsworth's *The Excursion* in its entirety. I doubt if there is a soul living who has accomplished this hopeless task. If there is, he has my admiration, — my "stunts" would seem to pale and wither before this feat despite the fact that the poem is not so very long; and yet to think of reading it — through!